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THE NEW YORKER

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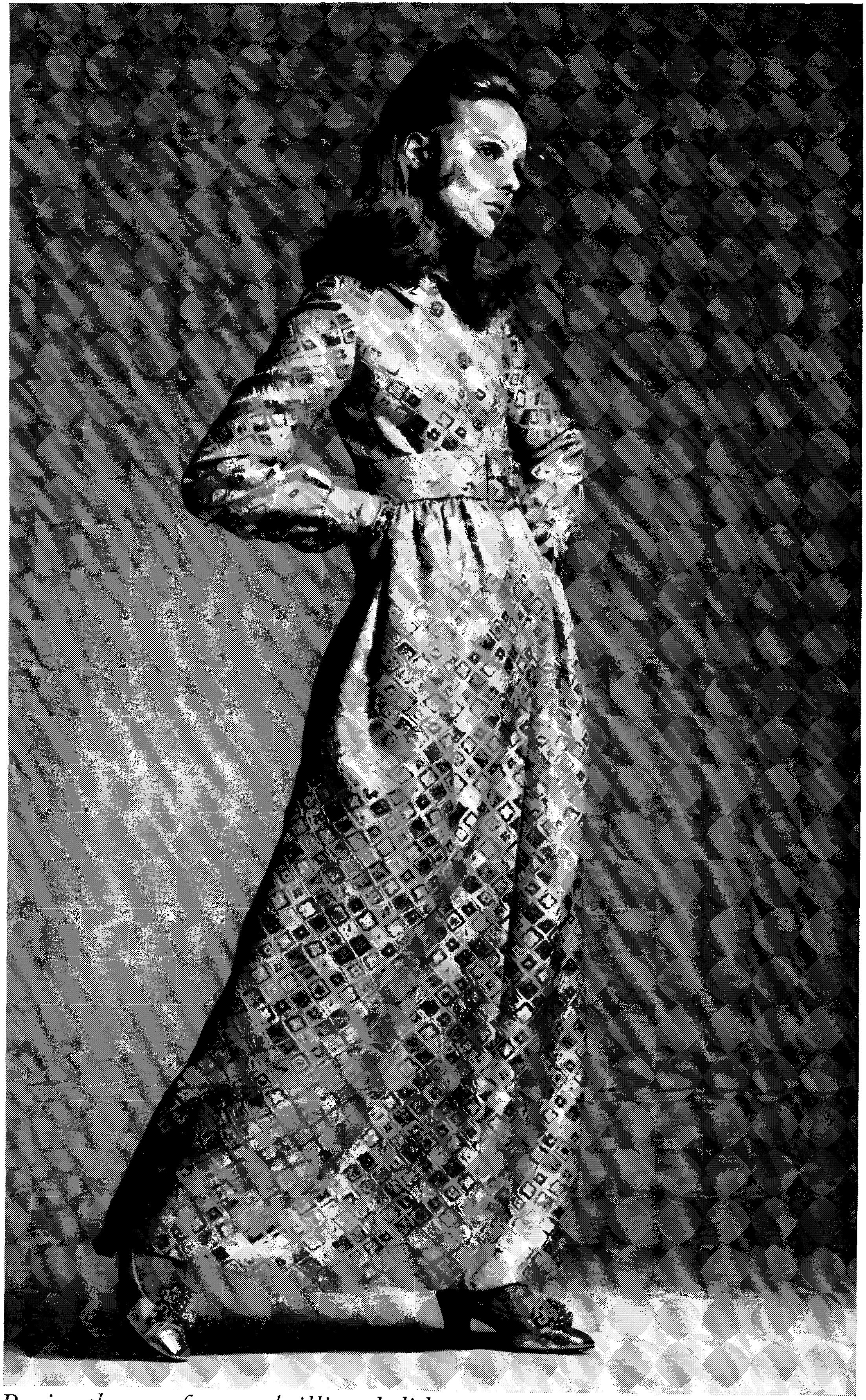

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

THE THEATRE

(E. and W. mean East and West of Broadway.)

PLAYS

Another City, Another Land—A play by Guy Hoffman. (Gramercy Arts, 138 E. 27th St. OR 9-7665. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

APA Repertory Company—The current offering is T. S. Eliot's **THE COCKTAIL PARTY.** (Lyceum, 45th St., E. JU 2-3877. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Boys in the Band—A comedy, which curdles into misery and venom, about a birthday party at which the host and at least seven of his eight guests are homosexuals. The play, honest and often effective, is the first by Mart Crowley. The performances by all concerned, under Robert Moore's direction, are flawless. (Theatre Four, 424 W. 55th St. 246-8545. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Concept—A moving and utterly convincing drama about the rehabilitation of heroin addicts, at a community called Daytop, on Staten Island. Originally an improvisation but now a set piece, it is well acted by a cast of eight ex-addicts from Daytop. (Sheridan Square Playhouse, 99 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. CH 2-3432. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7:30 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

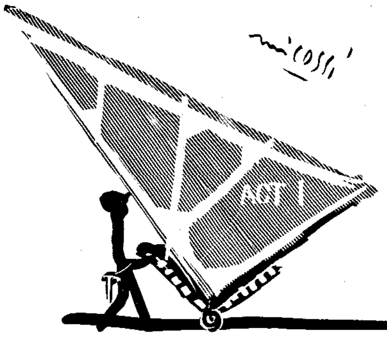
The Flip Side—Hugh and Margaret Williams' London comedy, with David McCallum, Monica Evans, Gwyda DonHowe, and Don Francks. Fred Hebert is the director. Opens Thursday, Oct. 10. (Booth, 45th St., W. 246-5969. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:50; opening-night curtain at 7:50. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Fourth Wall—A program of improvisations and set comedy routines, some of which come off quite well. The company (of five) is young, bright, and relatively new to show business. (Theatre East, 211 E. 60th St. TE 8-0177. Wednesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10:30; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Futz!—The La Mama company in Rochelle Owens' rowdy, bawdy, poetic farce about a farmer whose love affair with his pig totally demoralizes his rustic neighbors. It must be added that the show has coarsened considerably in its move from a small café to this larger theatre. Many of the lines are now unintelligible, and the buoyancy and freshness are often crushed by a hyperactive production. (Actors Playhouse, 100 Seventh Ave. S., at Sheridan Sq. OR 5-1036. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 8 and 10; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Great White Hope—A long, loud whoop of a play, wonderfully acted by James Earl Jones. A huge cast is required to tell this sad tale of the betrayal of a good black prizefighter by many white villains. Howard Sackler is the author and Edwin Sherin is the adroit director. (Alvin, 52nd St., W. 757-8646. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Living Theatre—A three-week repertory of four plays. **ANTIGONE:** Thursday, Oct. 10, at 7:30; Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 8:30; Sunday, Oct. 13, at 1:30; and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30. . . . **MYSTERIES AND SMALLER PIECES:** Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30; Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7:30; and Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30. . . . **PARADISE NOW:** Monday, Oct. 14, at 7:30; Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30; and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Closes Monday, Oct. 21.)



A CONSCIENTIOUS CALENDAR OF EVENTS OF INTEREST

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16	17	18	19

Lovers—Two delightful one-act comedies about young people in love and middle-aged people out of love. Written by Brian Friel and acted to perfection by Art Carney and several members of the Dublin Gate Theatre company, directed by Hilton Edwards. (Music Box, 45th St., W. 246-4636. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Lovers and Other Strangers—Four skits that bristle with untalent and defy an amiable cast to bring them to life. (Brooks Atkinson, 47th St., W. 245-3430. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Man in the Glass Booth—Donald Pleasence happily overacting in an implausible but entertaining melodrama by Robert Shaw. Harold Pinter directed. (Royale, 45th St., W. 245-5760. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

A Moon for the Misbegotten—A revival of the O'Neill play, with Salome Jens, Mitchell Ryan, and W. B. Brydon. Directed by Theodore Mann. (Circle in the Square, 159 Bleecker St. 473-6778. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Playwrights Repertory—Beckett's **KRAPP'S LAST TAPE** and Edward Albee's **THE ZOO STORY:** Thursday, Oct. 10, and Wednesday, Oct. 16, both at 8:40; and Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:40. . . . ¶ Albee's **BOX** and **QUOTATIONS FROM CHAIRMAN MAO TSE-TUNG:** Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12; Tuesday, Oct. 15; and Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, all at 8:40. . . . ¶ Beckett's **HAPPY DAYS:** Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30 (opening), and Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:40. . . . ¶ Albee's **THE DEATH OF BESSIE SMITH** and **THE AMERICAN DREAM:** Monday, Oct. 14, at 8:40, and Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 2. (Billy Rose, 41st St., W. 947-5510.)

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Plaza Suite—Neil Simon has a knack for making people laugh, and these three conjoined one-act comedies would no doubt be S.R.O. even in Tibet. Maureen Stapleton and E. G. Marshall have a high old time in the leading roles. (Plymouth, 45th St., W. 246-9156. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

The Price—Arthur Miller's sombre study of family envy, brightened at intervals by a funny old man out of the lower East Side of long ago. Pat Hingle, Arthur Kennedy, and Kate Reid comprise the family, and David Burns is the funny old man. Starting Monday, Oct. 14, Albert Salmi and Shepperd Strudwick will replace Mr. Hingle and Mr. Kennedy. (Morosco, 45th St., W. 246-6230. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

The Prime of Miss Jean Brodie—Jay Allen has turned Muriel Spark's exhilarating little novel into an admirable play. Zoe Caldwell is exceedingly good in the principal role. (Helen Hayes, 46th St., W. 246-6380. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40.)

Tom Paine—A characteristically eruptive production by the La Mama company set off by the life and works of Paine. There are many lively moments, and many foolish or puzzling moments, but never a dull one. The clever, fervent script, which is occasionally overwhelmed by frenetic activity, is by Paul Foster, and the direction is by Tom O'Horgan. (Stage 73, 321 E. 73rd St. BU 8-2500. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

We Bombed in New Haven—A play by Joseph Heller, starring Jason Robards and Diana Sands. The director is John Hirsch. Previews through Tuesday, Oct. 15. Opens officially on Wednesday, Oct. 16. (Ambassador, 49th St., W. 265-1855. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:40; opening-night curtain at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:40; special matinée Thursday, Oct. 17, at 2.)

Long Runs—**CACTUS FLOWER:** Abe Burrows' study of a slow-blooming dental nurse. With Betsy Palmer and Donald Barton. (Longacre, 48th St., W. 246-5639. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **ROSENCRANTZ AND GUILDENSTERN ARE DEAD:** An invention by Tom Stoppard in which Shakespeare's "Hamlet" is viewed from an eccentric and very funny angle. Brian Murray and John Wood are the principals. (Eugene O'Neill, 49th St., W. 246-0220. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.). . . **SCUBA DUBA:** Bruce Jay Friedman's first play is about an American in the South of France whose wife has run off with, he thinks, a Negro skin diver. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-0440. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.). . . **YOU KNOW I CAN'T HEAR YOU WHEN THE WATER'S RUNNING:** Four plays by Robert Anderson. Sex is generally the focus. With Larry Blyden, Irene Dailey, and William Redfield. (Broadhurst, 44th St., W. 246-6699. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

MUSICALS

The Believers—The history of the Negro in the United States in singing, dancing, and acting, as set forth by a choral group that calls itself Voices, Inc. The singing is beautiful, and the

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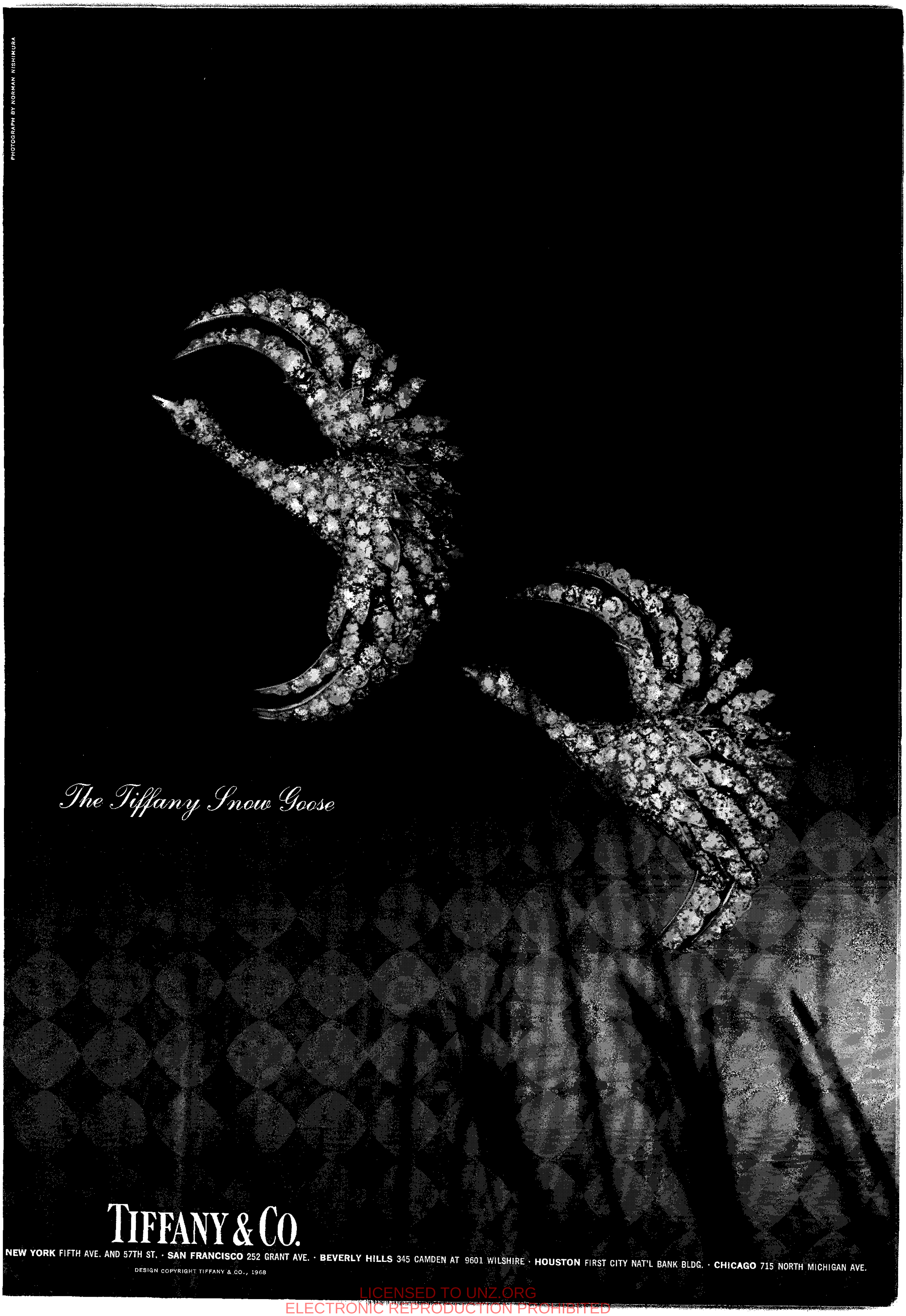
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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

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acting and dancing are more than adequate. The result is a spirited and deeply affecting evening in the theatre. (Martinique, Broadway at 32nd St. 736-3056. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Jacques Brel Is Alive and Well and Living in Paris—A musical put together from the works of M. Brel by Eric Blau and Mort Shuman, who also did the English lyrics. (Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. 982-5020. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:40; Fridays at 7:45; Saturdays at 7; and Sundays at 8. Matinées Saturdays and Sundays at 3.)

Noël Coward's Sweet Potato—George Grizzard, Dorothy Loudon, Carole Shelley, and Arthur Mitchell in a mildly entertaining revue based on a number of songs and sketches by the Master Mocker. (Ethel Barrymore, 47th St., W. 246-0390. *Moves on Monday, Oct. 14, to another theatre, not specified at this writing.* Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

George M!—An opulently staged account of the life of a Broadway performer and songwriter whom many people admired but practically nobody liked. Joel Grey makes George M. Cohan appealing by remaining Joel Grey. (Palace, Broadway at 47th St. 757-2626. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30. Special performance for the Actors' Fund Sunday evening, Oct. 13.)

Golden Rainbow—Steve Lawrence and Eydie Gorme in a musical about Las Vegas and the tiresome, raucous types that frequent it. Mr. and Mrs. Lawrence are in the wrong town. (Shubert, 44th St., W. 246-5990. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Hair—A host of hirsute young folk hell-bent on knocking you for a psychedelic loop, and they do, they do. (Biltmore, 47th St., W. 582-5340. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

How to Steal an Election—A musical with music and lyrics by Oscar Brand and a book by William F. Brown. (Pocket, 100 Third Ave., at 13th St. YU 2-0115. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:30, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

The Megilla of Itzik Manger—An Israeli musical, in Yiddish and English, taken from the Book of Esther. Adapted by Shmuel Bunim, who also directed. The music is by Dov Seltzer. (Golden, 45th St., W. 246-6740. Nightly, except Mondays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)

Walk Down Mah Street!—A topical, tuneful revue. Among the subjects touched on are—besides love, of course—racial and social injustices of various kinds, but the tone of the show is as bright and comical as it is fervent. Most of the music is by Norman Curtis and most of the words are by Patricia Taylor Curtis. The young cast of six is more than just promising. (Players, 115 Macdougal St. AL 4-5076. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:30; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

Long Runs—**Cabaret:** How things went in Germany shortly before the Nazis took over. Lotte Lenya and George Voskovec. (Broadway Theatre, Broadway at 53rd St. 247-7992. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Curley McDimple:** A lampoon of musical movies of the nineteen-thirties. With Butterfly McQueen. (Bert Wheeler, 250 W. 43rd St. 524-2323. Wednesdays through Saturdays at 8:30, and Sundays at 7. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 3.)... **The Fantasticks:** There are 63,360 inches in a mile. (Sullivan Street Playhouse, 181 Sullivan St., at Bleecker St. 674-3838. Tuesdays through Fridays, and Sundays, at 8:40, and Saturdays at 7 and 10. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **Fiddler on the Roof:** Harry Goz in a musical based on Sholom Aleichem's folk tales. (Majestic, 44th St., W. 246-0730. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Hello, Dolly!:** Now with an all-Negro cast headed by Pearl Bailey and Cab Calloway. (St. James, 44th St., W. 695-5858. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Mame:** Janis Paige plays Auntie in the musical version of Patrick Dennis's novel. (Winter Garden, Broadway at 50th St. 245-4878. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **Man of La Mancha:** Robert Wright plays the dual role of Don Quixote and his creator in this musical by Dale Wasserman. The music is by Mitch Leigh. (Martin Beck, 45th St., W. 246-6363. Nightly, except Sundays, at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2 and Saturdays at 2:30.)... **You're a Good Man, Charlie Brown:** Peanuts to music. (Theatre 80 St. Marks, 80 St. Marks Pl. 254-7400. Tuesdays through Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7. Matinées Sundays at 3.)... **Your Own Thing:** As this rock musical goes its way, its path often crosses that of Shakespeare's "Twelfth Night." (Orpheum, Second Ave. at 8th St. 982-6410. Tuesdays through Fridays at 8:40; Saturdays at 7 and 10; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Sundays at 3.)

BALLET AND DANCE PROGRAMS

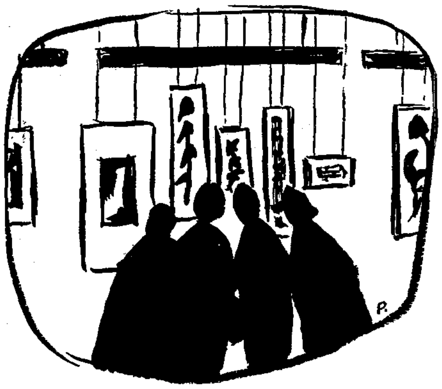
City Center Joffrey Ballet—Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30: "Pas des Déesses," "Gamelan," and "Astarte."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Opus 65," "Sea Shadow," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:30: "Donizetti Variations," "Secret Places," and "Con Amore."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30: "Pas de Dix," "Incubus," "Fanfarita," and "Cakewalk."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Elegy," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8: "Gamelan," "Fanfarita," "The Lesson," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30: "Gamelan," "The Lesson," and "Astarte."... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "The Lesson," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns."... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30: "Moves," "Fanfarita," "Elegy," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30: "Cello Concerto," "Opus 65," "Fanfarita," and "Astarte."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30: "Scotch Symphony," "Con Amore," and "A Light Fantastic."... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30: "A Light Fantastic," "Fanfarita," and "The Clowns." (City Center, 131 W. 55th St. CI 6-8989. Through Sunday, Oct. 20.)

Uday Shankar—With his company of Hindu dancers and musicians. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 10-11, at 8:30, and Saturday and Sunday, Oct. 12-13, at 2:30 and 8:30.)

Romanian Folk Ballet—A company of a hundred dancers, singers, and musicians, in a one-week engagement. (Felt Forum, Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8; Wednesday through Friday, Oct. 16-18, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 20, at 2:30 and 7.)

MISCELLANY

Marlene Dietrich—A solo show of songs in English, French, German, and Hebrew. (Mark Hellinger, 237 W. 51st St. 757-7064. Nightly, except Sundays, at 9. Matinées Wednesdays at 2:30 and Saturdays at 3. Through Saturday, Nov. 16.)



Gilbert Bécaud—The French bard, singing his own songs in both French and English. (Cort, 138 W. 48th St. 245-4289. Tuesdays through Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Sundays at 3. Through Sunday, Oct. 27.)

"Cadillac Dreams"—Benefit performances of a comedy by Norman Jordan, produced by the Harlem Dramatic Arts Theatre. (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. Friday through Monday, Oct. 11-14, and Thursday through Saturday, Oct. 17-19, at 8:30. For tickets, call PL 9-3108.)

Esta Noche Teatro—Scenes from the major works of Spain's greatest playwrights, performed in Spanish by this company, appearing here for the first time. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Monday and Tuesday, Oct. 14-15, at 4 and 8:30, and Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 4.)

La Contrescarpe—A French cabaret show consisting of songs, comedy, and satire. (Hunter College Assembly Hall, Park Ave. at 69th St. 535-5350. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30.)

OUTLYING PRECINCTS

Plumstead Playhouse—Ben Hecht's and Charles MacArthur's **The Front Page**, with Robert Ryan, Henry Fonda, Anne Jackson, Anthony George, John McGiver, Estelle Parsons, and John Beal. (Mineola Theatre, Mineola, L.I. Tuesdays through Thursdays at 8:30; Fridays at 9; Saturdays at 6 and 9:30; and Sundays at 7:30. Matinées Wednesdays at 2. For tickets, call 291-5551 in New York. Closes Sunday, Oct. 20.)

NIGHT LIFE

(A highly arbitrary listing of places around town where you might pass a pleasant hour or two.)

MOSTLY FOR MUSIC

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Bitter End, 147 Bleecker St. (475-7804)—Coffee and tea in enormous vessels, and entertainment that's above the mean. Janis Ian, making her first appearance in a New York club, alternates with singer Andy Robinson. On Sunday and Monday, Oct. 13-14, other people will perform. On Wednesday, Oct. 16, the Caldwell-Winfield blues band will take over. Tuesdays are something else again—visitors come bearing instruments.

Café Au Go Go, 152 Bleecker St. (777-4530)—An underground coffeehouse that is tenebrous and sometimes significant. Saturday through Thursday, Oct. 12-17, the music will come from Moby Grape, a somewhat unpredictable group from San Francisco, with tendencies toward a look-Ma-no-hands kind of virtuosity. Closed Mondays.

Casey's, 142 W. 10th St. (989-8925)—Candlelight and brick walls, and dining amid mirrors. Some fairly advanced jazz sounds from eleven until one, generally on piano and bass. No music Sundays.

Half Note, 289 Hudson St., at Spring St. (AL 5-9752)—Down among the warehouses, where it's just about all that's happening. Not much to look at, but nice to know: A bandstand, a dance floor, some Italian dishes, and music by the Roy Eldridge-Richie Kamuca quintet. Closed Mondays.

Jimmy Ryan's, 154 W. 54th St. (CO 5-9505)—If you should hanker after the traditional, this is about the only local Dixieland headquarters left. There's nothing extraordinary about the bar, but the music—played currently by Max Kaminsky, Tony Parenti, Bob Pratt, Freddy Moore, and Marshall Brown—is forthright. Nine-thirty to three every night but Sunday.

Red Garter, 15 W. 4th St., which is *east* of Washington Square. (982-4270)—A big red fire engine, peanut shells on the floor, and ricky-tick banjo music summon up the plinking eighteen-nineties, or whatever. Now and then, antique movies are shown. Tuesdays are referred to as ladies' nights. Closed Mondays.

Red Onion, 1586 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (RH

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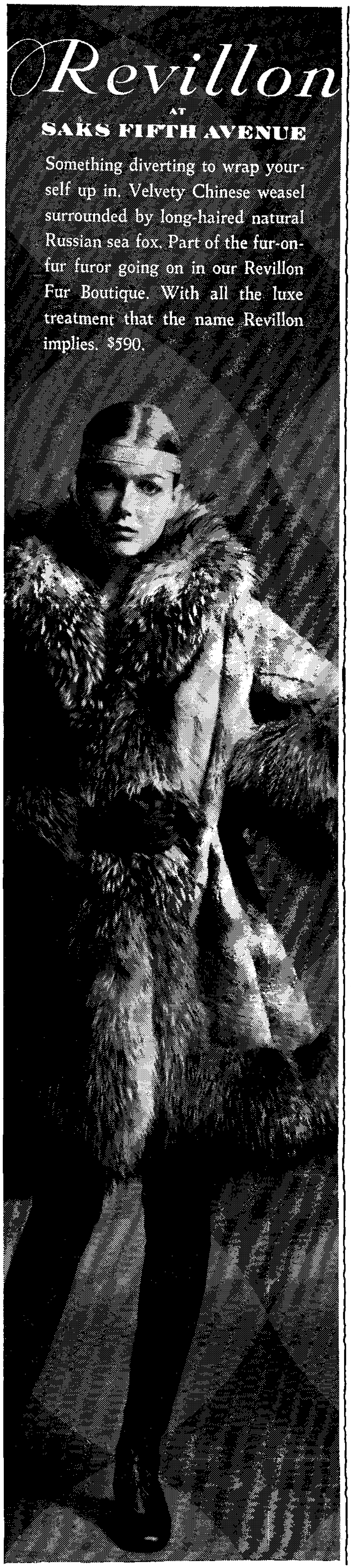

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

4-9682)—Two banjos and a piano every night from nine to three or four. Also peanuts, boaters, garters, and ho-ho-ho. A fine how-do-you-do.

Slugs', 242 E. 3rd St. (677-9727)—Dim, shadowy, nondescript, it's sort of basic. Jazz every night from nine until closing by the Rufus Harley quartet. Monday, Oct. 14, will be turned over to singer Lou Mims. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, Robin Kenyatta's quintet will start playing. Early-evening specials, from five to nine: Saturday, Oct. 12, the Giuseppi Logan quartet, and Sunday, Oct. 13, the Substructure, a group that relies heavily on tubas.

Village Gate, 160 Bleecker St. (GR 5-5120)—Entertainment on two levels. Upstairs, the Marian McPartland trio plays for drinking and dining. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, the Bill Evans trio will move in. On Mondays, when the regular performers are off, new talent is auditioned. . . . ¶ Downstairs: Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, the Thelonious Monk quartet. Tuesday through Thursday, Oct. 15-17, Gordon Rose and the Generation Gap. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, the Thelonious Monk quartet and the Charles Lloyd quartet.

Village Vanguard, 178 Seventh Ave. S., at 11th St. (CH 2-9355)—A wedge-shaped room where jazz goes pretty far out. The Pharoah Sanders-Sonny Greenwich quintet plays through Saturday, Oct. 12. Sundays are devoted to Chuck Israels' sixteen-piece band, and Mondays are reserved for the big Thad Jones-Mel Lewis band. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, the Kenny Burrell quartet will start playing. At eight-thirty every night but Monday, performances by the DMZ, a political revue, precede the music, which begins at about ten.

West Boondock, 114 Tenth Ave., at 17th St. (924-9723)—Boondock is right—it's practically in the North River. Sawdust-covered floors, conviviality, and substantial amounts of what is known as soul food. Quiet jazz on piano and bass from eight-thirty to two by Nat Jones and Herman Wright (Monday through Wednesday) and by Lance Hayward and Bill Lee (Thursday through Sunday).

Your Father's Mustache, Seventh Ave. S. at 10th St. (OR 5-4630)—Banjos shake and washboards scrape and the gang whoops it up till the cows come home (i.e., from nine till two or three). On Sundays, things start oscillating at four-thirty and keep going till the cows, etc. It's dandy.

DISCOTHÈQUES AND SUCH

(No dining, unless indicated.)

Arthur, 154 E. 54th St. (688-4420)—Eager folk immersed in imagery scurry inside and slip into seats at tiny tables, then slip out again to dance while other folk goggle. The loud, live sound of the Younger Society alternates with loud recorded rock, from nine to three or four. Some food is served. Closed Mondays.

Aux Puces, 70 E. 55th St. (688-2920)—An ornate *boite*. Fake palms cast shadows on upholstered balustrades, and the furnishings, many of which are for sale, provide a kind of Louis XV-Riemenschneider-Chippendale-rococo effect. The records are occasionally arcane, and the clientele looks satisfied. Dancing from ten to three or four. Dining. Closed Sundays.

Directoire, 160 E. 48th St. (758-9570)—A reasonably successful attempt to summon up the years IV to VIII, when Carnot and his associates attempted to govern France. The décor is on the elegant side, and dinner and supper are served. Dancing, on a tiny dance floor, to an idiosyncratic assortment of records, from ten to three or four. Closed Sundays.

Electric Circus, upstairs at 23 St. Marks Pl. (777-7080)—It comes in colors everywhere, it combs its hair, it's like a rainbow. Flashing, whirling, pulsing, slamming, the whole big place is a hippodromish carnival, and those who enter seldom leave without having had an experience. Live groups and rock records take turns over a good system for dancing from nine to three or four. Alcohol? No.

Frammis, 1220 Second Ave., at 64th St. (355-7160)—The dancing is fundamental. The music is vital. The drinks are drinkable. Records play from nine to three or four except on Fridays, when they start at eight. Reservations are recommended on weekends. Closed Mondays.

L'Interdit, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200)—One of the oldest discothèques in existence, with an air that suits its age. The restrained recorded music runs from nine to three or four. Dim lights disclose well-dressed people dancing and dining. On weekends, reservations are recommended for tables (none needed at the bar). Closed Sundays.

Shepheard's, in the Drake Hotel, Park Ave. at 56th St. (HA 1-0900)—Cairo, with its grand old Shepheard's, is the general idea, but nobody is really sure. Beneath, through, and around the extravagant architectural devices, the recorded music swells. Some of it is fast, some is slow, and all of it is controlled by a voluble disc jockey. Between record sets, the Ronnie David quartet plays for listening. On Monday, Oct. 14, the quartet will give way to a singer named Billy Fellows. The dining is substantial. Closed Sundays.

Wednesday's, 210 E. 86th St. (535-8500)—A pseudo-street where you can dance (from seven to three or four) or patronize a bar, a cheese shop, a fishmonger's, a gimcrack shop, and several other, real establishments. The music is solid discothèque stuff.

Wheels, 1591 Second Ave., at 82nd St. (879-3777)—Dancing is the main thing here, despite the rotary devices (Harley-Davidson, Schwinn, La Salle—you name it) on the walls. The crowd knows how to swing, and the records reverb. When the records don't, the Portable People do. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, Los Bandidos will succeed the People. Closed Mondays.

Yellowfinger's, 200 E. 60th St. (752-0980)—It's in the vaults—below a crêpe-and-shish-kebab establishment of the same name—and it's generally considered to be a hip place. The records rarely fall below the tempo of "Soul Finger," and the dance floor is alive from nine-thirty to three-thirty. Reservations are suggested on weekends. Paisley walls forever.

OTHER DANCING

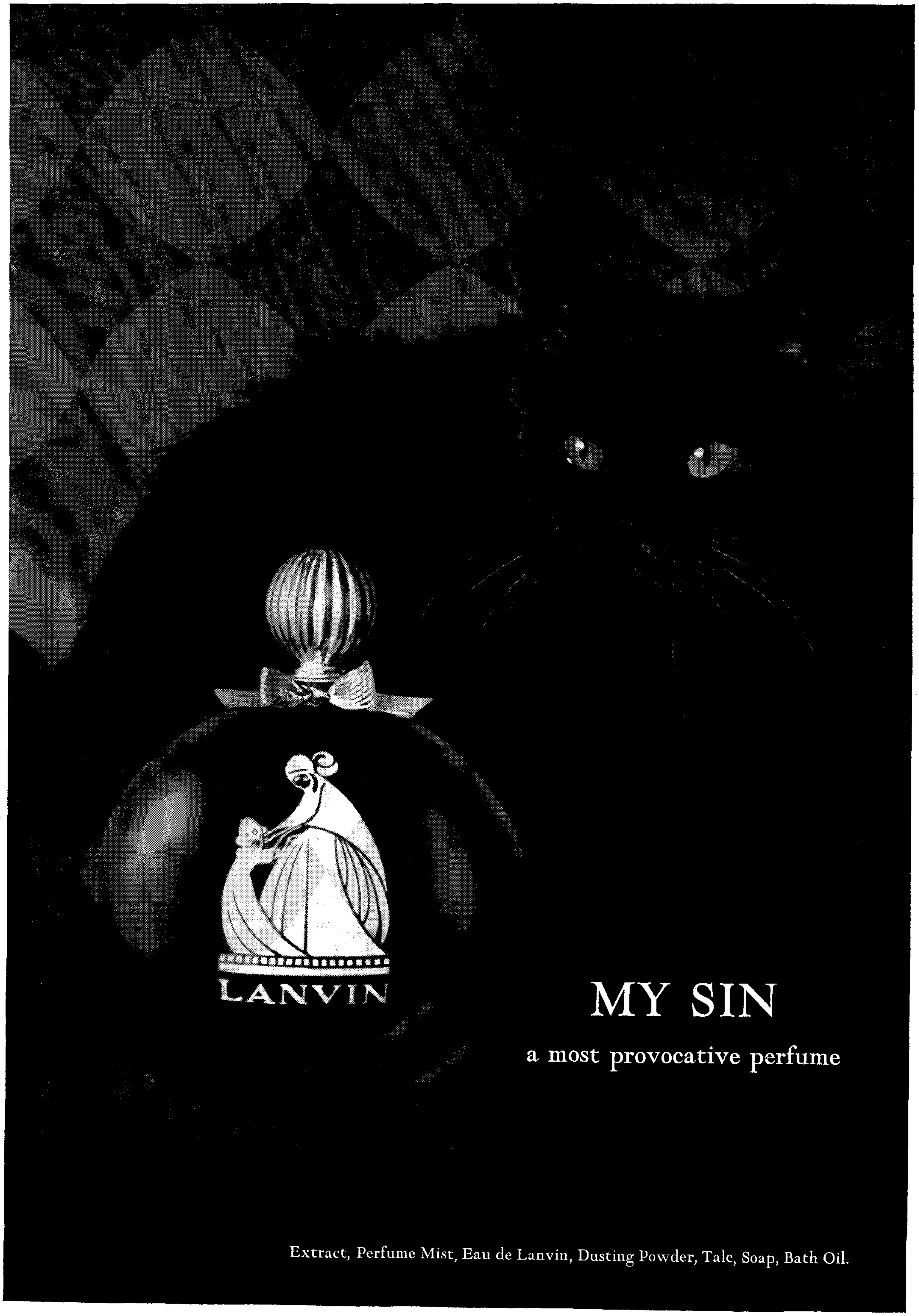
(Dining, too.)

EL MOROCCO, 307 E. 54th St. (PL 2-2960): Bound in Morocco—that's what people do now that Peter Duchin's orchestra is improving the sound waves. Between his sets, a disc jockey rules the waves. Closed Sundays. . . . **PIERRE**, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. (TE 8-8000): Two varsity squads work out on Ivy League premises—Phil Wayne's band every Monday and Tuesday, Stanley Worth's the five other nights. The premises are the Café Pierre, where, on the Worth evenings, Ellen Harwicke contributes neat song and piano, too. . . . **DELMONICO'S**, Park Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2500): When slow motion in this city seems a necessity, the restaurant here is always ready to second that motion, even while Ernie Warren's cheery crew of musicmakers functions, which it usually does from eight until one or two. No music Sundays and Mondays, though. . . . **THE RIVERBOAT**, Fifth Ave. at 34th St., in the Empire State Building. (759-2444): At the helm of the current vociferators is Buddy Rich, whose skilled and scurrying drumsticks produce almost an embarrassment of Riches. His gang appears only at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, but other music commences as early as six. Curfew arrives well past midnight. No noise Sunday nights, however. . . . **ROSELAND DANCE CITY**, 239 W. 52nd St. (247-0200): Plain, simple, unvarnished facts—a floor the size of a six-day bike race (not permitted, along with anything resembling equal-but-separate dances like the Monkey et al.), in-perpetuity dance music, a modicum of sustenance, and no elaboration. Seven-thirty until around one during most of the week, but Sundays from three-thirty on. The Jimmy Dorsey band, now in the hands of Lee Castle, finishes up on Sunday, Oct. 13, but Argueso's Latins and Bob Martin's team stay on. Closed Mondays.

CABARETS

(No dancing, and no formal dining, either, unless indicated.)

Downstairs at the Upstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—The planks in the Joan Rivers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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

platform are concerned mainly with domestic issues (are husbands an affordable luxury, and such), and to them all she applies her well-known dint. Speeches at ten and twelve weekdays, at nine-thirty, eleven-thirty, and one Fridays and Saturdays. Closed Sundays.

El Avram, 80 Grove St., at Sheridan Sq. (243-9661)—Hands across the seas—in this case, the Mediterranean. Be they Greek, Israeli, or Armenian, the hands are turned to assertive but cheerful music, song, and conversation. Yoel Sharr and Avram Grobard provide a large part of the chitter and the chatter, George Mgrdichian races along an oud, Tasso Mavris rips along a guitar, and a solemn female turns the *danse de ventre* into a form of ceremony. The dining is native without being naïve. Dancing. Closed Mondays.

Upstairs at the Downstairs, 37 W. 56th St. (JU 2-1244)—Ronny Graham, stethoscope in hand, has had an effect at once saturnine and benign on the local miniature revue, "Instant Replay." Except on Sunday, it is done twice a night, beginning at nine-thirty.

BIG DEALS

(Dinner, dancing, and a show.)

Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000)—Patti Page, that satisfying soprano (all song, no stunts), is in the Royal Box at dinner and supper. No more Patti, and that's a pity, after Saturday, Oct. 12. On Tuesday, Oct. 15, the enterprise reopens to admit Tony Sandler, a personable and persiflaging Continental, who, though his entourage is not of monumental assistance, manages well enough on his own. The band of Lee Evans, which puts a lot of thought into its orchestrations, will still be there.

Château Madrid, Lexington Ave. at 48th St. (752-8080)—That long-playing record, Los Chavales de España, has settled in for a full semester. Singing, parading, blowing their own horns (all hands double and triple in brass), the Chavales make it a Welcome Wagon evening seven nights a week.... ¶ In the Flamenco Room, a tiny theatre in the round, mauresque guitar begins at five, flamenco chanting begins at nine-thirty, and all hands stay late, and every night.

Copacabana, 10 E. 60th St. (758-0900)—Jack Jones (hey, good-looking!) takes the stand twice every night, and no amount of singing can make Jack a dull boy. There is little reason to bother with the rest of the paraphernalia.... ¶ Beginning at ten night after night in the bar lounge, the sights and sounds of Las Vegas are reproduced with truly amazing fidelity.

Latin Quarter, Broadway at 48th St. (CI 6-1735)—Jogging is not for the young ladies who almost wholly populate "Les Belles de Nuit;" obstreperous ballet is more to their liking. Limpid, lyric ballet is contributed by the dance team of Szony and Claire; song is contributed by Rick Nelson, who will be replaced by Billy Daniels on Wednesday, Oct. 16.

Plaza, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (PL 9-3000)—No need to erect a monument to Abbe Lane, who appears in the Persian Room during dinner and supper, for she is (God wot!) her own statue. She's not all rosy marble, nevertheless, for she knows a couple of things about talking and singing. The orchestras of Burt Farber and Mark Monte wax, without waning, the whole evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Plaza 9—And All That Jazz has become a bandbox indeed, for now the trio of Dorothy Donegan, who puts plenty of swivel-hip into her piano, and the triad owned by Mousie Alexander, which performs for dancing, are on hand. Proceedings commence at eight-thirty. As for the menu, the place might as well be known as the Sandwich Islands. Closed Mondays.... ¶ There is music (alive, alive-o) from four-thirty to six-thirty in the Palm Court, and again from seven to nine (except Sundays) in the Edwardian Room. ... ¶ At eight, the Palm Court becomes the most beautiful of all Manhattan's architectural follies when lavender begins to suffuse the statuary and, except on Sundays, violin and piano begin a pleasant conversation. From Tuesday through Saturday, the violin belongs to Gunnar Hansen, majordomo of this hall.

Rainbow Grill, 30 Rockefeller Plaza. (PL 7-8970)—Jonah Jones, whose horn was instrumental in the decline and fall of Jericho's walls, runs a gleeful quartet for dancing, beginning at eight; João Gilberto, who shows up at nine-thirty and twelve-thirty, runs his guitar and voice through a repertory of Brazilian arias, than which there is none better. Closed Sundays.

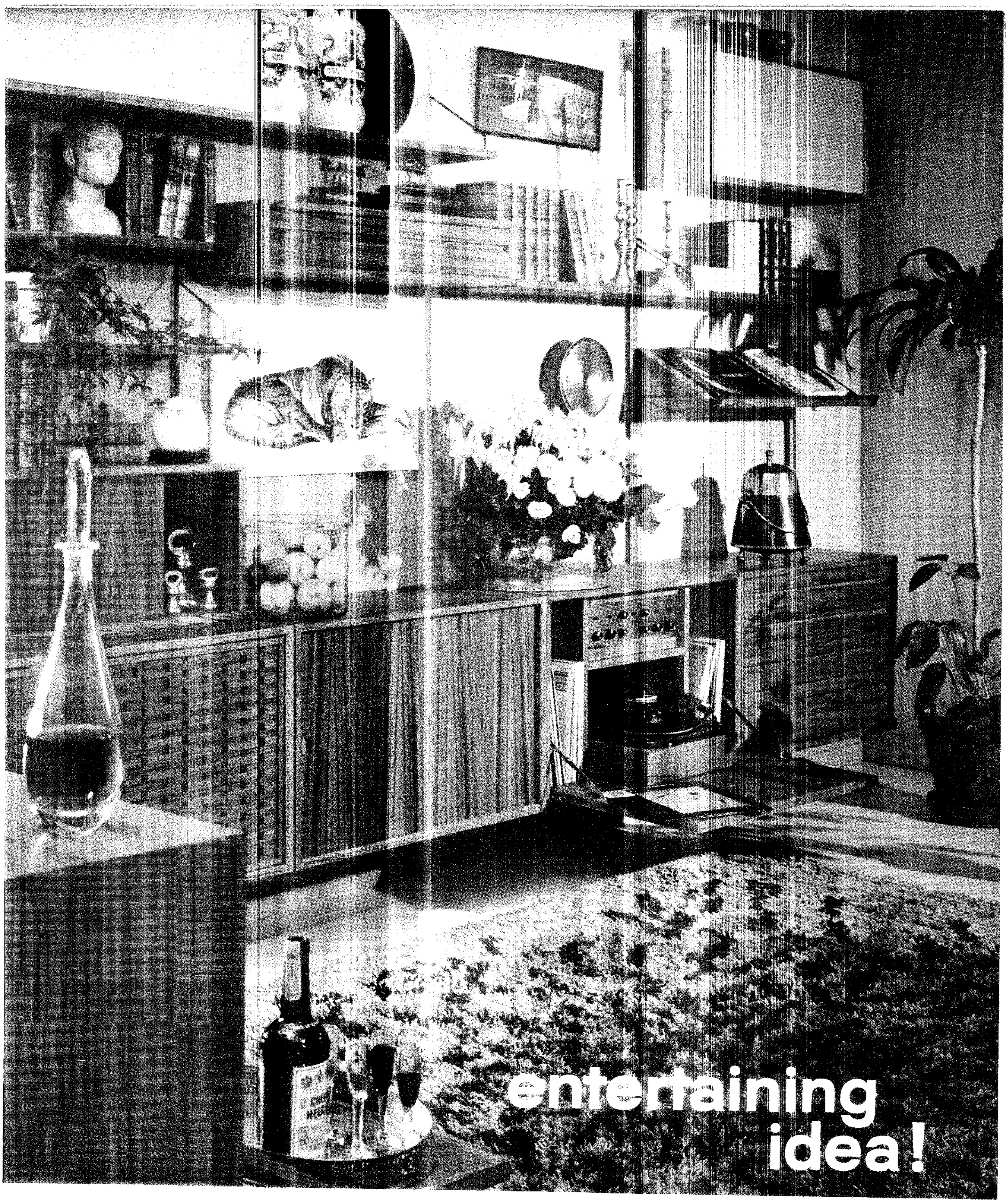
St. Regis-Sheraton, Fifth Ave. at 55th St. (PL 3-4500)—In the Maisonette, at dinner and supper, Patachou unfolds, always in lyric fashion, her tales of two cities—Paris and New York. On Monday, Oct. 14, she will be succeeded by Julie Wilson, the Maisonette's most celebrated sweet girl graduate. The orchestras of Quintero and George Cort will continue to take up every bit of the rest of the evening. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Across the way lies La Boite, where the only sound is Ernest Schoen addressing his Viennese violin and Jules Kuti addressing his Viennese piano. Closed Sundays.

Waldorf-Astoria, Park Ave. at 49th St. (EL 5-3000)—Like many another Roman emperor before him, Tony Bennett has triumphal marches; the present one, festooned with his easygoing songs, takes place in the Empire Room, in which he is audible during dinner and supper. The orchestra of Charles Turecamo and the rock group known as the Young Savages do the dance tunes. Closed Sundays.... ¶ Peacock Alley affords dancing Tuesdays through Saturdays from eight to one along with dinner and supper, plus piano on its own from four to eight Mondays through Fridays.

SMALL AND BOUNCY

(No dancing, except as indicated.)

GOLDIE'S NEW YORK, 244 E. 53rd St. (PL 9-7245): First in the hearts of his country-club men is Louis Golson Hawkins, who runs his in-town country club with aplomb, éclat, and single and double piano, his teammate being the redoubtable Wayne Sanders. From dusk until early morn is the idea, and nobody works Sundays.... **CAFÉ CARLYLE,** Madison Ave. at 76th St. (RH 4-1600): The piano in this *salle de luxe* has for years led a life of innocuous desuetude, but under the fingers of Bobby Short it is being driven like mad as he declaims the songs that are at their best during the dark hours. He begins at eight-thirty, and he and his two sidemen run on until two. Closed Sundays.... **JAMAICA ARMS,** 1315 Second Ave., at 69th St. (YU 8-5850): The Gulf Stream has a beneficial influence on this establishment and a bubbly influence on the troubadour in attendance. His beat is dinner, and calypso, as well as after the theatre. Closed Sundays; no music Mondays.... **CHUCKS' COMPOSITE,** 303 E. 53rd St. (EL 5-8825): Happiness is a thing called boys and girls—me for you, you for me, and euphoria. The threesome of Chuck Wayne, a deft abstractionist, does the rest of the holding forth with great glee. No music Sundays.... **THE APARTMENT,** 1068 Second Ave., at 56th St. (PL 3-7923): Second Avenue is as Second Avenue does, but in the grim gloaming the grimness is at least eased by Charles De Forest, singing away at his own piano about one lost earthly and urban paradise after another, and by Thelma Carpenter, who still makes her chansons sound as though they came fresh out of the fountain of youth. The precious pair of them lay off Sundays.... **LA CHANSONNETTE,** 890 Second Ave., at 47th St. (PL 2-7320): Rita Dimitri prefers to view the world from on top of a baby grand in the middle of the dinner hour. There she chirrups the Bal Tabarin songs she's so fond of. Mild dance music starts rustling at eight. Fridays and Saturdays, Mlle. D. does a reprise at midnight. Closed Sundays and Mondays.... **CHARDAS,** 307 E. 79th St. (RH 4-9382): A souvenir of the Budapest of another day. Béla Babai's orchestra flavors the scene, and Tibor Rakossy is lord of the manor and lord of the tenors. There is a gaggle of girl singers, too, but they can be taken or left alone. Closed Mondays.... **PIER 52,** 144 W. 52nd St. (245-6652): From his crow's-nest in the bar of this more than passing fair seascape, George Taylor, a night watchman of long standing, delivers song and piano from nine until two every evening but Sunday.... **ASTI,** 13 E. 12th St. (AL 5-9773): Opera bouffe and opera bœuf à la mode, with the waiters standing not upon ceremony but upon cacophony, bellowing Italianate arias



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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

in the course of their nightly rounds. Closed Mondays. . . . **GRENADIER**, 863 First Ave., at 48th St. (753-2960): In its pleasant fashion, it's sort of a houseboat on the Thames. Just the same, Lynn Richards, who plies her piano and soprano Tuesday through Saturday every week, has the sound of midnight Manhattan. Nine until two is her plan of attack.

SMALL AND SERENE

(Dining, but no dancing.)

CHÂTEAU HENRI IV, 37 E. 64th St. (RE 7-8818): The castle is a put-on, all right, but a merry, gregarious, and comfortable one. Fiddle and pianoforte are the weapons of choice, and Norbert Faconi, dean of the faculty of night-time violinists, makes his weapon serve the noble cause of Cupid. His week runs Tuesday through Saturday. Piano a cappella on Mondays, nothing at all on Sundays. . . . **ROMA DI NOTTE**, 1528 Second Ave., at 79th St. (RE 4-3443): The city itself is eternal, but the nights are not, for two o'clock is lights-out. Until that hour, musicians and singers, who begin at seven-thirty, are on the move. Closed Sundays. . . . **DRAKE ROOM**, 71 E. 56th St. (HA 1-0900): This shall ever be a memorial to Cy Walter, the more so since one of his favorite pianists, Allan Haig, is playing, cocktails through after-the-theatre, every night but Sunday. . . . **SIGN OF THE DOVE**, 1110 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-8080): The Elegant Eighties and the Gay Nineties are permanent occupants of a town house that looks as it was in the beginning. In the bar, a leisurely piano dwells from six to midnight, except for Sundays. . . . **SHERRY-NETHERLAND**, Fifth Ave. at 59th St. (EL 5-2800): What the well-dressed bar and restaurant will wear. From five-thirty to eight and from nine to twelve-thirty, a piano discourses every night but Sunday and Monday. . . . **MONSIGNORE**, 61 E. 55th St. (EL 5-2070): The old Roman forum serves as a parade ground for Herman Honigsberg, who, diplomatically table-hopping, Stradivarius at the ready, is followed by an entourage of fellow-musicians. Closed Sundays. . . . **CAFÉ RENAISSANCE**, 338 E. 49th St. (PL 1-3160): In an art gallery that is out on a mild spree, Rogelio Reguera and his guitar conduct an eclectic survey of Spain. From around eight to around one is the range of his evening's tour, and he gets Sundays off. . . . **LA RONDE**, in the Americana, Seventh Ave. at 52nd St. (LT 1-1000): The acoustics here have been greatly improved by adding Ray Hartley's piano to the décor. He operates from five-thirty until one, but takes Sundays and Mondays off. . . . **SALUM SANCTORUM**, 1112 Third Ave., at 65th St. (UN 1-9492): Spaceship from Mars, the residential quarter of Istanbul—what can this upstair snug be deemed to represent? In one of the alcoves on display there is piano. Closed Sundays. . . . **REMBRANDT ROOM**, in the Stanhope Hotel, Fifth Ave. at 81st St. (BU 8-5800): There's enough panoply in this refectory to point up the fact that the Ring George Feyer's piano has in mind is Viennese, not Wagnerian. His conversation, though, is today, and political. Eight-thirty to one-thirty. Closed Sundays. . . . **GOTHAM RESTAURANT**, in the Gotham Hotel, 2 W. 55th St. (CI 7-2200): On Sundays, from five to nine and Mondays from six to ten, largely innocent song and music issue in the restaurant from the Talbot Brothers, otherwise known as the Bermuda Islands. . . . **POLO BAR**, Madison Ave. at 69th St. (LE 5-2000): Field of the Cloth of Gold is the manner of the establishment, and mild is the manner of the piano (Joe Miles, author) that goes from nine-thirty until one, except Sundays and Mondays. . . . **ESSEX HOUSE**, 160 Central Park S. (CI 7-0300): The *grande plaisance* known as the Casino-on-the-Park has the piano, quite well educated, of Bob Kail between six-thirty and one, but never on Sunday or Monday.

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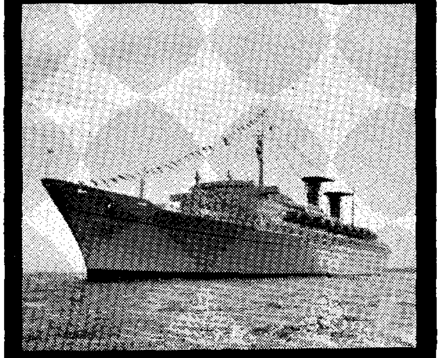


GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

scious European artists of the first half of the twentieth century; through Oct. 26. (Marlborough-Gerson, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK BEAL—Paintings, mostly of the female nude reclining on a sofa or armchair; through Nov. 2. (Frumkin, 41 E. 57th St.)

HANS BELLMER—Drawings, watercolors, and prints by a German Surrealist; through Oct. 24. (Loeb & Krugier, 12 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

STANLEY BOXER AND CARL HOLTAY—Paintings by the former, who has just had an exhibition of his sculptures, and Abstract paintings by the latter; through Oct. 30. (Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. *Weekdays, 8 A.M. to 11 P.M., and Fridays and* Saturdays until 1 A.M.)

WILLIAM THEO BROWN—Paintings by a figurative artist who works on the West Coast; through Oct. 24. (Landau-Alan, 766 Madison Ave., at 66th St. Closed Mondays.)

CHANG DAI-CHIEN—Paintings derived from traditional Chinese modes by a contemporary; through Oct. 26. (Caro, 41 E. 57th St.)

SALLY HAZELET DRUMMOND—Paintings by an artist who creates tone surfaces by means of dots of color; through Oct. 24. (Fischbach, 29 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

ROBERT DURAN—Arrangements of painted panels below eye level; through Oct. 30. (Bykert, 24 E. 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

SOREL ETROG—Bronze and marble sculptures of interwoven machinelike forms; through Oct. 26. (Staempfli, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)...¶ Painted constructions, 1952-60; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Fried, 40 E. 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

LAWRENCE FANE—Abstract sculptures in bronze and in steel and concrete; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Zabriskie, 699 Madison Ave., at 62nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ELIAS GOLDBERG—Modest easel-size self-portraits and cityscapes; through Oct. 31. (Egan, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays and Saturday mornings.)

COLIN GREENLY—Geometrical constructions of aluminum and glass or Plexiglas; through Oct. 23. (Marks, 19 E. 71st St. Closed Mondays.)

AL HELD—Black-and-white geometrical paintings in a new vein by an artist known for his mammoth canvases; through Oct. 24. (Emmerich, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

GUÉN INOKUMA—Oil paintings by a Japanese familiar to the New York art world; through Nov. 9. (Willard, 29 E. 72nd St. Closed Mondays.)

ELLSWORTH KELLY—Colored panels by a leading Minimalist; through Nov. 2. (Janis, 15 E. 57th St.)

ROBERT MURRAY—*Huge metal constructions,* each painted in a single color; through Oct. 26. (Parsons, 24 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JACK NELSON—Sculptural constructions featuring assemblages in boxes; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Krasner, 1061 Madison Ave., at 81st St. Closed Mondays.)

MINORU NIIZUMA—Large sculptures made of canvas and smaller works in stone, by a Japanese artist; through Oct. 26. (Wise, 50 W. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

JOHN OPPER—Paintings composed of vertical bands of color; through Oct. 25. (Borgenicht, 1018 Madison Ave., at 79th St. Closed Mondays.)

SERGE POLIAKOFF—Abstract paintings in a variety of surfaces by a Russian artist widely known in France; through Nov. 2. (Lefebre, 47 E. 77th St. Closed Mondays.)

KENNETH SNELSON—Five giant aluminum sculptures, publicly assembled by the artist, using modular units; through Dec. 3. (Bryant Park, Sixth Ave. at 42nd St.)

HERMAN SOMBERG—Paintings in bright colors, *influenced by Cubism; through Thursday,* Oct. 17. (Poindexter, 21 W. 56th St. Closed Mondays.)

HARRY STERNBERG—Semi-abstract landscapes and satirical figure compositions; through Saturday, Oct. 12. (ACA, 63 E. 57th St.)

JAMES STROMBOTNE—Paintings and lithographs by an artist responsive to current social and political events; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Bertha Schaefer, 41 E. 57th St.)

STANLEY TWARDOWICZ—Tonal compositions making use of the oval form; through Oct. 26. (Peridot, 820 Madison Ave., at 68th St. Closed Mondays.)

THE AMERICAN VISION, PAINTINGS 1825-75—Three galleries are participating in a four-week benefit exhibition (through Nov. 2) of about a hundred and twelve works from major museums and private collections by such artists as Rembrandt Peale, Winslow Homer, Kensett, Morse, Inman, and Eakins—At the **HIRSCHL & ADLER**, 21 E. 67th St.: Genre. ... **KNOEDLER**, 14 E. 57th St.: Figure and still-life. ... **ROSENBERG**, 20 E. 79th St.: Landscape.

AMERICANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **DWAN**, 29 W. 57th St.: Models, plans, and some actual examples of earth "sculptures" by such avant-gardist constructors as Robert Morris, Oldenburg, LeWitt, and Smithson; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.) ... **GRAHAM**, second floor, 1014 Madison Ave., at 78th St.: Church, Homer, and Waugh are three of the artists represented in a show of marines and seascapes by well-known nineteenth- and twentieth-century specialists in this field; through Saturday, Oct. 19. (Closed Mondays.) ... **MIDTOWN**, 11 E. 57th St.: Paintings and sculptures by, for example, Isabel Bishop, Paul Cadmus, Roy Moyer, Waldo Peirce, and Zoltan Sepeshy; through Saturday, Oct. 12. ... **NATIONAL ACADEMY OF DESIGN**, 1083 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.: The fourth annual exhibition of works by faculty, visiting artists, and alumni of the Skowhegan School of Painting and Sculpture, among them Evergood, Freilicher, Paul Georges, Alex Katz, Jack Levine, and Abraham Rattner; through Sunday, Oct. 13. (Daily, 1 to 5.)... **PHOENIX**, 939 Madison Ave., at 74th St.: Oils, watercolors, and sculptures reflecting impressions of the United States today; through Saturday, Oct. 12.

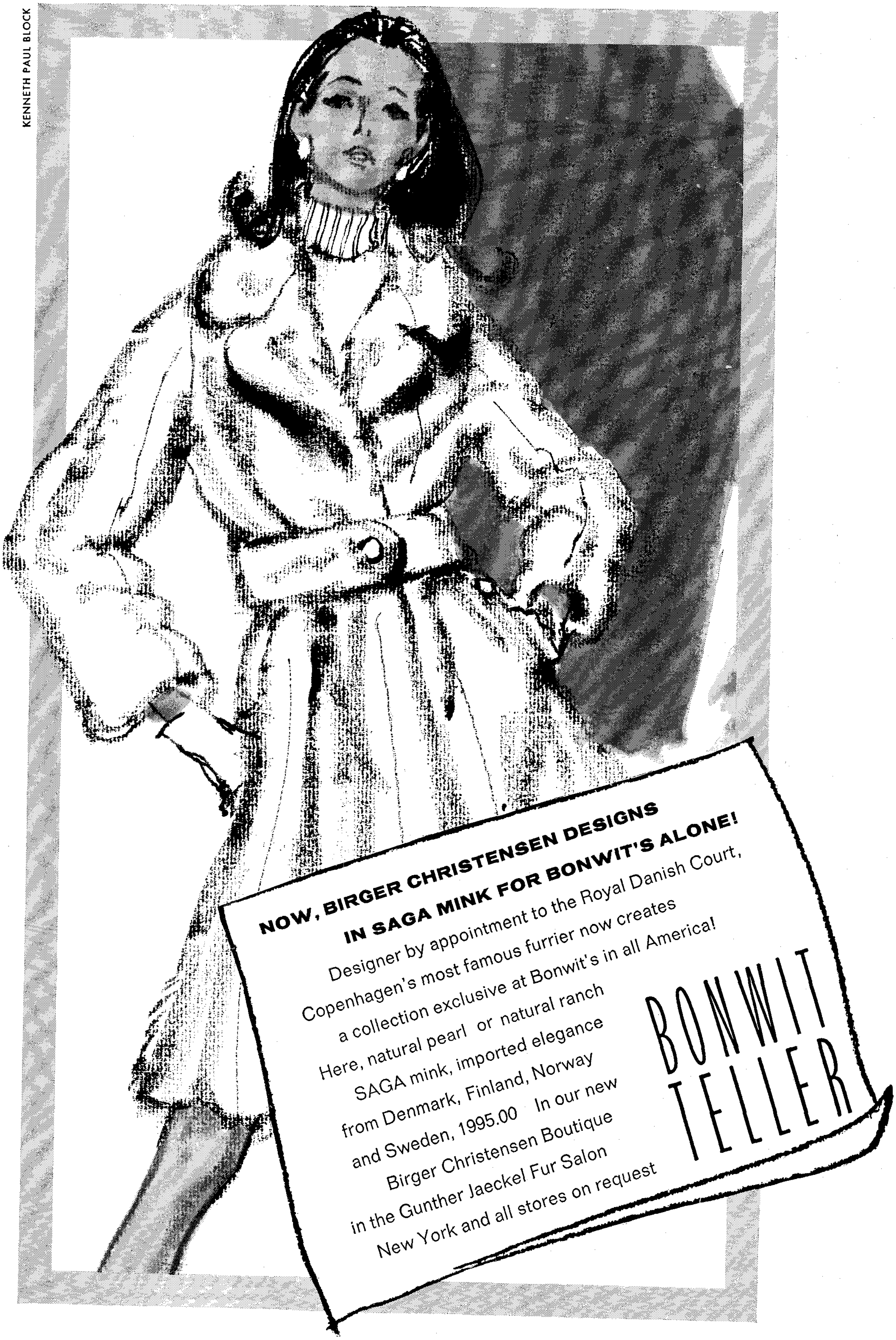
AMERICANS AND EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOWS—At the **CORDIER & EKSTROM**, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St.: A wide range of works (by Duchamp, Noguchi, Lindner, Dubuffet, Man Ray, and others) assembled to inaugurate the gallery's new quarters; through Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.)... **ELKON**, 1063 Madison Ave., at 80th St.: An exhibit of newly acquired paintings, drawings, and sculptures by, for instance, Dubuffet, Arp, Pollock, Magritte, Giacometti, and Rothko; through Oct. 24. (Closed Mondays.)... **JACKSON**, 32 E. 69th St.: Sculptures and paintings from the gallery collection, which includes such artists as Bertoia, Chadwick, and Dubuffet, plus works on paper from the forties by Hans Hofmann; through Oct. 30. (Closed Mondays.)... **VIVIANO**, 42 E. 57th St.: Paintings by Afro, Mabe, and Manrique; through Oct. 26. (Closed Mondays.) ... **ZIERLER**, 956 Madison Ave., at 75th St.: The first exhibition by a new gallery of works ranging from Burchfield and Glackens to Jawlensky and Rouault to Vasarely and Warhol; through Nov. 2. (Closed Mondays.)

EUROPEANS; GROUP SHOW—Bacon, de Chirico, Giacometti, and Ipousteguy are a few of the artists represented in a showing of paintings, drawings, and sculptures; through Nov. 16. (Odyssia, 41 E. 57th St. Closed Mondays.)

MUSEUMS AND LIBRARIES

METROPOLITAN MUSEUM, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St.—An impressive exhibition of seventy Italian frescoes detached from the walls of Tuscan churches and monasteries of the Middle Ages; in many cases, the original underdrawings accompany them. The artists include Giotto, Paolo Uccello, Piero della Francesca, and Andrea del Castagno. Through Nov. 15. (Weekdays, 10 to 5, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5. Except on Mondays, admission is $1.)

MUSEUM OF MODERN ART, 11 W. 53rd St.—A show of oils, sculptures, drawings, watercolors, prints, and illustrated books by Jean Dubuffet, taken from the Museum's collection and recently augmented by important gifts; through Oct. 27....¶ A selection of *late-period paintings and drawings by John* D. Graham, a figure in the New York art world in the thirties and forties, who abandoned Abstract art for a kind of hallucinatory



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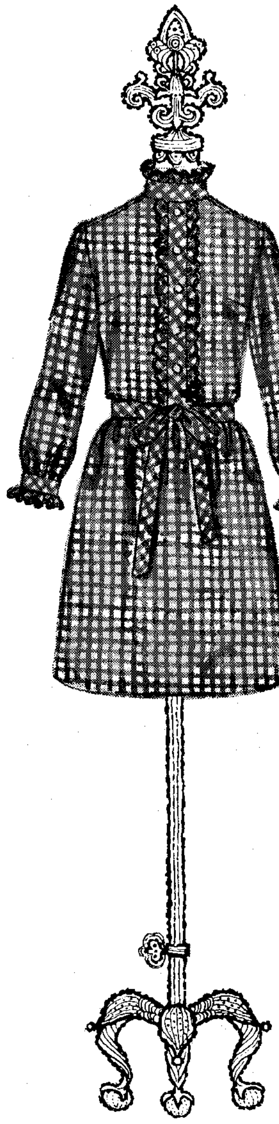

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

portraiture, mostly of women; through Sunday, Oct. 13. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Thursday evenings until 9; Sundays, noon to 6.)

Solomon R. Guggenheim Museum, 1071 Fifth Ave., at 89th St.—A mammoth showing of seven hundred articles of pre-Hispanic Peruvian art from 1500 B.C. to 1500 A.D., containing ceramic objects (decorated vessels, musical instruments, men, animals, and birds); jewelry; objects in gold, silver, and wood; stone carvings; and textiles. Through Feb. 2. (Tuesdays, 10 to 9; Wednesdays through Saturdays, except Oct. 12, from 10 to 6; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

Whitney Museum, 945 Madison Ave., at 75th St.—Ninety-two paintings by Franz Kline, ranging from his early paintings of Pennsylvania landscapes and New York city subjects to the action paintings of his mature period; through Nov. 24.... ¶ Collages by Robert Motherwell, one of the original American Abstract Expressionists, who has worked in this medium since the beginning of his career; through Nov. 17.... ¶ Drawings done in the past decade by Hyman Bloom, veteran Boston artist, whose subjects include rabbis, man's mortality, and the spirit world; through Oct. 27.... ¶ A retrospective of the work of John F. Kensett, 1816-72, a prominent American painter of landscapes; through Oct. 20. (Weekdays, 11 to 6, and Tuesday evenings until 10; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, noon to 6.)

Brooklyn Museum, Eastern Parkway—A show of chessmen and boards that goes back to the earliest datable chessmen in existence, excavated in Iran, and includes carved pieces from India, China, Russia, Europe, and the United States; through Jan. 5. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

American Museum of Natural History, Central Park W. at 79th St.—The new hall of Man in Africa surveys the history of the indigenes with illuminating displays of their art, crafts, dress, and the like. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Asia House, 112 E. 64th St.—An exhibition of eighty Chinese ritual bronzes from collections in Europe and America, dating from prehistoric times to a few centuries before the Christian era; through Dec. 15. (Mondays through Fridays, 10 to 5; Saturdays, 11 to 5; Sundays, 1 to 5.)

Riverside Museum, 310 Riverside Dr., at 103rd St.—The thirty-second annual, comprising approximately sixty paintings, sculptures, and drawings, by the American Abstract Artists group, which includes such familiar figures as Albers, Lassaw, Hans Richter, Perle Fine, Will Barnet, Hyde Solomon; also guest Abstractionists, among them Agostini, di Suvero, and Ralph Humphrey. Through Dec. 1.... ¶ "Eyewitness: Czechoslovakia, 1938-August, 1968," photographs by Jan Lukas, Sonja Bullaty, Angelo Lomeo, and Hilmar Pabel; through Nov. 3. (Daily, except Mondays, 2 to 5.)

Studio Museum in Harlem, 2033 Fifth Ave., at 125th St.—An inaugural showing of light works in varying colors by Tom Lloyd; through Oct. 24. (Tuesdays through Fridays, 10 to 6; Saturdays and Sundays, 1 to 5.)

MUSIC

(The box-office number for the Metropolitan Opera House at Lincoln Center is 799-4420, for Philharmonic Hall TR 4-2424, for Carnegie Hall CI 7-7459, and for Town Hall JU 2-4536. Other box-office numbers are included in the listings.)

OPERA

Metropolitan Opera—Thursday evening, Oct. 10: "Carmen," with Shirley Verrett, Mirella Freni, Jon Vickers, Justino Díaz, and Morley Meredith.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 11: "Rigoletto," with Roberta Peters, Joann Grillo, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and Bonaldo Giaiotti.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 12: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 12: "Don Carlo," with Gabriella Tucci, Fiorenza Cossotto, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Martti Talvela.... ¶ Monday evening, Oct. 14: "La Bohème," with Mirella Freni, Judith DePaul, Gianni Raimondi, Mario Sereni, Russell Christopher, and Jerome Hines.... ¶ Tuesday evening, Oct. 15: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena. (A non-subscription performance.)... ¶ Wednesday evening, Oct. 16: "Adriana Lecouvreur," with Renata Tebaldi, Regina Resnik, Placido Domingo, Anselmo Colzani, and Morley Meredith.... ¶ Thursday evening, Oct. 17: "Simon Boccanegra," with Rita Orlandi, Richard Tucker, Cornell MacNeil, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Sherrill Milnes.... ¶ Friday evening, Oct. 18: "Tosca," with Birgit Nilsson, Franco Corelli, Gabriel Bacquier, Clifford Harvuot, and Fernando Corena.... ¶ Saturday matinée, Oct. 19: "Don Carlo," with Gabriella Tucci, Irene Dalis, Bruno Prevedi, Robert Merrill, Nicolai Ghiaurov, and Martti Talvela.... ¶ Saturday evening, Oct. 19: "Rigoletto," with Anna Moffo, Nedda Casei, Giacomo Aragall, Cornell MacNeil, and Justino Díaz. (Evenings at 8. Matinées at 2.)

New York City Opera—Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:15: "La Bohème," with Anne Ottaviano, Carol Bayard, Michele Molese, Dominic Cossa, and William Ledbetter.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:15: "Nine Rivers from Jordan," with Eileen Schauler, Julian Patrick, Joshua Hecht, David Clements, and Nico Castel.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2:15: "The Magic Flute" (in English), with Arlene Randazzo, Veronica Tyler, Patricia Wise, Michele Molese, and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:15: "Cavalleria Rusticana," with Athena Lampropulos, Kay Creed, and Lino Savoldi; and "Pagliacci," with Maralin Niska, Placido Domingo, and Chester Ludgin.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 1:15: "La Traviata," with Patricia Brooks, Muriel Greenspon, Kay Creed, Tibor Kelen, and Dominic Cossa.... ¶ Sunday, Oct. 13, at 7:15: "Il Trittico," consisting of three short operas—"Il Tabarro," with Athena Lampropulos and David Clatworthy; "Suor Angelica," with Maralin Niska and Claramae Turner; and "Gianni Schicchi," with Maria DiGiglio and Richard Fredricks.... ¶ Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:15: "Madame Butterfly," with Maralin Niska, Beverly Evans, Lino Savoldi, and Seymour Schwartzman.... ¶ Thursday, Oct. 17, at 7:45: A new production of Gounod's "Faust," with Beverly Sills, Frances Bible, Muriel Greenspon, Norman Treigle, and Michele Molese. (A benefit performance; for tickets, call TR 7-4700, Ext. 256.)... ¶ Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:15: "Tosca," with Eileen Schauler, Placido Domingo, Richard Fredricks, Michael Devlin, and David Clements.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:15: "La Traviata," with Maralin Niska, Muriel Greenspon, Tibor Kelen, and David Clatworthy.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:15: "Manon," with Patricia Brooks, Lois Crane, Enrico DiGiuseppe, Richard Fredricks, and Malcolm Smith. (New York State Theatre, Lincoln Center. TR 7-4727. Through Sunday, Nov. 17.)

New York Philharmonic—At Philharmonic Hall, Leonard Bernstein conducting—Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 11, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 14, at 7:30 (all with Eugene Istomin, piano, and the Swingle Singers); and Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30; Friday, Oct. 18, at 2; Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30; and Monday, Oct. 21, at 7:30 (all with Lorne Munroe, cello, and William Lincer, viola).

Boston Symphony—Erich Leinsdorf conducting. (Philharmonic Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, and Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30, both with Arthur Grumiaux, violin.... ¶ Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:30, no soloists.... ¶ Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30, with Marilyn Horne, soprano.)

Bavarian Symphony of Munich—Rafael Kubelik conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Thursday and Friday, Oct. 17-18, at 8:30.)

American Opera Society—Carlo Felice Cillario directing a performance of Verdi's "Nabucco" in concert form, with Elena Suliotis, soprano; Daniele Barioni, tenor; Kostas Paskalis, baritone; and Luigi Roni, bass. (Carnegie Hall. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8.)

Master Virtuosi of New York—Gene Forrell conducting a program of Italian music, with Isidore Cohen, violin; Leonard Arner, oboe; and Donald Anderson, cello. (Philharmonic Hall. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30.)

American Symphony Orchestra—Leopold Sto-

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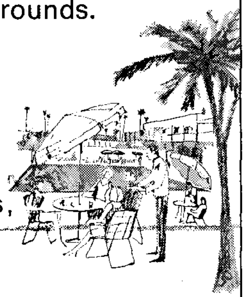

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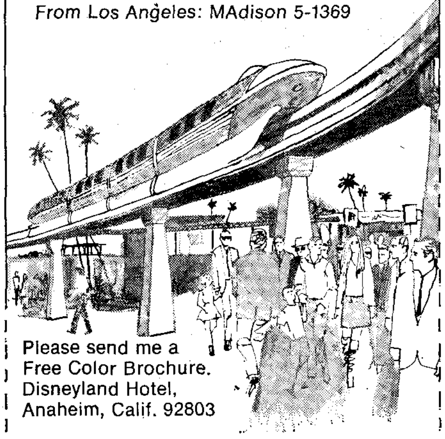

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GOINGS ON ABOUT TOWN

kowski conducting. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

Little Orchestra Society—Thomas Scherman conducting Oskar Straus's operetta "A Waltz Dream" in concert form, with Teresa Stich-Randall and Lee Venora, sopranos; William Lewis, tenor; Patricia McBride and Edward Villella, dancers; and others. (Philharmonic Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8.) . . . ¶ The Society will hold a preview of this program at the Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. (ST 3-2434), on Sunday, Oct. 13, at 2:30.

Manhattan Orchestra—Anton Coppola conducting. (Hubbard Auditorium, Manhattan School of Music, 238 E. 105th St. Tuesday, Oct. 22, at 8:30. A limited number of free tickets can be had by writing and enclosing a self-addressed stamped envelope.)

RECITALS

Janet Winburn, Salvador Novoa, and Ricardo Visus—Mezzo-soprano and tenors, in a program of Spanish and Latin-American songs. (Spanish Institute, 22 E. 60th St. PL 5-1612. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8:30.)

Julian Bream—Guitarist and lutanist. (Town Hall. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 11-12, at 8:30.) . . . ¶ Grace Rainey Rogers Auditorium, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 82nd St. 879-5512. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Paul A. McGhee Washington Square Chamber Music Concerts—The Concentus Musicus from Vienna. (Eisner and Lubin Auditorium, Loeb Student Center, Washington Sq. S. and LaGuardia Pl. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30. Tickets at the box office on the night of the concert.)

Alicia de Larrocha—Piano. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

André Watts—Piano. (Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

Whittemore and Lowe—Duo piano. (Coronet Room, Hotel Pierre, Fifth Ave. at 61st St. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3. For information about tickets, call TE 8-8000, Ext. 123.)

June de Toth—Piano, in an all-Bartók program. (Town Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3.)

Licia Albanese—Soprano. (Carnegie Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 8:30.)

Yi-kwei Sze—Bass-baritone, in a benefit recital. (Carnegie Hall. Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8:30.)

Dietrich Fischer-Dieskau—Baritone, *in* Schubert's "Die Schöne Müllerin." (Carnegie Hall. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 8:30.)

Martti Talvela—Bass. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Thursday, Oct. 17, at 8:40.)

Michael Davis—Violin, with Eileen Davis, soprano; Marshall Haddock, clarinet; and Daniel Winter, piano. (Carnegie Recital Hall. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

Beaux Arts Trio—With Walter Trampler, viola. (Hunter College Playhouse, Park Ave. at 68th St. 535-5350. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:40.)

Hungarian Quartet—Chamber music. (Washington Irving High School, Irving Pl. at 16th St. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:30. For information about tickets, call GR 3-1391.)

JAZZ/FOLK/ROCK/ETC.

Beach Boys and Creedence Clearwater Revival—Fillmore East, 105 Second Ave., at 6th St. 777-5260. Friday, Oct. 11, at 8 and 11:30.

Electronic Jazz—Mel Lewis and others. (Town Hall. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 5:30.)

The Turtles, New York Rock-and-Roll Ensemble, and Creedence Clearwater Revival—Fillmore East. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8 and 11:30.

Ron Eliran—With others. (Carnegie Hall. Saturday, Oct. 12, at 8:30.)

Aretha Franklin—Philharmonic Hall. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 6:30 and 9.

Jeff Beck Group, Tim Buckley, and Albert King—Fillmore East. Friday and Saturday, Oct. 18-19, at 8 and 11:30.

Swingle Singers—Baroque Bach and twentieth-century Spanish music. (Brooklyn Academy of Music, 30 Lafayette Ave. ST 3-2434. Friday, Oct. 18, at 8:30.)

MISCELLANY

The Queen's Guards—Final performances of a tattoo featuring the mounted band of the Life Guards and the Royal Horse Guards (The Blues); a drill team and agility display by Junior Guardsmen; and the pipes, drums, and dancers of the Royal Highland Fusiliers. (Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts. 564-4400. Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8; Friday, Oct. 11, at 8:30; Saturday, Oct. 12, at 2 and 8:30; and Sunday, Oct. 13, at 1:30 and 7.)

Open Music—*A program of contemporary* music performed by Jeannette Medina, violin; John Goberman, cello; Samuel Sanders, piano; and the Jack Dejohnette Jazz Quartet. The last in a series of concerts. (New Theatre, 154 E. 54th St. PL 2-1370. Monday, Oct. 14, at 8:30.)

SPORTS

(*The box-office number for* Madison Square Garden Center, Eighth Ave. between 31st and 33rd Sts., is 564-4400.)

Professional Basketball—At Madison Square Garden Center—Tuesday, Oct. 15, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Chicago. . . . ¶ Saturday, Oct. 19, at 8:35: Knicks vs. Los Angeles.

College Football—**SATURDAY, OCT. 12:** Army vs. California, at West Point, at 2. . . . ¶ Columbia vs. Harvard, at Baker Field, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Cornell vs. Pennsylvania, at Ithaca, at 2. . . . ¶ Dartmouth vs. Princeton, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ St. John's vs. Fordham, at Redmen Field, Jamaica, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Syracuse vs. Pittsburgh, at Syracuse, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Brown, at New Haven, at 2. . . . **SATURDAY, OCT. 19:** Dartmouth vs. Brown, at Hanover, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Fordham vs. Fairfield, at Fordham, at 1:30. . . . ¶ Harvard vs. Cornell, at Cambridge, at 2. . . . ¶ Princeton vs. Colgate, at Princeton, at 2. . . . ¶ Rutgers vs. Army, at New Brunswick, at 2. . . . ¶ Yale vs. Columbia, at New Haven, at 2.

Professional Football—*Jets vs. Denver Broncos.* (Shea Stadium. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 1:30.) . . . ¶ Down of Ireland vs. a New York amateur team. (Gaelic Park, Broadway and 240th St. Sunday, Oct. 13, at 3:30.)

Hockey—Rangers vs. Philadelphia. (Madison Square Garden Center. Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 7:35.)

Hunt Racing—Rose Tree Fox Hunting Club. (Wellsville, Pa. Saturday, Oct. 12.) . . . ¶ Monmouth County Hunt Racing Association. (Red Bank, N.J. Saturday, Oct. 19.)

Polo—At Bethpage Polo Field, Farmingdale, L.I.: Sundays at 3:30.

Racing—At **BELMONT:** Weekdays at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 26. The Champagne, Saturday, Oct. 12; the Interborough Handicap, Monday, Oct. 14; the Lawrence Realization, *Wednesday, Oct. 16; and the Man o' War,* Saturday, Oct. 19. (Frequent trains leave Penn Station for the track Mondays through Fridays between 11 and 1, and Saturdays between 10:30 and 1:25.) . . . **ATLANTIC CITY,** Mays Landing, N.J.: Daily at 1:30; through Saturday, Oct. 12. . . . **GARDEN STATE PARK,** Camden, N.J.: Weekdays at 1:30, from Monday, Oct. 14, through Monday, Nov. 18.

Trotting—At **YONKERS RACEWAY:** Weekdays at 8; through Thursday, Oct. 17. . . . **ROOSEVELT RACEWAY,** Westbury: Weekdays at 8, from Friday, Oct. 18, through Saturday, Dec. 14. (A special train will leave Penn Station for the track at 6:43.)

Yachting—A schooner race, starting off the Battery and finishing off Bay Ridge, for the Mayor's Cup and for the benefit of the South Street Seaport Museum. The starting gun goes off at 10:30, Saturday, Oct. 12, and the race ends around three. A spectator boat will sail from the Battery at 10; for information about tickets, call BO 9-5560.

FOR CHILDREN

Opera—The Amato Opera Company presenting an abbreviated "Madame Butterfly," with an English narration. (Town Hall. JU 2-2424. Saturday, Oct. 19, at 2:30.)

Stage Show—The Pixie Judy Troupe presenting "The Littlest Clown." (Judson Hall, 165 W. 57th St. JU 2-4090. Saturdays at 11 and 2 and Sundays at 2.)

Junior Museum, Metropolitan Museum, Fifth Ave. at 81st St.—An exhibition, "The Artist's Workshop: Tools and Techniques," demonstrating the techniques employed in pictorial art and including examples of various medi-

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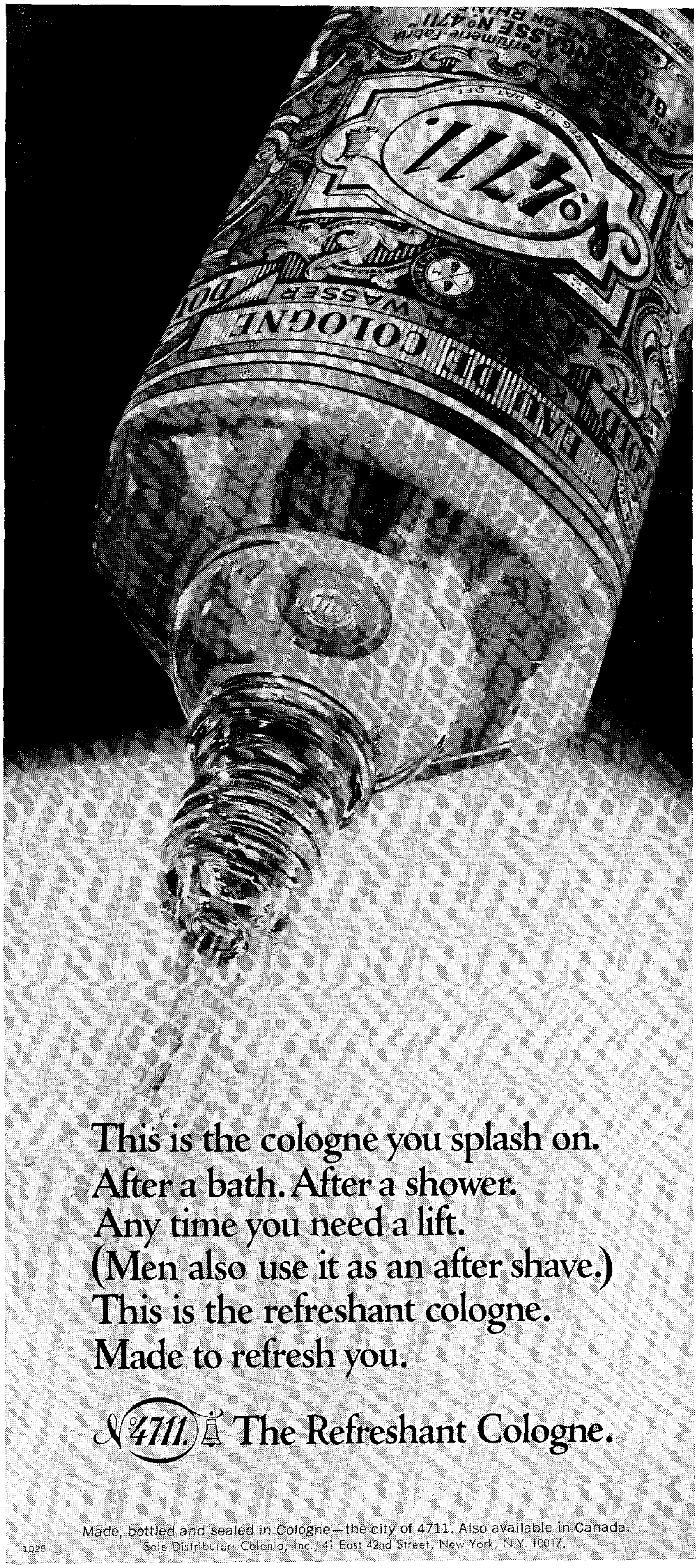

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ums from the Museum's collections of European, American, Egyptian, and Near and Far Eastern art. (Weekdays, 10 to 5; Sundays and Saturday, Oct. 12, from 1 to 5.)

Hayden Planetarium, Central Park W. at 81st St. (873-1300)—The current show is "The Legend of the Flying Horse." (Mondays at 2 and 3:30; Tuesdays through Fridays at 2, 3:30, and 7:30; Saturdays, except Oct. 12, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; Sundays at 1, 2, 3, 4, 5, and 7:30; and Saturday, Oct. 12, at 11, 1, 2, 3, 4, and 5. Children under five not admitted.)

ET ALIA

United Nations—Visitors are admitted to the plenary and/or committee sessions of the General Assembly, as well as to periodic meetings of the Security Council and regular sessions of other commissions and committees. A limited number of tickets are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the admissions desk in the public lobby no earlier than thirty minutes before each meeting. Meetings usually convene at 10:30 or 11 and at 2:30 or 3, Mondays through Fridays. (General Assembly Building, First Ave. at 45th St.)... ¶ Hour-long tours leave the lobby of the General Assembly Building every ten minutes or so from 9 to 4:45 daily.

Lectures—"Delacroix, Baudelaire, and the Beginning of Modern Criticism," by George Heard Hamilton, Thursday, Oct. 10, at 5:40.... ¶ "The Image of Winter in German Romanticism," by Wolfgang Stechow, Saturday, Oct. 12, at 3.... ¶ "The Nature of Patronage," by Jethro Hurt, Wednesday, Oct. 16, at 3, and Thursday, Oct. 17, at 5:40. (Frick Collection, 1 E. 70th St. Admission is free.)

Walking Tours—"Bedford of Bedford-Stuyvesant," a conducted tour sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, on Sunday, Oct. 13. Begins at Nostrand Ave. and Eastern Parkway, in Brooklyn, at 2:30. For reservations, call LE 4-1672.

Flower Show—A showing of fall flowers by the Horticultural Society of New York. (Essex House, 160 Central Park S. Wednesday, Oct. 16, from 12:30 to 4.)

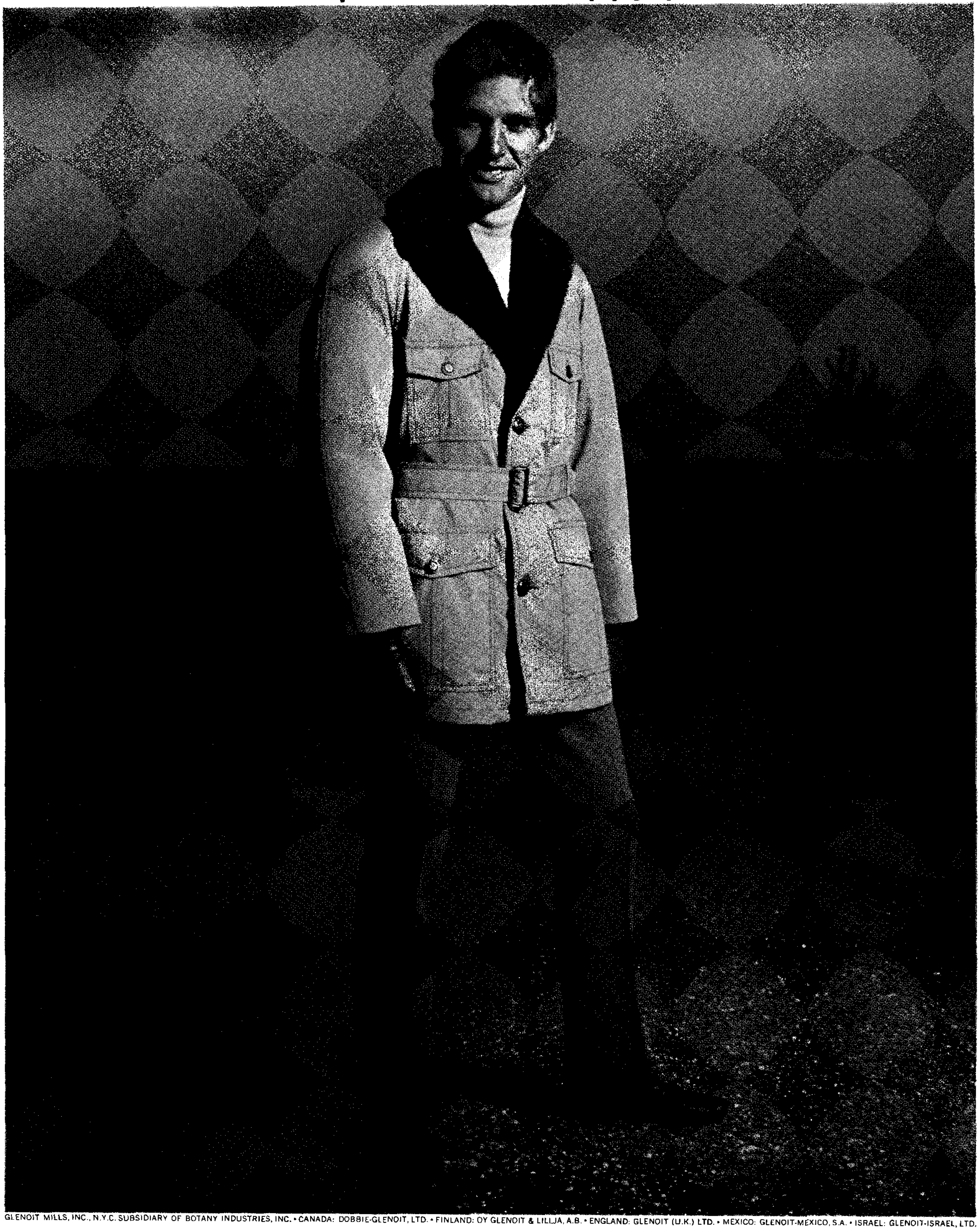
New York Antiques Fair—The annual catchall for bits of yesteryear. (71st Regiment Armory, Park Ave. at 34th St. Monday through Friday, Oct. 14-18, from 1 to 11, and Saturday, Oct. 19, from 1 to 6.)

Auctions—At the Parke-Bernet Galleries, 980 Madison Ave., at 76th St. (Exhibition hours: Tuesdays and Wednesdays, 10 to 5; Thursday, Oct. 10, from 10 to 1; and Fridays through Saturdays, 10 to 5.)—Thursday, Oct. 10, at 8: Modern paintings of the School of Paris; from the collection of Dr. A. Roudinesco.... ¶ Friday, Oct. 11, at 1:45: Oceanic art, belonging to several collectors.... ¶ Saturday, Oct. 12, at 1:45: French and other furniture and decorations, from various owners.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, at 1:45: Decorative prints, from many sources. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 11.... ¶ Wednesday and Thursday, Oct. 16-17, at 7: Coins of Ancient Greece, Roman and early Italian coins, and a gold Trafalgar medal; from the Edward T. Newell collection. Exhibition starts Friday, Oct. 11.

Museum of Modern Art Film Library—Oct. 10 at 2, 5:30, and 8: "The Guns" (1963), a Brazilian film.... ¶ Oct. 11 at 2 and 5:30: "Matraga" (1966), a Brazilian film.... ¶ Oct. 12 at 11:30: "The Loves of Jeanne Ney" (1927), a German film, directed by G. W. Pabst.... ¶ Oct. 12 at 3 and 5:30: "The Plantation Boy" (1965), a Brazilian film.... ¶ Oct. 13 at 2 and 5:30: "Black God, White Devil" (1963), a Brazilian film.... ¶ Oct. 14 at 2 and 5:30: "The Deceased" (1965), a Brazilian film.... ¶ Oct. 15 at 2 and 5:30: "The Big City" (1966), a Brazilian film.... ¶ Oct. 16 at 2 and 5:30: "Hallelujah" (1929), directed by King Vidor. (A limited number of reservations are available, but only to those applying for them in person at the Museum, 11 W. 53rd, after 11 on the day of the showing or, if it is a Sunday, after noon.)

Note—Columbus Day is Saturday, Oct. 12, and there will be a parade up Fifth Avenue, from 44th Street to 86th Street, starting at noon.

a warm person is a happy person.



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MOTION PICTURES

Belle de Jour—The most beautiful, generous, lightly self-mocking piece of pornography that can ever have been made by a great film-maker. Luis Buñuel's view of a high-bred girl with sadomasochistic longings is compassionately comic and formally the work of a master. In French. (Little Carnegie, 146 W. 57th, 246-5123.)

The Bofors Gun—The movie version of John McGrath's play about the collision between a desperate man (Nicol Williamson) and a desperately weak man (David Warner) has remarkable performances. Directed by Jack Gold. (Sutton, 3rd Ave. at 57th, PL 9-1411.)

The Charge of the Light Brigade—Tony Richardson's epic-satire on war and the Victorians has very pretty color and some witty bits. Written by Charles Wood. With John Gielgud, Trevor Howard, David Hemmings, and Vanessa Redgrave. (Fine Arts, 130 E. 58th, 755-6030. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Mondays through Fridays at 2:30, and Saturdays and Sundays at 2:30 and 5:30. Reserved seats only.)

A Dandy in Aspic—The slick sorrows of espionage. Laurence Harvey is a Russian spy who finds solace in the emaciated arms of Mia Farrow, a product of Western decadence. Directed by Anthony Mann. (Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; starting Oct. 16.)

The Fifth Horseman Is Fear—Written and directed by Zbynek Brynych, this is a startling and masterly Czech film about a Jewish doctor's fight to retain his sense of himself in a neo-Nazi occupied Prague. Like Kafka, but only because this is Kafka's century, Brynych creates a world of slammed doors, eavesdroppers, stress secreted, words that aren't what people mean. (Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; starting Oct. 16.)

Funny Girl—Barbra Streisand, in the only big Hollywood musical of recent years that doesn't send one home groaning. Directed by William Wyler. (Criterion, B'way at 44th, JU 2-1796. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Extra performances Saturday mornings at 10. Reserved seats only.)

Gone with the Wind (1939)—Nearly four hours of Vivien Leigh, Clark Gable, and thousands of others. (Rivoli, B'way at 49th, 247-1633. Sundays through Thursdays at 8 and Fridays and Saturdays at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2. Reserved seats only.)

The Graduate—Mike Nichols directed (and appears to have written much of) this energetic and often very funny account of a young man hurled into the sea of life and threatening to sink like a stone. With Dustin Hoffman, Anne Bancroft, and Katharine Ross. (Coronet, 3rd Ave. at 59th, 355-1663; and Lincoln Art, 225 W. 57th, JU 2-2333.)

Hot Millions—Maggie Smith and Peter Ustinov in the first truly funny English comedy for a long time. Directed by Eric Till. If you care for the English, the character of the film is rather moving. The people are tough-tongued, apparently isolated, and secretly immensely good to one another. (Music Hall, 6th Ave. at 50th, PL 7-3100.)

Last Year at Marienbad (1962)—A dream, *au fond*, full of men and women moving as if drugged through baroque corridors and gardens. Directed by Alain Resnais. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 11.)

Ninotchka (1939)—Garbo laughs. Melvyn Douglas chuckles in it, too. (Charles, Ave. B at 12th, GR 5-4210; through Oct. 15.)

The Odd Couple—If you didn't see the Broadway version of Neil Simon's funny comedy about two men in mid-divorce driving each other balmy with a surrogate version of fussy marriage between them, Gene Saks' film is another chance, with no substantial change. Jack Lemmon is the wifely figure, Walter Matthau the male enraged by vacuum cleaning. (Kips Bay, 2nd Ave. at 31st, LE 2-6668; and Guild, 33 W. 50th, PL 7-2406.)

Persona (1967)—A study of the problem of identity. Directed by Ingmar Bergman and starring Bibi Andersson and Liv Ullmann. In Swedish. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; starting Oct. 11.)

The Producers—For those who enjoy satire of the theatre enough to put up with Zero Mostel and much horseplay. Written and directed (sort of) by Mel Brooks. (Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; through Oct. 15.)

Rachel, Rachel—A beautiful, affectionate film, a lot more energizing than a bold statement of the plot sounds, about the first affair of a thirty-five-year-old schoolteacher. Joanne Woodward plays her with piercing detail and humor. This is Paul Newman's first piece of direction in the cinema, and it is very good. (Plaza, 42 E. 58th, EL 5-3320; through Oct. 12. . . . ¶ Beekman, 2nd Ave. at 66th, RE 7-2622; starting Oct. 13.)

A Report on the Party and the Guests—Jan Němec's fable about totalitarianism was banned instantly in 1966, when it was made, and released earlier this year by the Dubček regime. The allegory is about a picnic that turns into a frightening feast in the company of a load of convivial-looking, overbearing strangers who behave as if they were fellow-picnickers. (34th St. East, 241 E. 34th, 683-0255.)

Robbery (1967)—Stanley Baker as the ringleader of a gang of crooks who, in real life, held up and robbed a British mail train. (Gramercy, Lexington at 23rd, GR 5-1660; and Symphony, B'way at 95th, AC 2-6600; through Oct. 15.)

Rosemary's Baby—Roman Polanski isn't at full stretch in this film, but he has an obvious and engaging love of making movies. The story, adapted from Ira Levin's thriller, is about a girl (Mia Farrow) who lives in the Dakota with her actor husband and conceives a baby by alarming occult means. Ruth Gordon is very funny as a key witch next door. (Tower East, 3rd Ave. at 71st, TR 9-1313; and Sheridan, 7th Ave. at 12th, 929-2166.)

Sundays and Cybèle (1962)—A picture about a mentally disturbed young man and a girl of twelve, and how their encounter leads to heartbreak and death. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 10.)

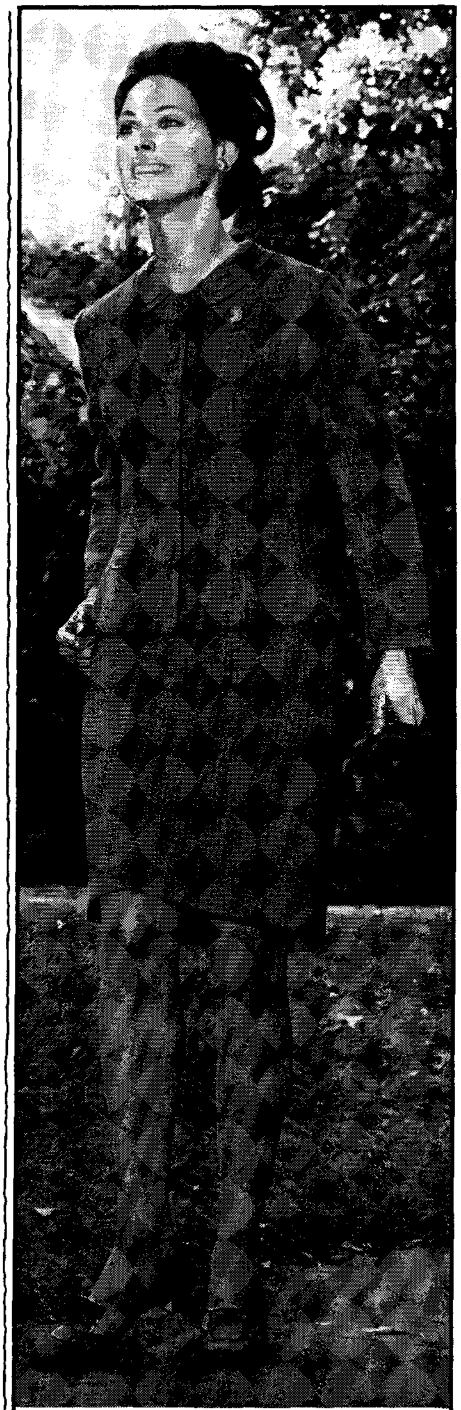
The Two of Us—An artlessly simple account of the friendship that develops between an anti-Semitic old peasant, played by Michel Simon, and a little Jewish boy during the Occupation in France. Directed by Claude Berri. In French. (Trans-Lux 85th St., Madison at 85th, BU 8-3180; Oct. 10. . . . ¶ Art, 36 E. 8th, GR 3-7014; and Midtown, B'way at 99th, AC 2-1200; through Oct. 15.)

2001: A Space Odyssey—A vision of life in thirty-three years' time, directed and produced by Stanley Kubrick from his own screenplay with Arthur C. Clarke. Sometimes hideously funny and always troubling, for the men who have minutely progressed from apes turn out to be less equipped for life than their computers. The film is a true sci-fi myth—one of the first, and certainly the most poetic and far-reachingly intelligent. (Cinerama, B'way at 47th, 265-5711. Nightly at 8:30. Matinées Wednesdays and Saturdays at 2:30, and Sundays at 2 and 5:15. Reserved seats only.)

The Umbrellas of Cherbourg (1964)—A fantasy in song about the joys and sorrows of young love. Written and directed by Jacques Demy. In French. (Thalia, B'way at 95th, AC 2-3370; Oct. 10.)

Warrendale—Allan King's moving chronicle of the storms in the heads of a group of mentally disturbed children who are only a little more troubled than the people called normal. No commentary, no prompting of us. One needs only to watch, as the children watch one another. (Evergreen, 53 E. 11th, 533-5325.)

Weekend—Jean-Luc Godard's most powerful—and most shocking—film is a surreal investigation of Whither Mankind. With Mireille Darc. In French. (72nd St. Playhouse, 1st Ave. at 72nd, BU 8-9304.)



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THE MOVIE HOUSES

FILMS OF INTEREST APPEAR IN HEAVY TYPE AND ARE DESCRIBED ON THE PREVIOUS PAGE

S	M	T	W	T	F	S
				10	11	12
13	14	15	16			

EAST SIDE

ART, 36 E. 8th. (GR 3-7014)
Through Oct. 15: **THE TWO OF US** (in French).
From Oct. 16: "Beyond the Law," a Norman Mailer film.

EVERGREEN, 53 E. 11th. (533-5325)
WARRENDALE.

CINEMA VILLAGE, 22 E. 12th. (924-3363)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

CHARLES, Ave. B at 12th. (GR 5-4210)
Through Oct. 15: **NINOTCHKA**; and "Anna Christie" (1930), Greta Garbo, Charles Bickford.
From Oct. 16: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin; and "Love and Marriage" (1966; in Italian), Sylva Koscina.

GRAMERCY, Lexington at 23rd. (GR 5-1660)
Through Oct. 15: **THE PRODUCERS**; and **ROBBERY.**
From Oct. 16: "For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

KIPS BAY, 2nd Ave. at 31st. (LE 2-6668)
THE ODD COUPLE; and "No Way to Treat a Lady," Rod Steiger, Lee Remick.

MURRAY HILL, 160 E. 34th. (685-7652)
Oct. 10: "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.
From Oct. 11: "Barbarella," Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law.

34TH ST. EAST, 241 E. 34th. (683-0255)
A REPORT ON THE PARTY AND THE GUESTS, a Czechoslovakian film.

SUTTON, 3rd Ave. at 57th. (PL 9-1411)
THE BOFORS GUN.

TRANS-LUX EAST, 3rd Ave. at 58th. (PL 9-2262)
"I Love You, Alice B. Toklas!," Peter Sellers.

FINE ARTS, 130 E. 58th. (755-6030)
THE CHARGE OF THE LIGHT BRIGADE.

PLAZA, 42 E. 58th. (EL 5-3320)
Through Oct. 12: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**
From Oct. 13, at 8: "The Subject Was Roses," Patricia Neal, Jack Albertson. (Opening night by invitation only.)

BARONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
"Charly," Cliff Robertson, Claire Bloom.

CORONET, 3rd Ave. at 59th. (355-1663)
THE GRADUATE.

CINEMA I, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-6022)
"Duffy," James Coburn, James Mason.

CINEMA II, 3rd Ave. at 60th. (PL 3-0774)
"The Firemen's Ball," a Czechoslovakian film.

BEEKMAN, 2nd Ave. at 66th. (RE 7-2622)
Through Oct. 12: **THE PRODUCERS.**
From Oct. 13: **RACHEL, RACHEL.**

68TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 3rd Ave. at 68th. (RE 4-0302)
"Les Biches" (in French).

TOWER EAST, 3rd Ave. at 71st. (TR 9-1313)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

72ND ST. PLAYHOUSE, 1st Ave. at 72nd. (BU 8-9304)
WEEKEND (in French).

TRANS-LUX 85TH ST., Madison at 85th. (BU 8-3180)
Oct. 10: **THE TWO OF US** (in French).
From Oct. 11: To be announced.

R.K.O. 86TH ST., Lexington at 86th. (AT 9-8900)
Through Oct. 15: "If He Hollers, Let Him Go!," Raymond St. Jacques, Barbara McNair.
From Oct. 16: "For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

ORPHEUM, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (AT 9-4607)
Through Oct. 15: "Coogan's Bluff," Clint Eastwood.
From Oct. 16: "The Boston Strangler," Tony Curtis, Henry Fonda.

LOEW'S CINÉ, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (427-1332)
Oct. 10: "Helga," Ruth Gassmann.
From Oct. 11: "Barbarella," Jane Fonda, John Phillip Law.

86TH ST. EAST, 3rd Ave. at 86th. (249-1144)
"With Six You Get Eggroll," Doris Day, Brian Keith.

WEST SIDE

BLEECKER ST. CINEMA, 144 Bleecker St. (OR 4-3210)
Through Oct. 15: "Mingus," a documentary on Charles Mingus; and "Come Back, Africa" (1960), a semi-documentary film.
From Oct. 16: "No More Excuses" and "Chafed Elbows" (1967), both Robert Downey films.

WAVERLY, 6th Ave. at 3rd. (WA 9-8037)
Through Oct. 15: "The Secret Life of an American Wife," Walter Matthau, Anne Jackson; and "Tony Rome" (1967), Frank Sinatra.
From Oct. 16: To be announced.

8TH ST. PLAYHOUSE, 52 W. 8th. (GR 7-7874)
"The Queen," *a film of a transvestite pageant.*

5TH AVE. CINEMA, 5th Ave. at 12th. (WA 4-8339)
"Hagbard and Signe" (in Swedish).

SHERIDAN, 7th Ave. at 12th. (929-2166)
ROSEMARY'S BABY.

GREENWICH, Greenwich Ave. at 12th. (929-3350)
To be announced.

R.K.O. 23RD ST. CINEMA, 8th Ave. at 23rd. (255-7050)
Through Oct. 15: "If He Hollers, Let Him Go!," Raymond St. Jacques, Barbara McNair.
From Oct. 16: "For Love of Ivy," Sidney Poitier, Abbey Lincoln.

CRITERION, B'way at 44th. (JU 2-1796)
FUNNY GIRL.

CINERAMA, B'way at 47th. (265-5711)
2001: A SPACE ODYSSEY.

PENTHOUSE, B'way at 47th. (757-5450)
"Finian's Rainbow," Fred Astaire, Petula Clark. (Weekdays at 8:30 and Sundays at 8. Matinées Wednesdays, Saturdays, and Sundays at 2:30. Reserved seats only.)

RIVOLI, B'way at 49th. (247-1633)
GONE WITH THE WIND.

GUILD, 33 W. 50th. (PL 7-2406)
THE ODD COUPLE.

MUSIC HALL, 6th Ave. at 50th. (PL 7-3100)
HOT MILLIONS.

FESTIVAL, 6 W. 57th. (581-2323)
Through Oct. 13: "Capricious Summer," a Czechoslovakian film.
From Oct. 14: "Negatives," Peter McEnery, Diane Cilento.

CINEMA 57 RENDEZVOUS, 110 W. 57th. (JU 6-4448)
"Le Viol" (in French), Bibi Andersson.

LITTLE CARNEGIE, 146 W. 57th. (246-5123)
BELLE DE JOUR (in French).

CARNEGIE HALL CINEMA, 7th Ave. at 57th. (PL 7-2131)
"You Are What You Eat," a rock film.

LINCOLN ART, 225 W. 57th. (JU 2-2333)
THE GRADUATE.

PARIS, 4 W. 58th. (688-2013)
"Romeo and Juliet," Leonard Whiting, Olivia Hussey.

CINEMA STUDIO, B'way at 66th. (TR 4-8445)
To be announced.

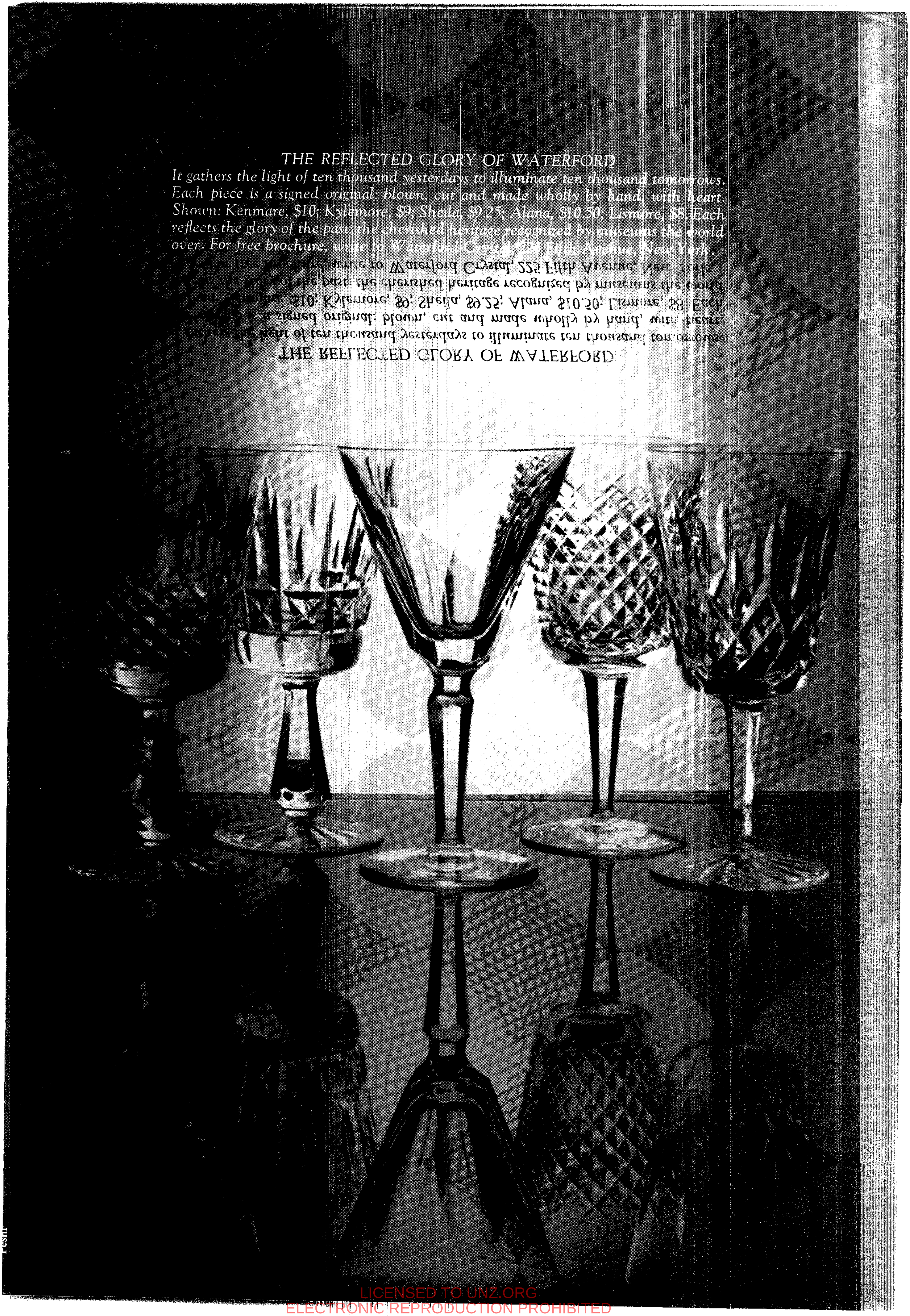
REGENCY, B'way at 67th. (724-3700)
To be announced.

NEW YORKER, B'way at 88th. (TR 4-9189)
Through Oct. 16: "The Band Wagon" (1953), Fred Astaire, Cyd Charisse; and "The Loved One" (1965), Robert Morse, Jonathan Winters.

SYMPHONY, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-6600)
Through Oct. 15: **ROBBERY**; and "Hang 'Em High," Clint Eastwood, Inger Stevens.
From Oct. 16: **A DANDY IN ASPIC**; and "The Heart Is a Lonely Hunter," Alan Arkin.

THALIA, B'way at 95th. (AC 2-3370)
Oct. 10: **THE UMBRELLAS OF CHERBOURG** and **SUNDAYS AND CYBÈLE** (both in French).
From Oct. 11: **LAST YEAR AT MARIENBAD** (in French); and **PERSONA** (in Swedish).

MIDTOWN, B'way at 99th. (AC 2-1200)
Through Oct. 15: **THE TWO OF US** (in French).
From Oct. 16: **THE FIFTH HORSEMAN IS FEAR**, a Czechoslovakian film.



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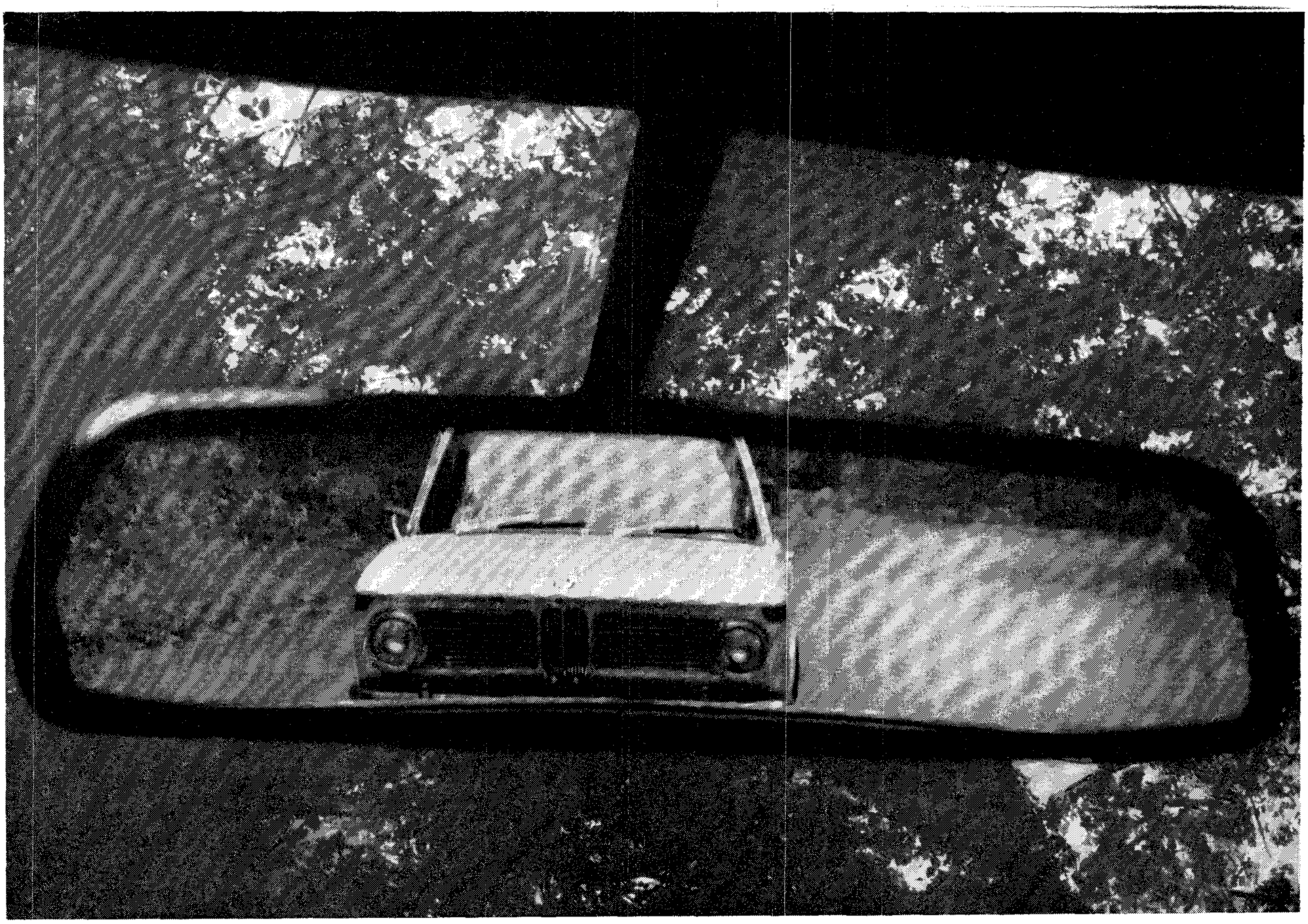

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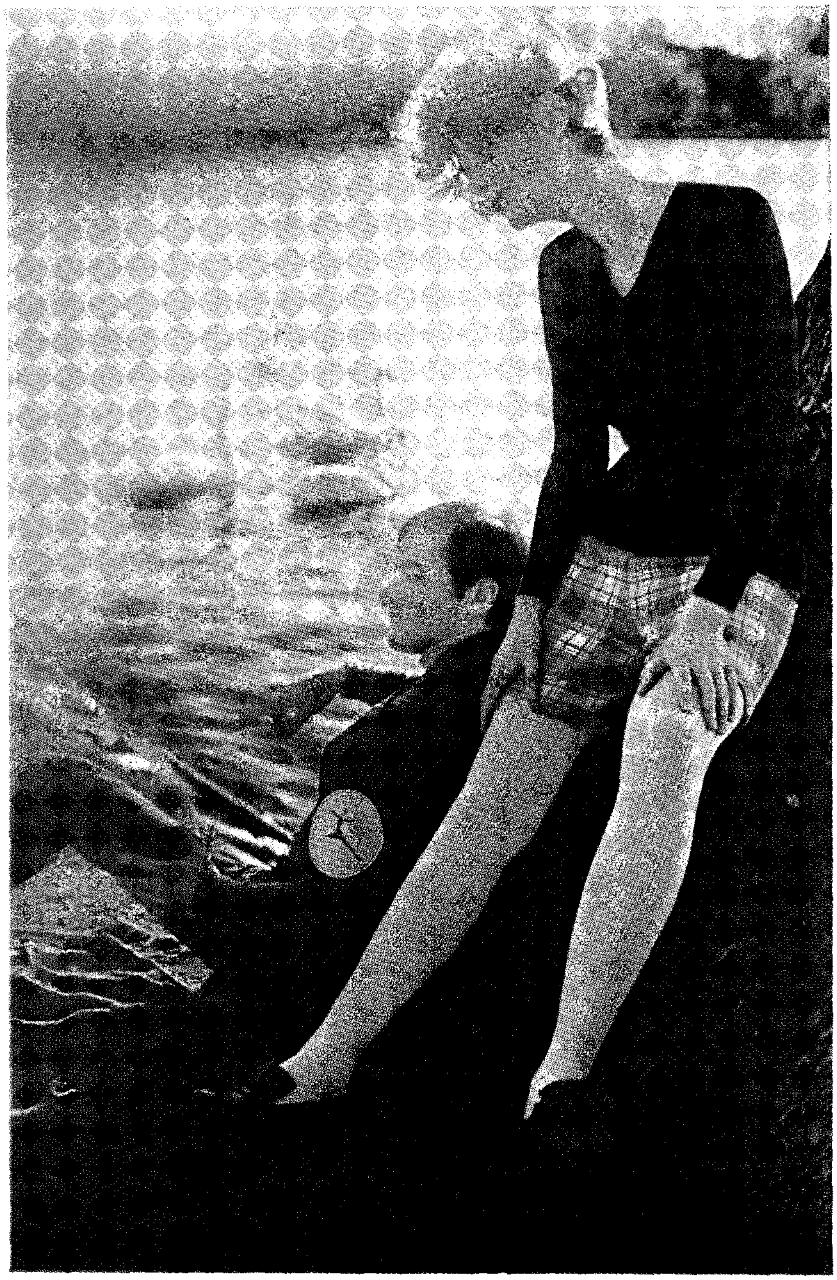

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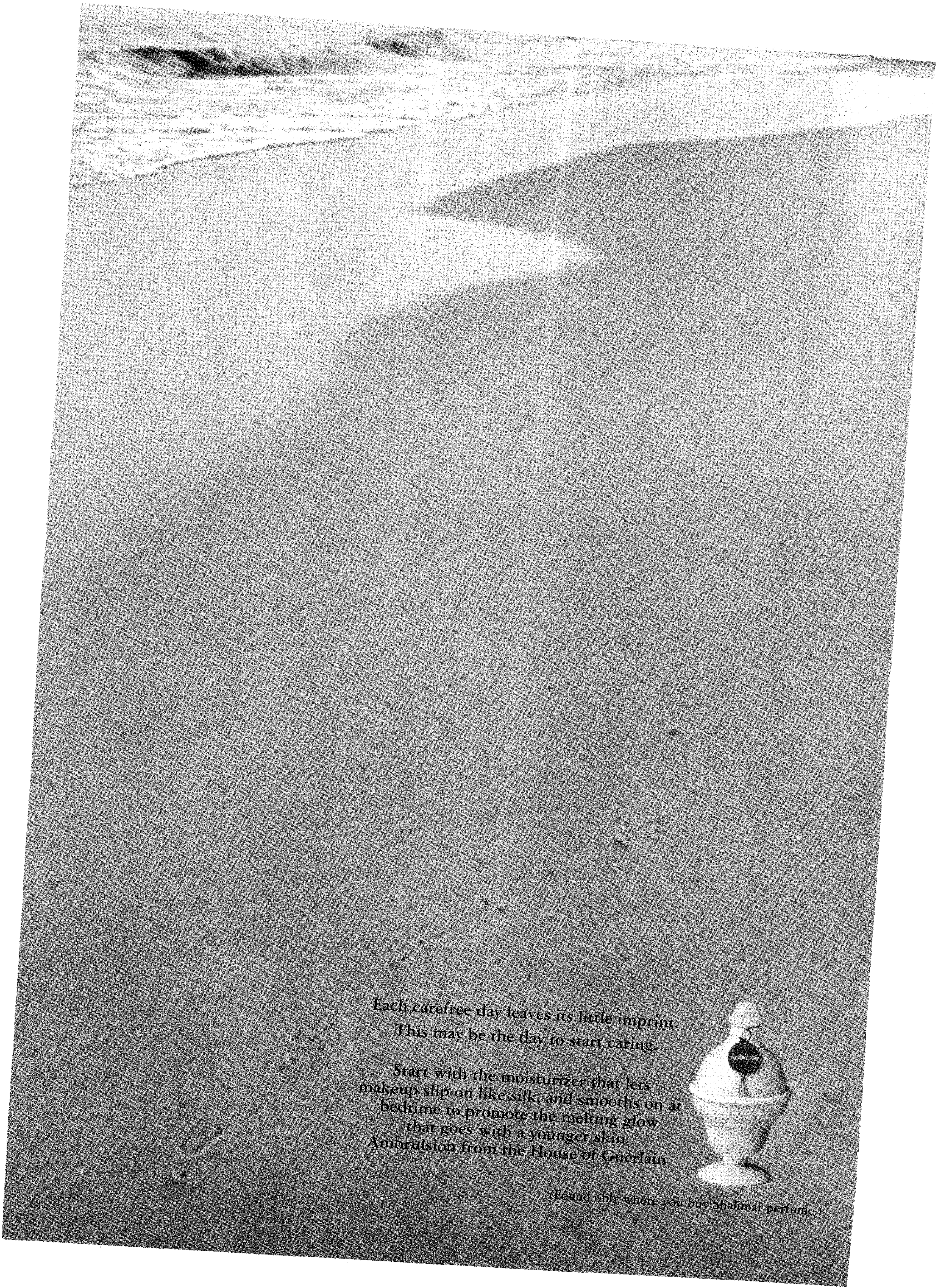

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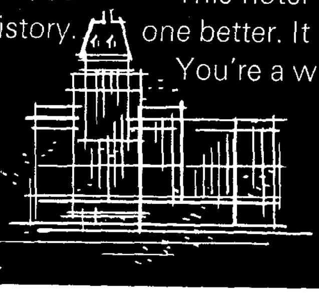

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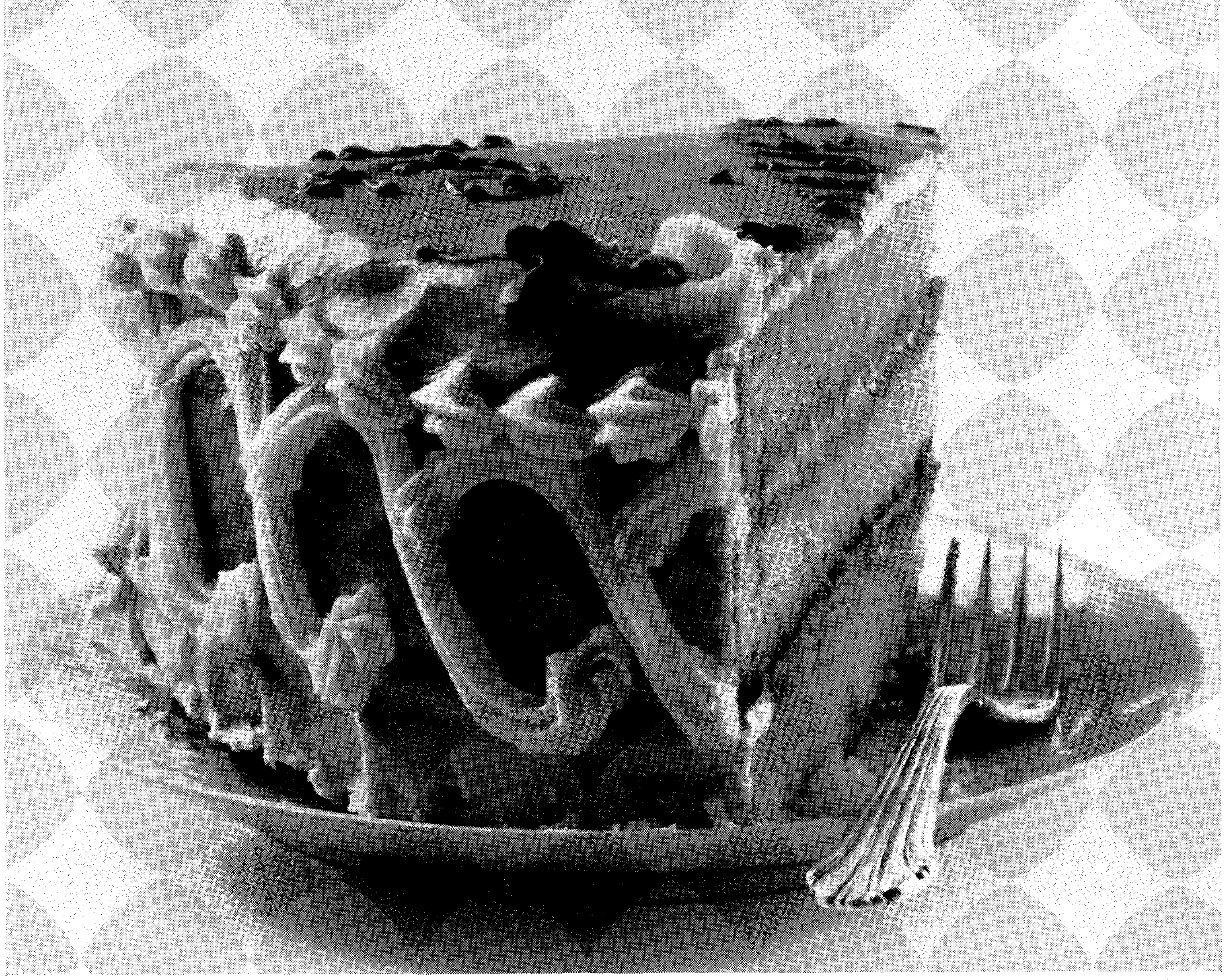

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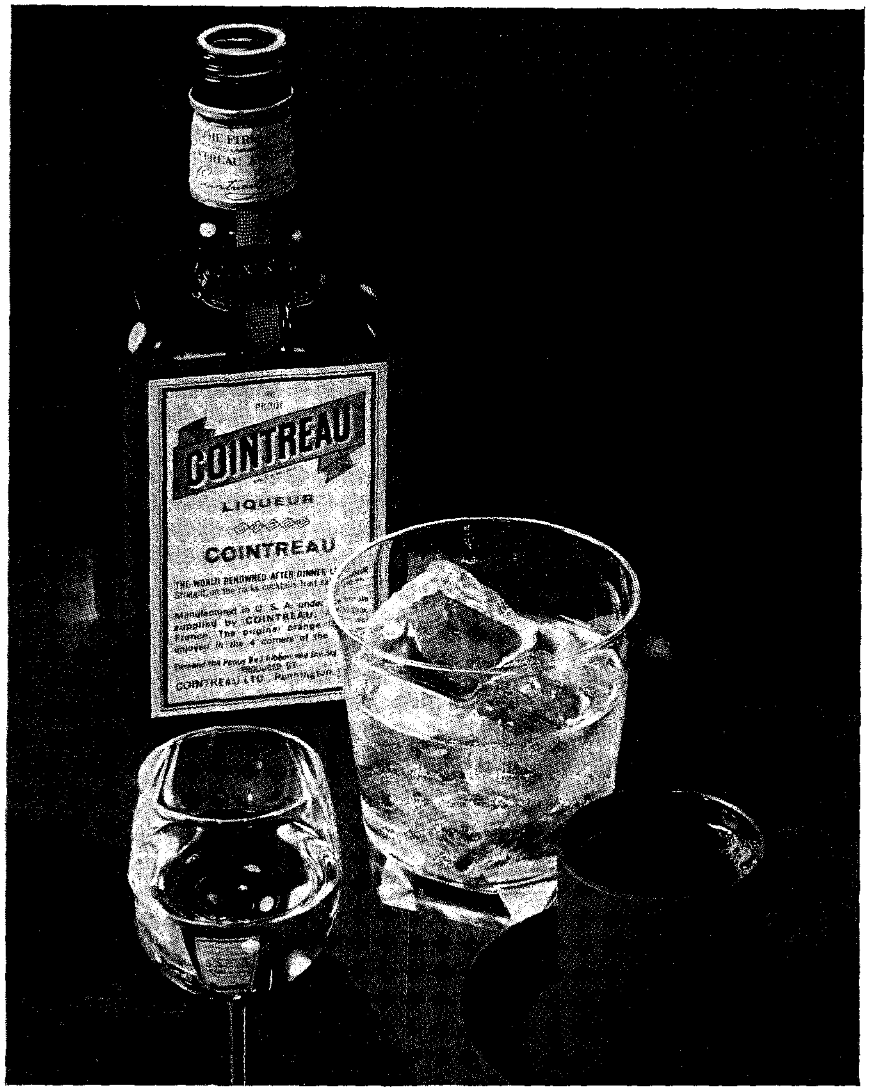

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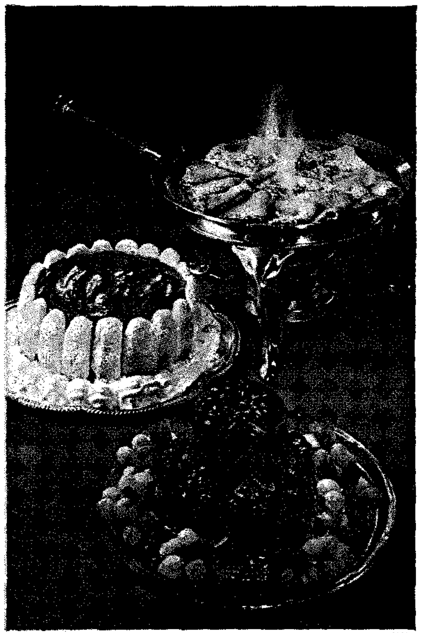

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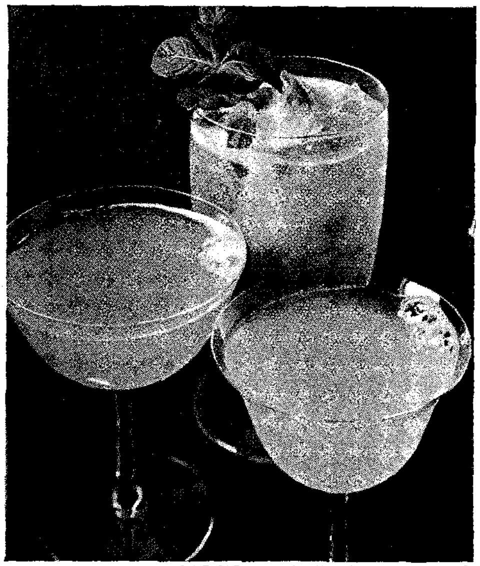

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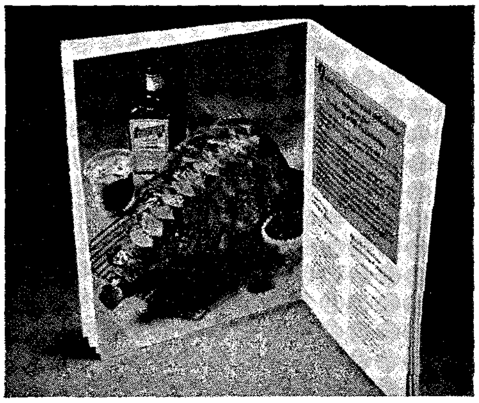

You could write a book on ways to enjoy Cointreau. We know because we did. It tells you how to make all the tantalizing drinks and dishes shown here. And a lot more. Get a copy of our 20-page booklet, "Adventures with Cointreau," free for the asking at your local purveyor of spirits. Or write: P.O. Box 4200, Grand Central Sta., New York, N.Y. 10017.

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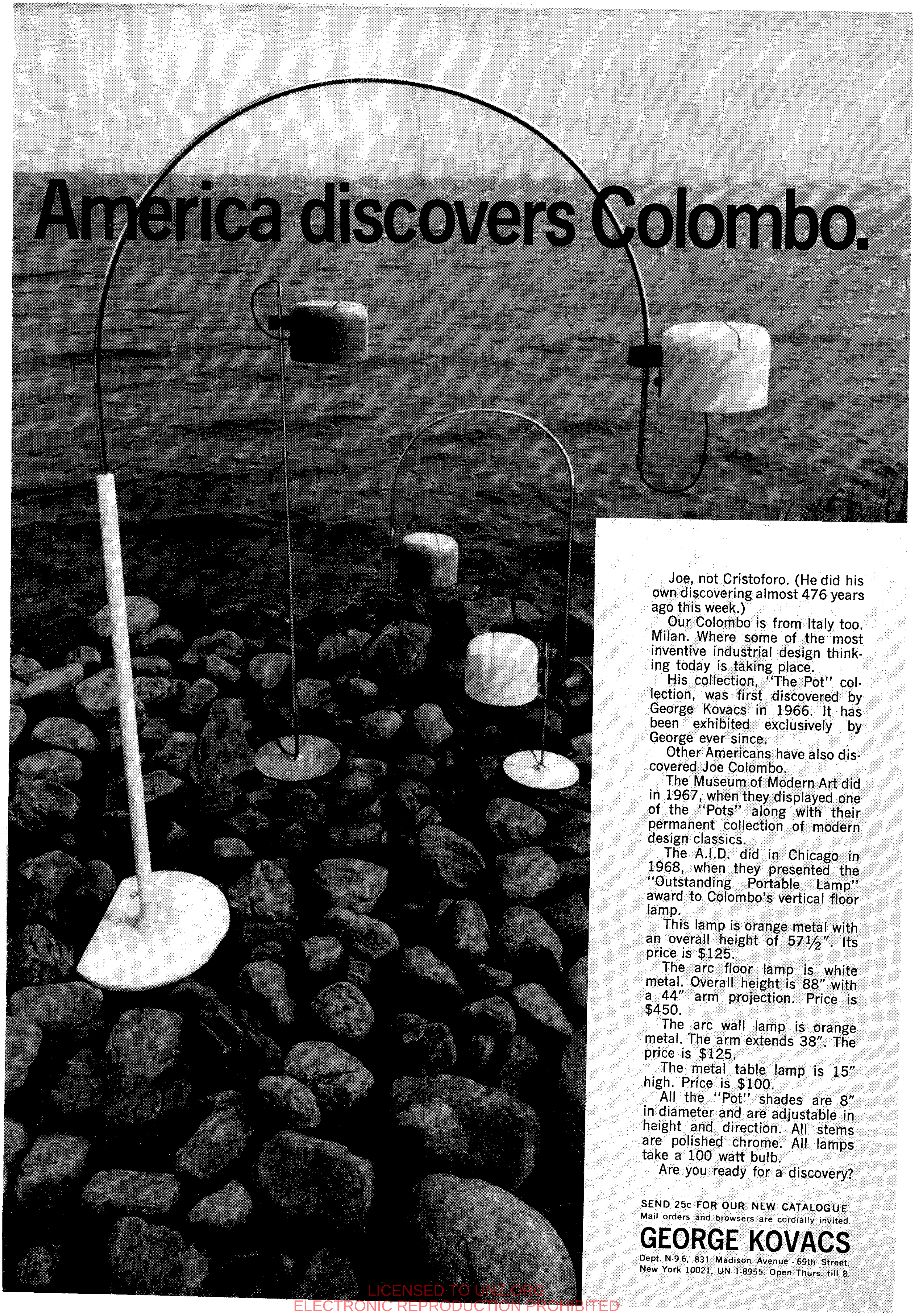

Joe, not Cristoforo. (He did his own discovering almost 476 years ago this week.)

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His collection, "The Pot" collection, was first discovered by George Kovacs in 1966. It has been exhibited exclusively by George ever since.

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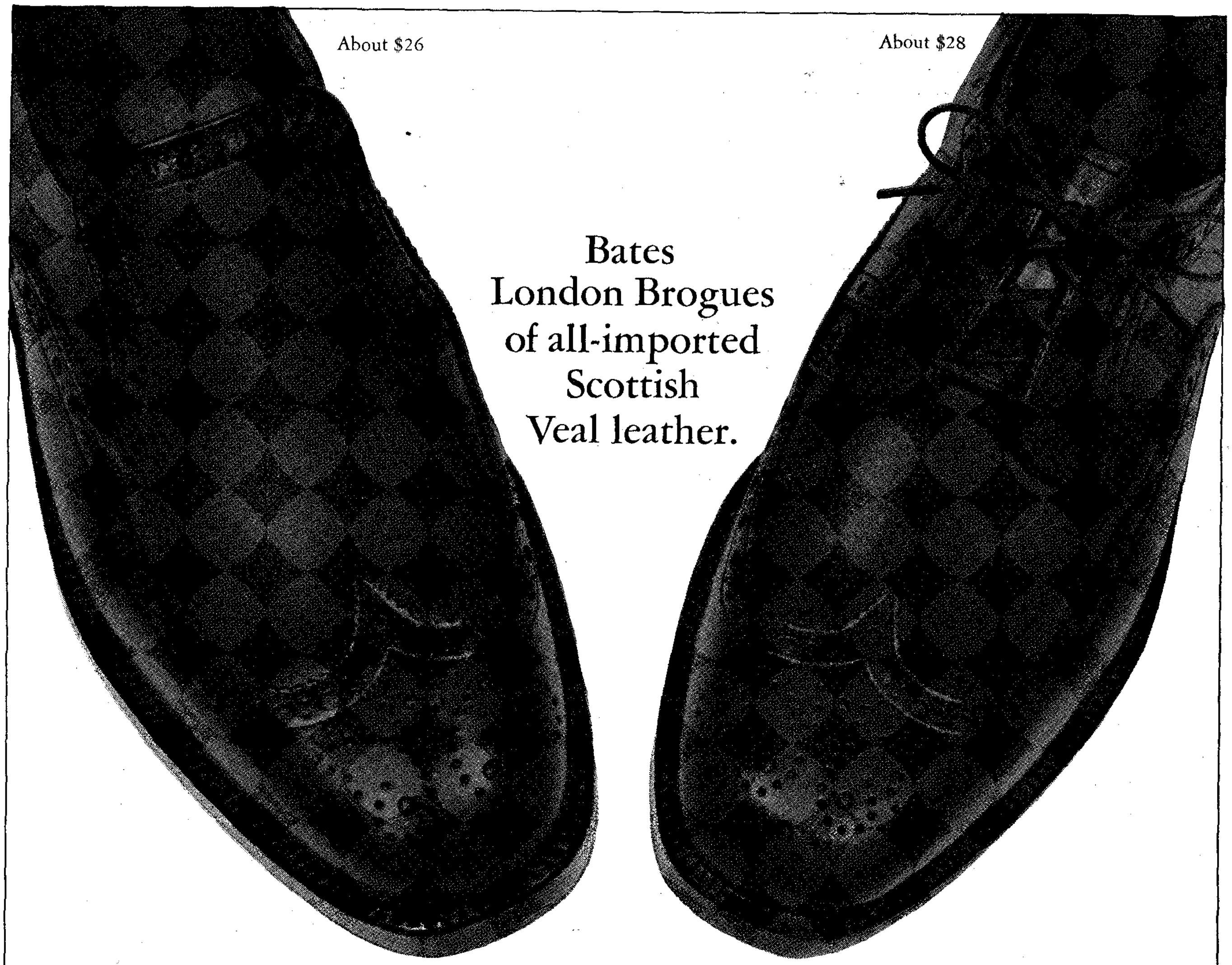

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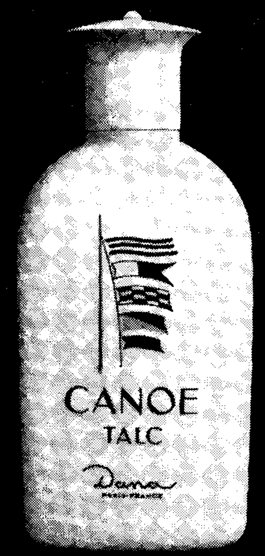
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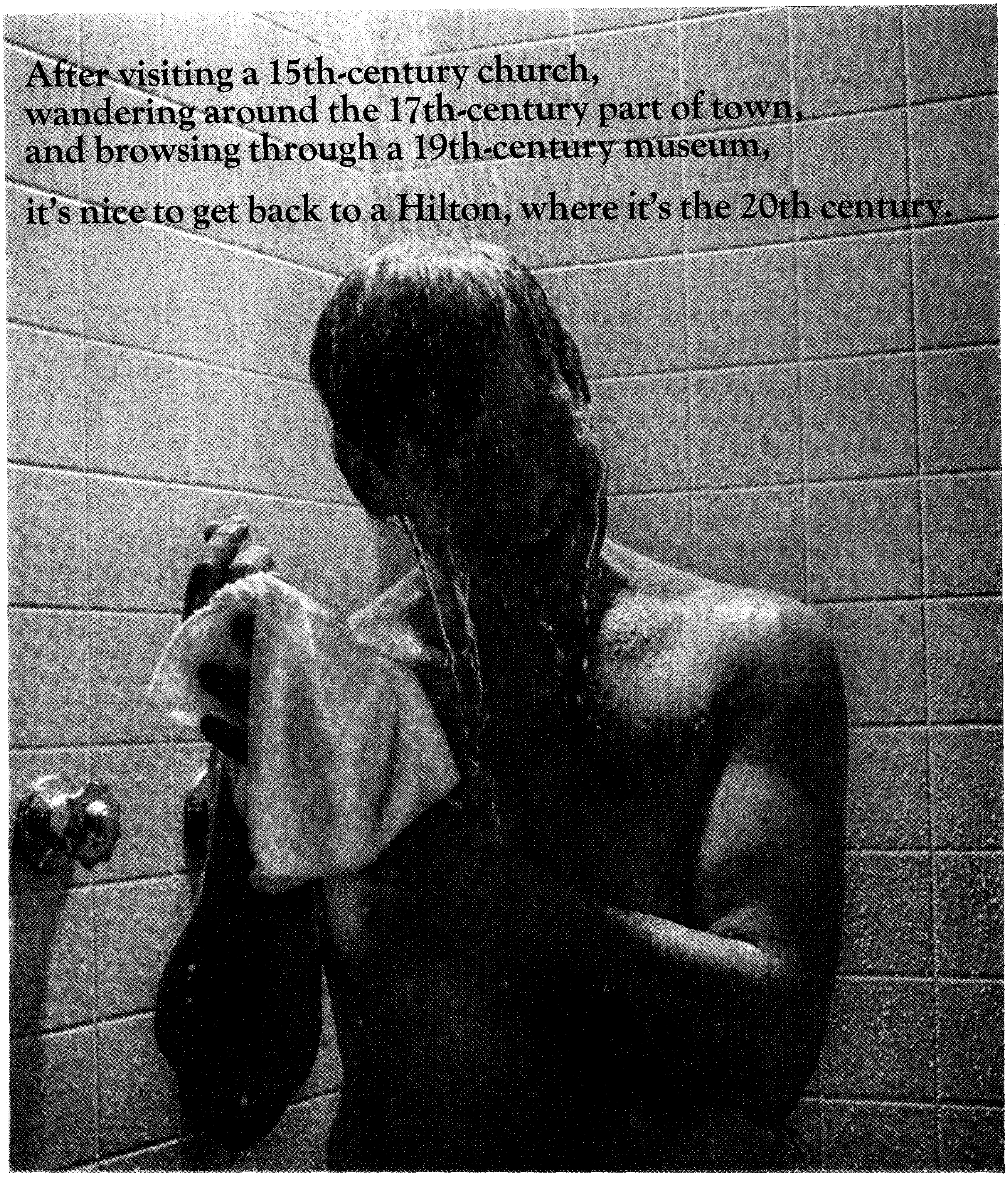
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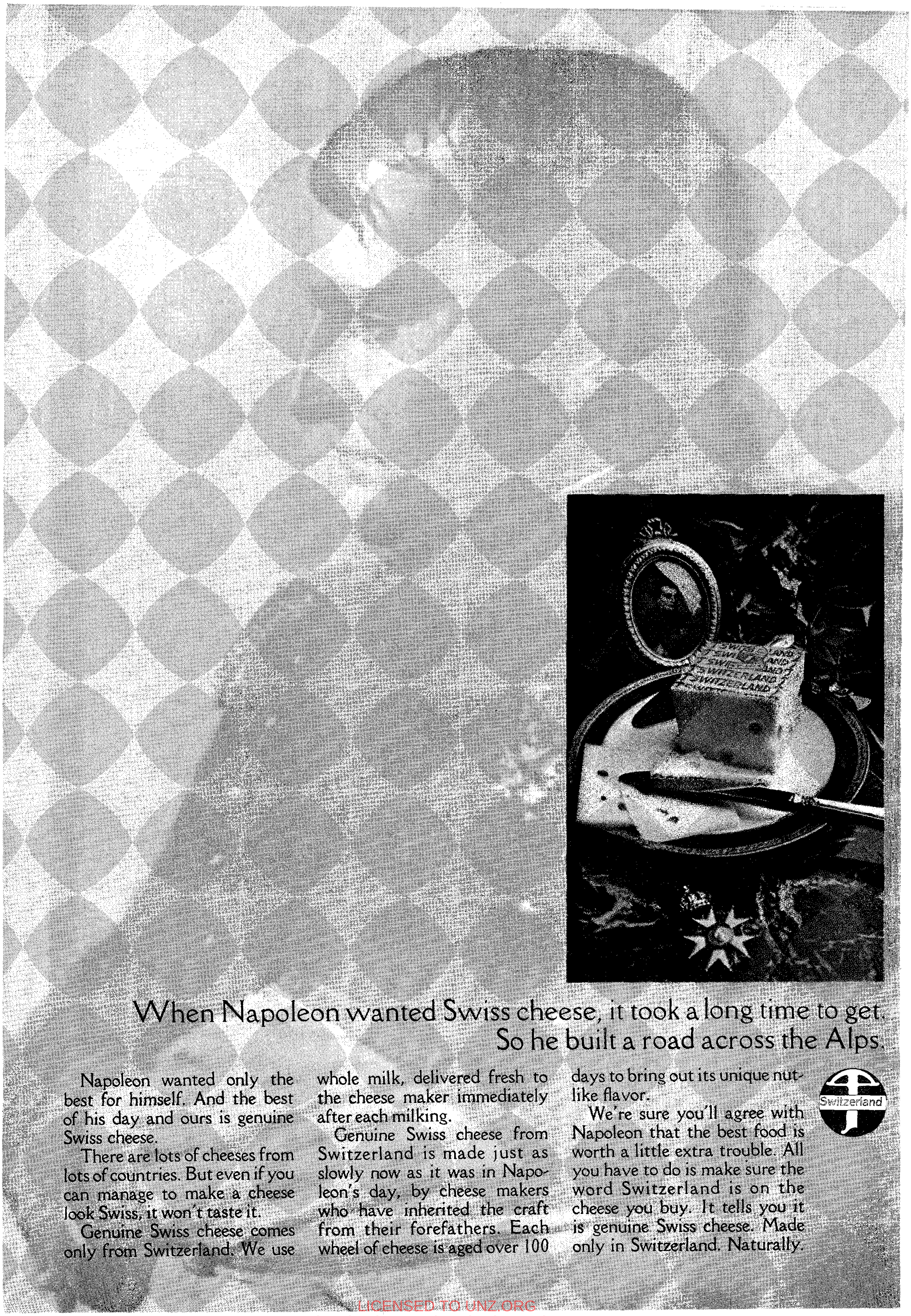

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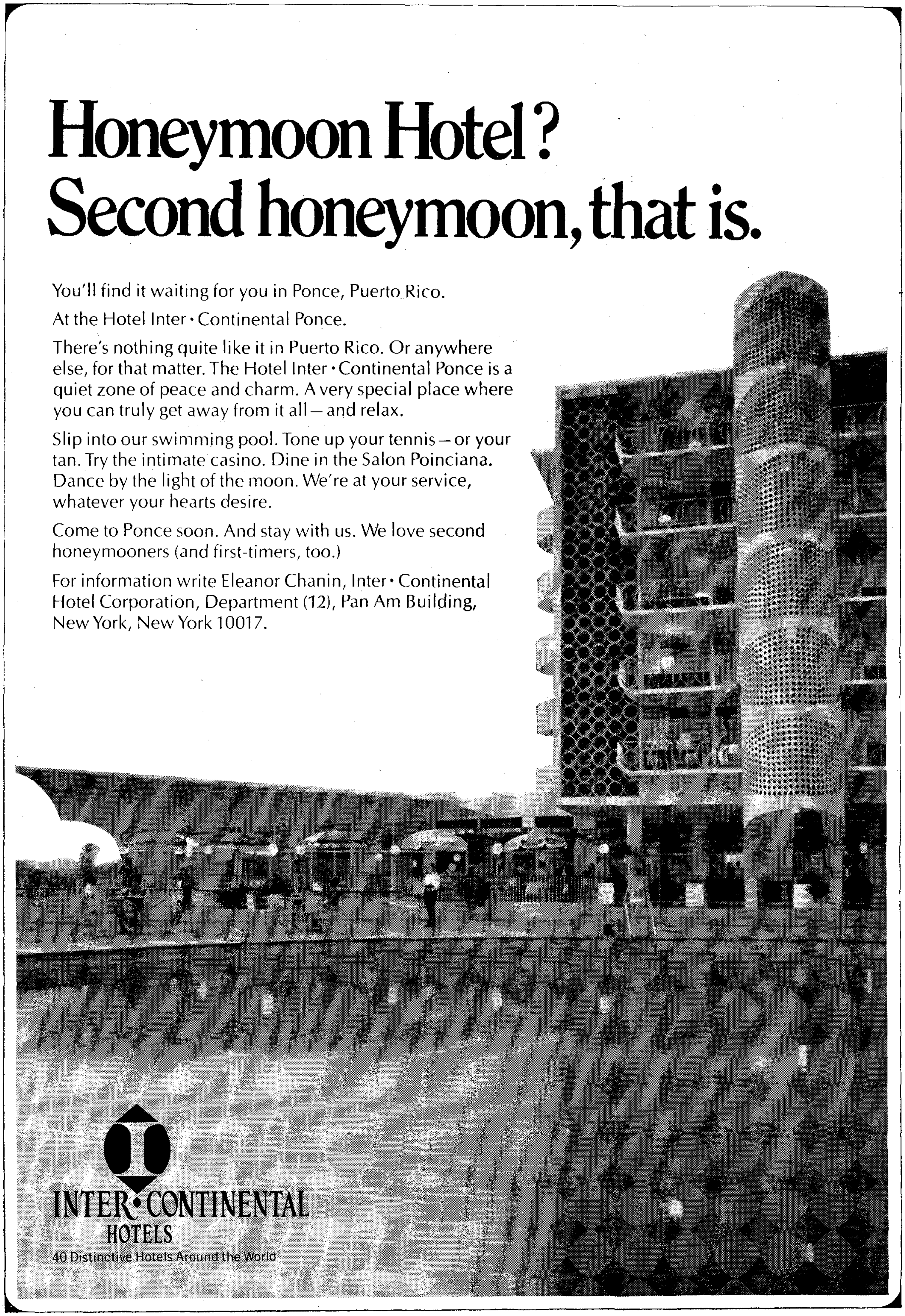

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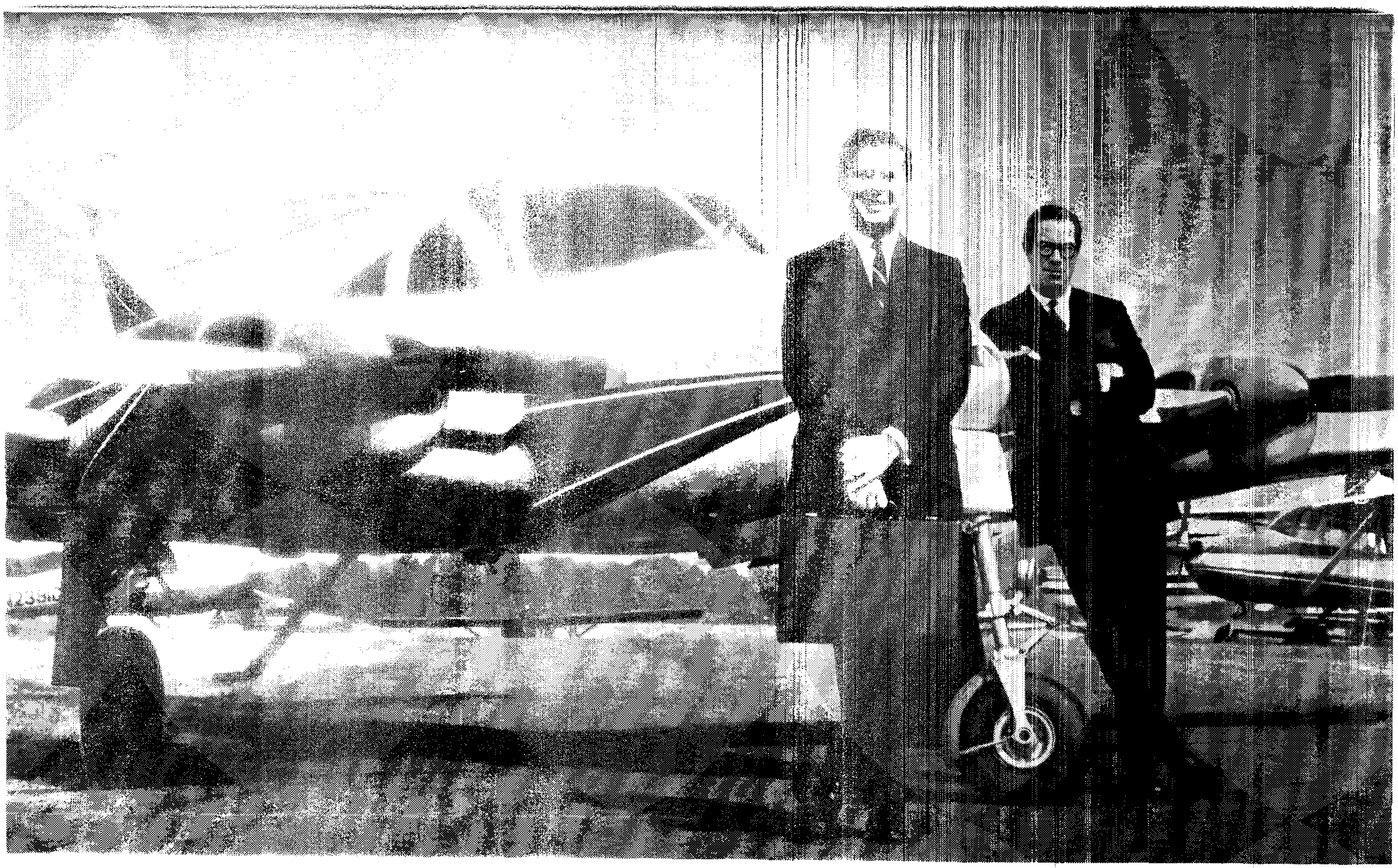

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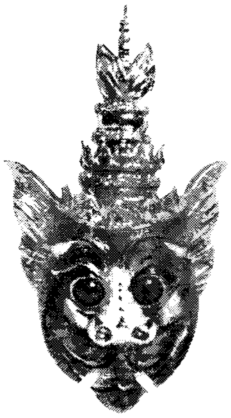

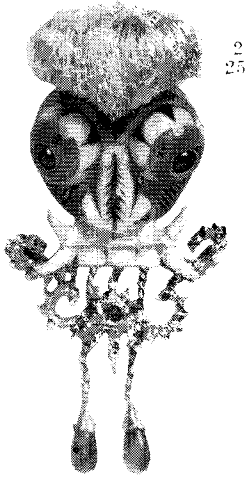

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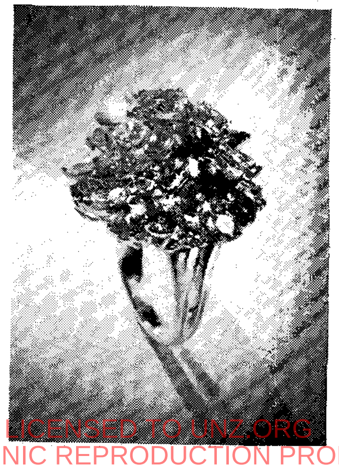

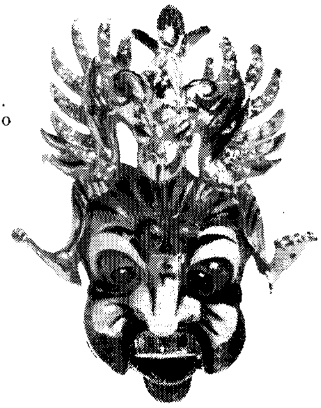

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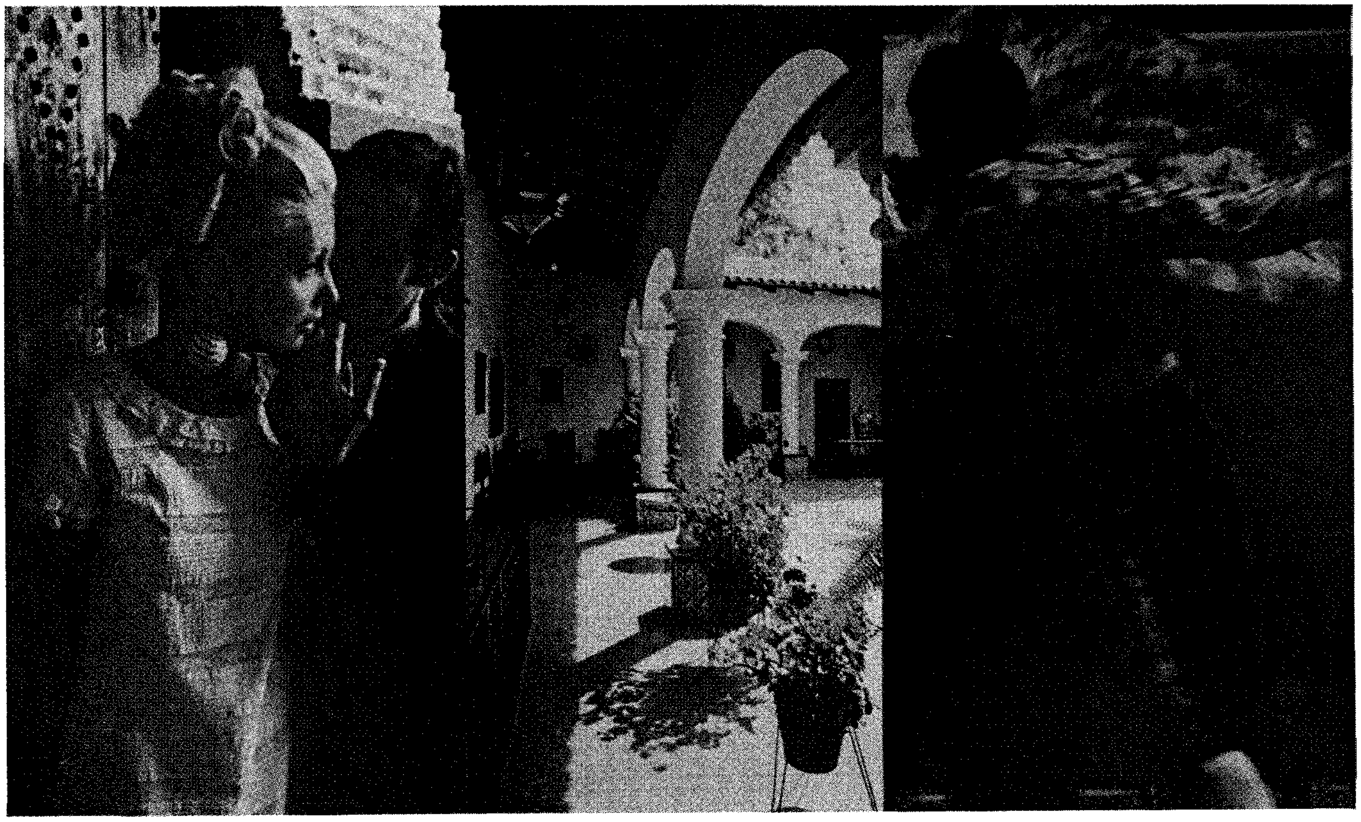

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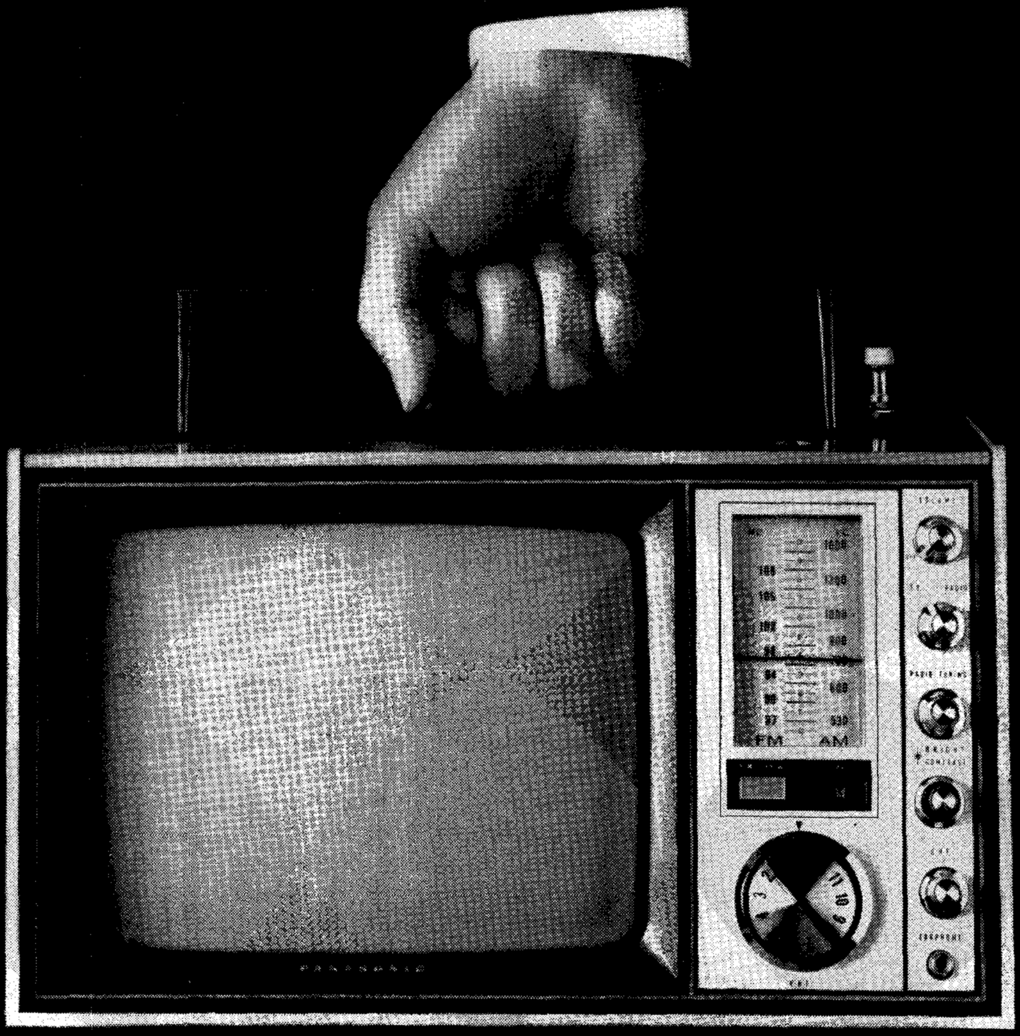

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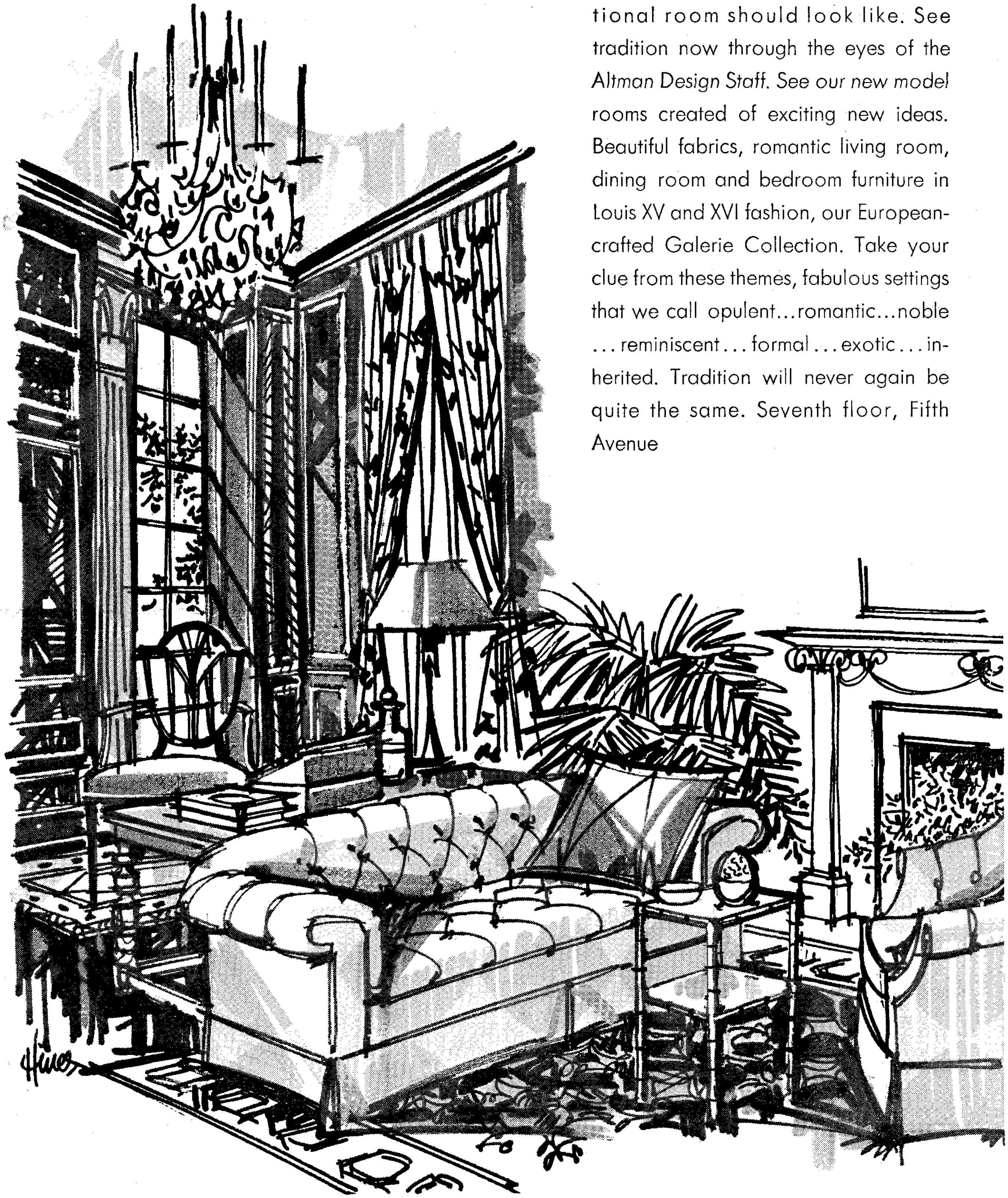
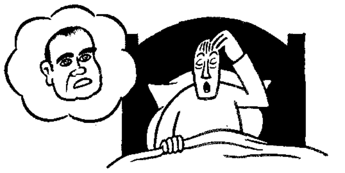


THE NEW YORKER

THE TALK OF THE TOWN

Notes and Comment

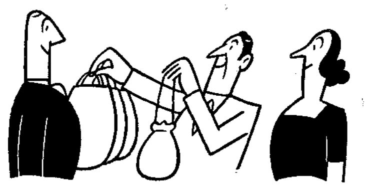
THE lassitude that affects most of the non-revolutionary electorate this year has not stopped Gallup, Harris, Roper, and the rest from trying to make a living. One thousand three hundred and twenty-four innocent citizens were recently cornered by employees of Louis Harris seeking their opinions on the third-party candidate for President, and, according to the results, which were published on September 30th, eighty-six per cent, or one thousand one hundred and thirty-eight and sixty-four hundredths, of those consulted claimed to admire George Wallace for his "courage to say what he really thinks." Yet only about twenty-one per cent of them were so carried away with admiration that they expected to vote for the man if they could find their way out of bed on Election Day, even though a lot of them also said they believed in his moral rectitude and his dedication to law and order. It seems to us, in fact, that the disinterested regard for candor that Mr. Harris has exposed may have its most noticeable effect on the rhetoric of the first- and second-party candidates. So far, Richard Nixon has done pretty well just saying that he *has* real thoughts about things, which he will tell us eventually. Mr. Humphrey hasn't had it so easy; although he speaks almost continuously, there are those who think that he doesn't have the "courage to say what he really thinks." The day the Harris results came out, Mr. Humphrey appeared on television to deliver half an hour's worth of foreign policy, which he introduced by saying, "I want to tell you what I think." This is not to say that he hasn't been telling us what he thinks—only that "protesters and demonstrators" have made it difficult for him to be heard. On the other hand, it is not to say that he was able to get his real thoughts across, even from an isolated TV studio. A strong conflict between the apparent substance of his remarks and the exegesis offered by members of his staff was evident in strained and skeptical reports in the newspapers the next day. The account of the speech in the *Post*, for example, made it sound as though Mr. Humphrey had composed and recited a particularly abstruse poem. Still, maybe Mr. Wallace has started something; maybe the others just need a little practice. The real question is whether the voters are really interested in knowing what all the candidates really think or whether one such candidate is quite enough to admire.



Notions

AT least once a year, we like to call on our good friend Mrs. Ann Karas, of the National Notion Association, to see how things are getting along in the notion industry, and since the National Notion Association put on its annual show at the Sheraton-Atlantic Hotel the other day (there is no better time to call on Mrs. Karas than during a notion show, when thousands of little notions are gathered together in one place), we took ourself over there to pay our customary visit and see the displays. We are convinced that the state of the notion industry reliably reflects the state of the Union, so we were pleased to hear from Mrs. Karas, when we arrived, that in the year since our last visit (a year marked by one or two minor setbacks in other areas) the notion industry had shown great strength—in fact, had achieved an annual volume of business approaching $1,800,000,000. "Fashion accessories continue to do *very* well," Mrs. Karas said.

We asked Mrs. Karas to show us some fashion accessories, and she led us down the corridors of the Sheraton-Atlantic (the walls of which seemed to be carpeted, rather than papered or painted, thus reducing noise to a minimal level) to the display room of Arthur, Ltd., a New York-based firm that, Mrs. Karas said, had an impressive line of vinyl tote bags. We met the Arthur of Arthur, Ltd., who is Mr. Arthur Wagner, a middle-aged man with slick black hair, and he showed us a whole series of vinyl tote bags (many of them yellow), which he said had "the wet look." He also showed us a vinyl duffel bag, and Mrs. Karas said that everyone seemed to like duffel bags, so there was reason to believe that everyone would *really* like a vinyl "wet-look" duffel bag. We then visited the S. & E. Novelty Co. display, where Mr. L. G. Weiss demonstrated a pair of cordless electric scissors for us by cutting a piece of light-blue cloth into tiny bits, and, next, the display of Joe Carbe, Inc., which we make a point of seeing every year. Last year, Mr. Carbe had a very amusing display of unusual telephones, but when we saw him this year we found only pre-cut (and sized) dresses and a Twist Exerciser. We asked him about his telephones, and instead of answering he talked at some length about his pre-cut (and sized) dresses.



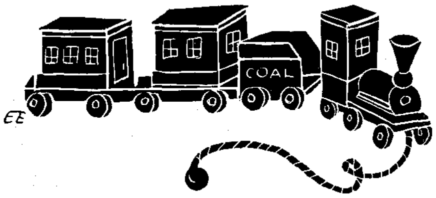
Disappointed at not having seen any amusing telephones, we wandered into the Ben-Hur Products room, where we found what Mrs. Karas told us was a very important display of fashion sunglasses with "tint-o-light" lenses. Mr. David Siegel, of Ben-Hur, told us that each "tint-o-light" lens takes fifteen hours to produce, being put in an oven at five in the afternoon and taken out at eight in the morning. Mr. Siegel also showed us his line of tiaras (priced from two dollars to fifty dollars apiece), which he said went very well in June, for proms, and again over the winter holidays—"New Year's, especially." He called our attention to tiaras that had been worn by various Miss Teen-Ages and Miss College Queens, and to a very elaborate one that had been worn by Miss Puerto Rico in the Miss Universe Pageant. While we examined the tiaras, Mrs. Karas tried on several pairs of the glasses with "tint-o-light" fifteen-hours-in-the-making lenses. "There's a lot of excitement in the sunglass field," she commented. We then dropped by the room of Dynamic Classics, Inc., where we picked up a button that said "I'm Dynamic," and saw a Wild Magic Mixer for drinks and the most comprehensive line of satin pillowcases at the show.

Tour

MR. RAY MACK THOMPSON, the co-director of the walking tours sponsored by the Museum of the City of New York, has informed us that this Sunday he will be leading a tour of Bedford-Stuyvesant, the predominantly Negro area of Brooklyn that became internationally known in the summer of 1964 as the scene of riots. We first met Mr. Thompson, who is a Negro, and who is deeply absorbed in the history and the daily life of the city, a few weeks ago, when he led the first walk through Bedford-Stuyvesant, in a rain that would have daunted any but the hardy New York buffs who take the Museum's tours. Despite the downpour, a hundred and thirty people—a fourth of them Negroes—tramped behind Mr. Thompson and a half-dozen other guides, learning about the community's history, architecture, and landmarks. On that day, we arrived half an hour early at the starting point, the northeast corner of Eastern Parkway and Nostrand Avenue, and found thirty people already gathered. "In good weather, we get as many as four hundred," said Mr. Thompson, smiling beneath a large umbrella. "The Museum began the tours ten years ago. I went on one six years ago, and when the director, Henry Hope Reed, found out that I knew something about New York, he made me a guide. Two years ago, I became co-director. Last year, for the first time, we conducted a tour of Harlem, and now, for the first time, we're in Bedford-Stuyvesant. We want to show people that it is not one vast slum. I live in Bushwick, next to Bedford-Stuyvesant. I was born in Manhattan, in the old San Juan Hill section, where Lincoln Center is now. I went to Syracuse University, and I'm an investigator for the State Department of Labor. The research for today's tour was done by James P. Hurley and his fiancée, Pegi Jones, two of our guides, who both live in Bedford-Stuyvesant, and who have been drumming up interest among the local residents. Jim is a teacher, and Pegi works for the Y.M.C.A. Most of our guides are professional people who do this work on the side, out of love for the city. We have about twenty guides altogether, alternating on different tours, and they include a doctor, several lawyers, an economist, a couple of architects, an airline executive, and four or five teachers."

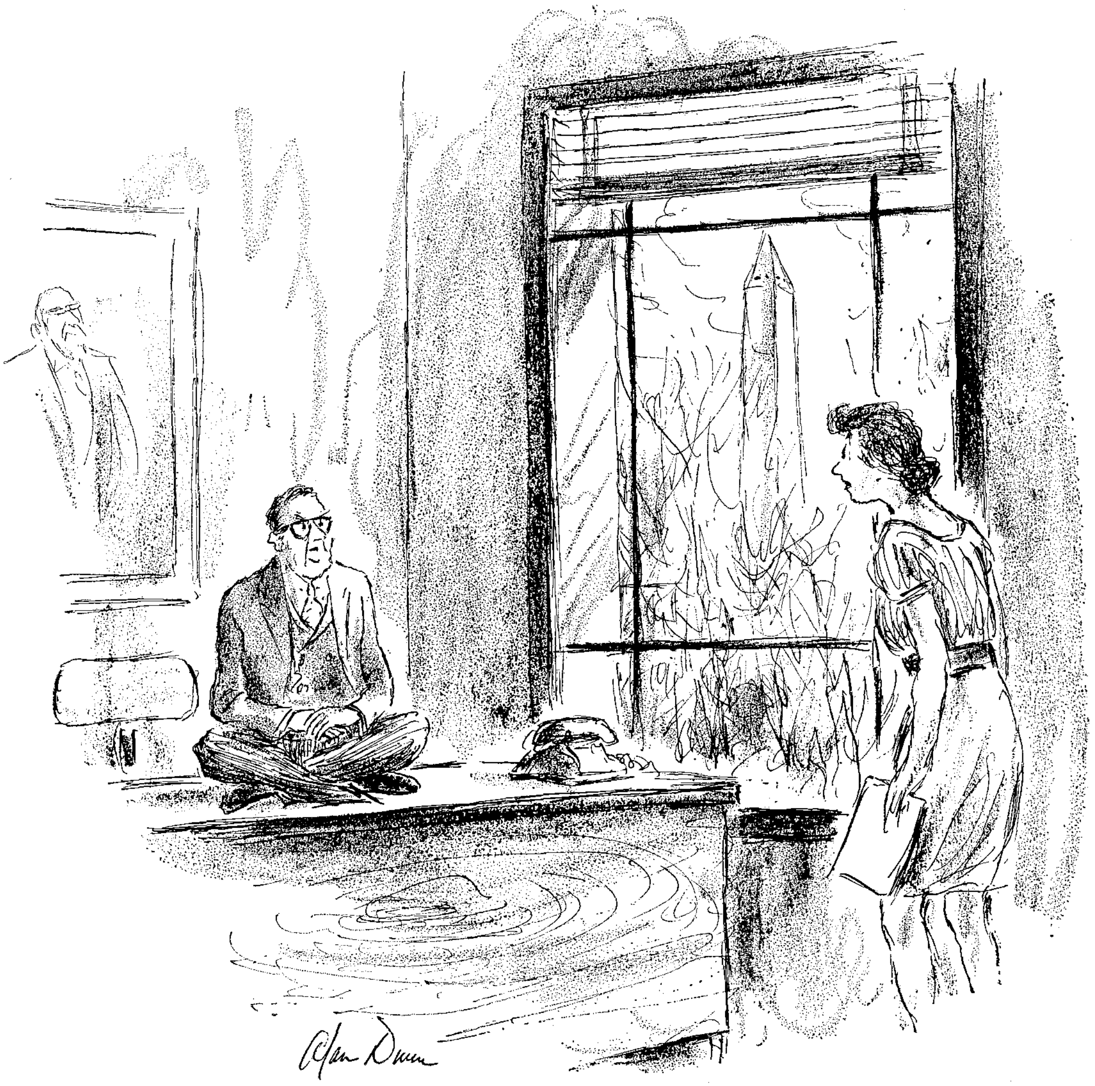
There were now about sixty people milling about, although it was only two-fifteen and the walk was not to begin until two-thirty. "When this happens, as it often does, we divide the crowd into groups of about twenty and start them off early, so the tour won't become unmanageable," Mr. Thompson said. Two groups were already forming, and another cluster was gathering about Mr. Thompson, who began to address it. "The boundaries of Bedford-Stuyvesant are, roughly, Broadway on the east, Flushing Avenue on the north, Washington or Vanderbilt Avenue on the west, and Eastern Parkway on the south," he said. "It consists of about six hundred square blocks, which is a little too much for the average pair of feet, not to mention the average voice. Therefore, we will do only a part of the Bedford section—that which is historically and architecturally most interesting."

Mr. Thompson, who is a tall, broad-shouldered man with a genial, resonant voice, was now completely encircled by umbrellas, which bobbed up and down as their holders moved closer to hear. "Let's begin seventeen thousand years ago, when the Laurentide Glacier covered New York State," he went on. "After the glacier receded, it left boulders and rocks that had been embedded in the ice, and such deposits are called moraines. We are standing on a moraine, although you may not be aware of it, as it is covered with streets and buildings. One of the most interesting of these buildings is the Kings County Savings Bank." Turning, Mr. Thompson walked a few paces toward the bank, which was on that very corner. "This is one of two commercial buildings in Brooklyn that have been designated as landmarks by the Landmarks Preservation Commission. The other is the Williamsburg Savings Bank on Broadway. As you can see, this bank is Italian Romanesque, and the ornament has a great deal of symbolism. The zodiac signs above the windows represent the passage of time; the figures on the capitals represent industry and labor; the human figures on the door represent productivity and education. Built in 1929." Mr. Thompson gave us all a stern look. "Unfortunately, most of your modern banks can't be differentiated from supermarkets. I feel it is a great mistake for our architects to make public buildings so anonymous today."



Walking west on Eastern Parkway, with the umbrellas bobbing behind him, Mr. Thompson called attention to the Parkway's breadth. "About a hundred and eighty feet wide. A very grand sort of boulevard, designed in the eighteen-sixties by Frederick Law Olmsted and Calvert Vaux, who designed Central Park, in Manhattan, and Prospect Park, in Brooklyn. It was part of their grand plan for parklands in New York City." Pointing to a Haitian Seventh Day Adventist church standing among well-maintained apartment buildings on the Parkway, he said, "About forty-five thousand Haitians live in New York City, and a great many live in the Bedford area." At the corner of Eastern Parkway and Bedford Avenue ("the busiest traffic corner in Brooklyn"), he stopped and held up a map with a Revolutionary War battle plan on it. "This spot was very important during the Revolution, in the Battle of Long Island. Shortly after the Declaration of Independence, the British landed troops down near the area of the Verrazano-Narrows Bridge and encamped in South Brooklyn, Bensonhurst—that area. The Americans were lined up along a ridge roughly equivalent to Eastern Parkway. General Washington was in doubt about the British moves, so he lined up the Americans to meet a frontal assault. But Howe and Cornwallis, rather than make a frontal assault, decided on a flanking movement, whereupon the British marched northeast to Jamaica Pass, then west on what is now Fulton Street, and, when they reached Bedford

Pass, slipped in behind the Americans and took them by surprise. There was nothing for Washington to do but retreat. However, Howe had been so thoroughly mauled at Bunker Hill that he didn't pursue the Americans, and Washington lived to fight another day."



"Miss Jones, take a white paper on the Far East."

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Strolling north on Bedford Avenue, we passed a two-story brick building with "MUSE" painted in huge letters across its front. An exhibition of photographs of Martin Luther King, Jr., could be seen through the ground-floor window. "That's an experimental neighborhood museum operated by the staff of the Brooklyn Children's Museum," Mr. Thompson said. "The building was formerly occupied by a pool hall and a Chasidic 'Parcels to Poland' agency. The interior has been redesigned by the firm of Hardy Holzman Pfeiffer Associates, who did over the New Lafayette Theatre in Harlem last year for the Negro drama company called the New Lafayette Theatre and Workshop." Continuing north, we passed St. Johns Place, a quiet street lined with neat row houses and trees. "Brooklyn has a symmetry in the design of its houses, with entire blocks looking alike. This gives to the streets an architectural unity you don't get in other parts of the city, a feeling of solidarity, of community, of something designed to stand as a unit. A great many people own their own homes in Bedford-Stuyvesant—about fifteen per cent, as compared to only four or five per cent in Harlem, where you see block after block of big apartment houses. Here most of the buildings are four stories or less."

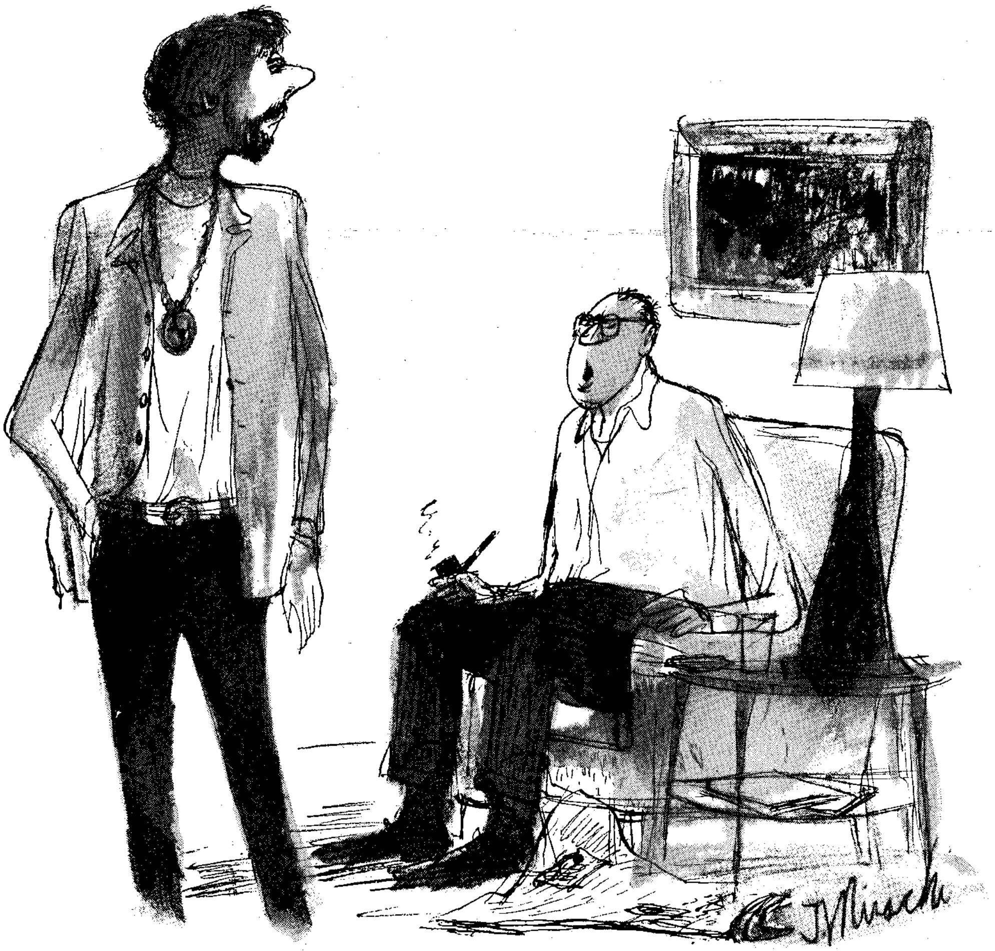
Several blocks north, we passed what was formerly Loew's Bedford Theatre, built in the silent-movie era, and is now the Washington Temple Church of God in Christ. "There was a time when a black man couldn't sit in that theatre except in the balcony. Now it's an entirely Negro church," Mr. Thompson said. A lady near us told us it was named after Bishop F. D. Washington, of the Church of God in Christ, who has such a large following he once had to be assisted at a mass baptism by a local fire department. Continuing north, we reached Grant Square, with its equestrian statue of the General. Pointing east toward Dean Street—another handsome street of brownstone or brick row houses with neat green yards—Mr. Thompson said, "On the south side of Dean, halfway between Rogers and Nostrand Avenues, there was an eighteenth-century Negro burial ground, identified in a survey of New York made in 1766. The next record we have of an early Negro community is the first United States Census, of 1790, which gives the total population of Bedford as two hundred and five persons, of whom seventy-two were slaves. So, you see, blacks are not new to this neighborhood. About 1810, the Lefferts family, the leading family of Bedford, released its slaves and allowed them to settle on its land. This settlement later became known as Weeksville—presumably named after the leading settler. It was situated about five blocks east of the burial ground, where Troy Avenue and Dean Street meet."

Still heading north, we passed the Swedish Hospital, founded in 1896 for sick Swedes ("Patients and staff are now ninety-per-cent Negro. There are few, if any, Swedes left"), and turned onto Pacific Street, where we stopped at St. Bartholomew's Episcopal Church. Built in the late eighteen-hundreds by Protestants from Northern Ireland, the church is done in English-country-chapel style and has a charming, picturesque garden. Its rector, the Reverend Arthur J. Ehlenberger, welcomed us, and showed us a Tiffany stained-glass window while the senior warden, Mr. Lewis N. Anderson, Jr., rang the church bells for us. "This was one of the silk-stocking churches at the turn of the century," Mr. Thompson said. "It is still well endowed. The rector is white, but the congregation is predominantly black."

Back on Bedford Avenue, we came to the huge 23rd Regiment Armory, done in the castle-fortress style, which obviously delighted our guide. "Note the delicate ironwork in the gate," he said. "You may recall that armories were built in New York after labor forces became restive in the eighteen-seventies. When workers rioted, the militia was called out, and armories were built to quarter the militia. Something we should all remember is that riots are not new to New York. In the nineteenth century, there was a major one at least every ten years. In July, 1967, this armory was the command post for a special three-hundred-man police unit sent into Bedford-Stuyvesant to handle that summer's disorders."

The rain had stopped now, and our group was removing its raincoats. "A few blocks north, at the corner of Fulton Street and Bedford Avenue, is where the original Bedford Village was founded, in 1663, by Dutch and Walloon farmers," Mr. Thompson continued. "Today, in the flurry over racial troubles, hardly anyone remembers that Negroes are the second-oldest colonial people in Brooklyn. Only the Dutch and Walloons were here before them. The names of two Negroes, Francisco and Antoon, were recorded on a roll of officers and soldiers in Boswyck—later Bushwick—in 1663. Francisco was also one of the original patentees of the town of Boswyck, in 1660, and, therefore, a man of property and the peer of his Dutch neighbors. Of course, the majority of the black population didn't enjoy any such privileged position; they were either indentured servants or slaves under Dutch and English rule. As far as we know, there was no sizable settlement of free Negroes in Brooklyn until after the American Revolution, one of these being the Weeksville I mentioned before, which was the nucleus around which the present, gigantic Bedford-Stuyvesant has grown. At the turn of the twentieth century, Brooklyn was a stylish place for whites *and* Negroes. The *Times*, in 1895, reported that most of the wealthy Negroes in New York lived in Brooklyn, in the Adelphi area, around Pratt Institute, and in what later became known as the Stuyvesant area. The First World War was a sort of watershed of black immigration into New York, with Harlem the principal destination. When Harlem got crowded, Brooklyn became the magnet, particularly for people who had saved enough money to buy a home. The opening of the Independent Subway—the A train commemorated in Billy Strayhorn's song 'Take the A Train'—made Brooklyn easily accessible. The combination of population pressure and better home-investment possibilities brought Brooklyn's major ghetto, Bedford-Stuyvesant, into being by the beginning of the Second World War."

Mr. Thompson took off his raincoat and folded it over his arm. "Today, the liveliest section is a few blocks from here, at the intersection of Nostrand Avenue and Fulton Street, sometimes called the Times Square of Bedford-Stuyvesant. It is where the action starts, because its northeast corner has traditionally been Speakers' Corner. After the 1964 riots, it was not uncommon to see eight or twelve policemen there—two or three at each of the four corners. Incidentally, that intersection is within the boundaries of the original Bedford Village." After walking east on Atlantic Avenue, Mr. Thompson turned south and led us down Nostrand Avenue, which saw action during the riots but is now a quiet, shabby street of small businesses. "From 1900 to 1935, there were elegant shops here, and Nostrand Avenue was in some ways comparable to Fifth Avenue in Manhattan," our guide said as we reached Dean Street and stopped for a rest at the Union Methodist Church, a handsome Romanesque Revival church reminiscent of St. Sophia in Istanbul. From there, we headed down a stretch of St. Marks Avenue once known as Millionaires' Row, because of its great mansions—now rooming houses—to reach our final destination, Brower Park, where a neighborhood street fair was in full swing. There were tables of home-made cakes and pies, and hot frankfurters sizzled over portable barbecues. While we were sampling a glass of ginger beer and a plate of hot black-eyed peas, we met Mr. John C. Eversley, a resident of the area, who said he was glad to see the Museum taking an interest in Bedford-Stuyvesant. "It's a matter of pride," Mr. Eversley said. "People don't realize how pretty some parts of Bedford-Stuyvesant are, and how pretty other parts could be if there were more pride. I was born in Brooklyn. My family came here in 1888 from Barbados. I went to P.S. No. 3. I'm the vice-president of the Parkway-Stuyvesant Community Council. In the course of my work—I'm in the track-maintenance department of the New York City Transit Authority—I go to other boroughs, and when people hear I'm from Bedford-Stuyvesant they get that look of fear. What they don't know is that I live in a twenty-

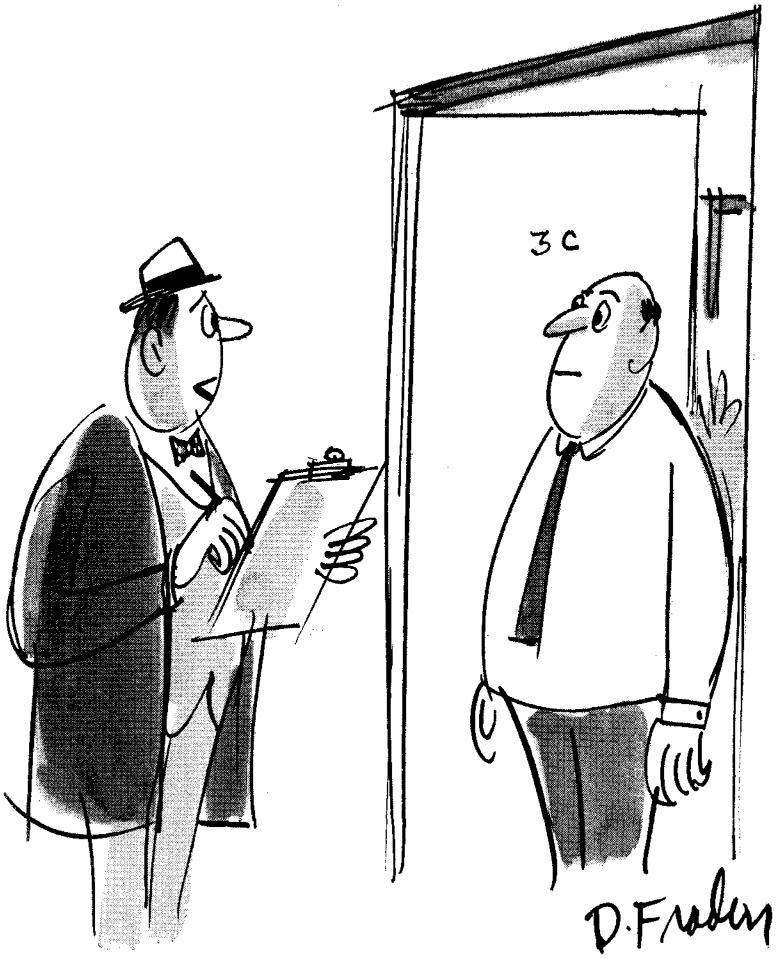


"Sneer if you like, but you'll find that the now generation has a way of becoming the then generation."

two-room house and that I own it.”

Custodians

THE Sixth International Music Congress, a UNESCO-sponsored group of more than six hundred composers, musicologists, teachers, librarians, administrators, and critics, from fifty countries, met at the Barbizon-Plaza recently to renew old friendships, make new ones, and consider the problem of “Music and Communication” throughout the world. The delegates were welcomed by a luncheon, several speeches, and a series of ear-splitting brass fanfares written specially for the occasion, after which they got right down to the serious business of trying to figure out why modern music is not reaching a mass audience. We joined a discussion of “The Sounds of Things to Come” as the chairman, the composer Aaron Copland—a tall, craggy-faced man in a gray suit—was tossing some questions at a panel of twelve distinguished composers and musicologists. “How would the new musical landscape be described?” Mr. Copland asked. “To what extent has the composer freed himself from dependence on interpreters? Are important aspects of contemporary music being neglected? The first thing that comes to my mind is that there aren't any limits anymore. This sets up a different situation from the one that we—who thought we were modern forty years ago—were familiar with. The composer today is having a hell of a good time. I don't see any signs of boredom, but I do see a very free attitude toward the possibilities opened up by various mixed media. Where is the action at the moment?”



“If the election were held today, who would you reluctantly vote for?”

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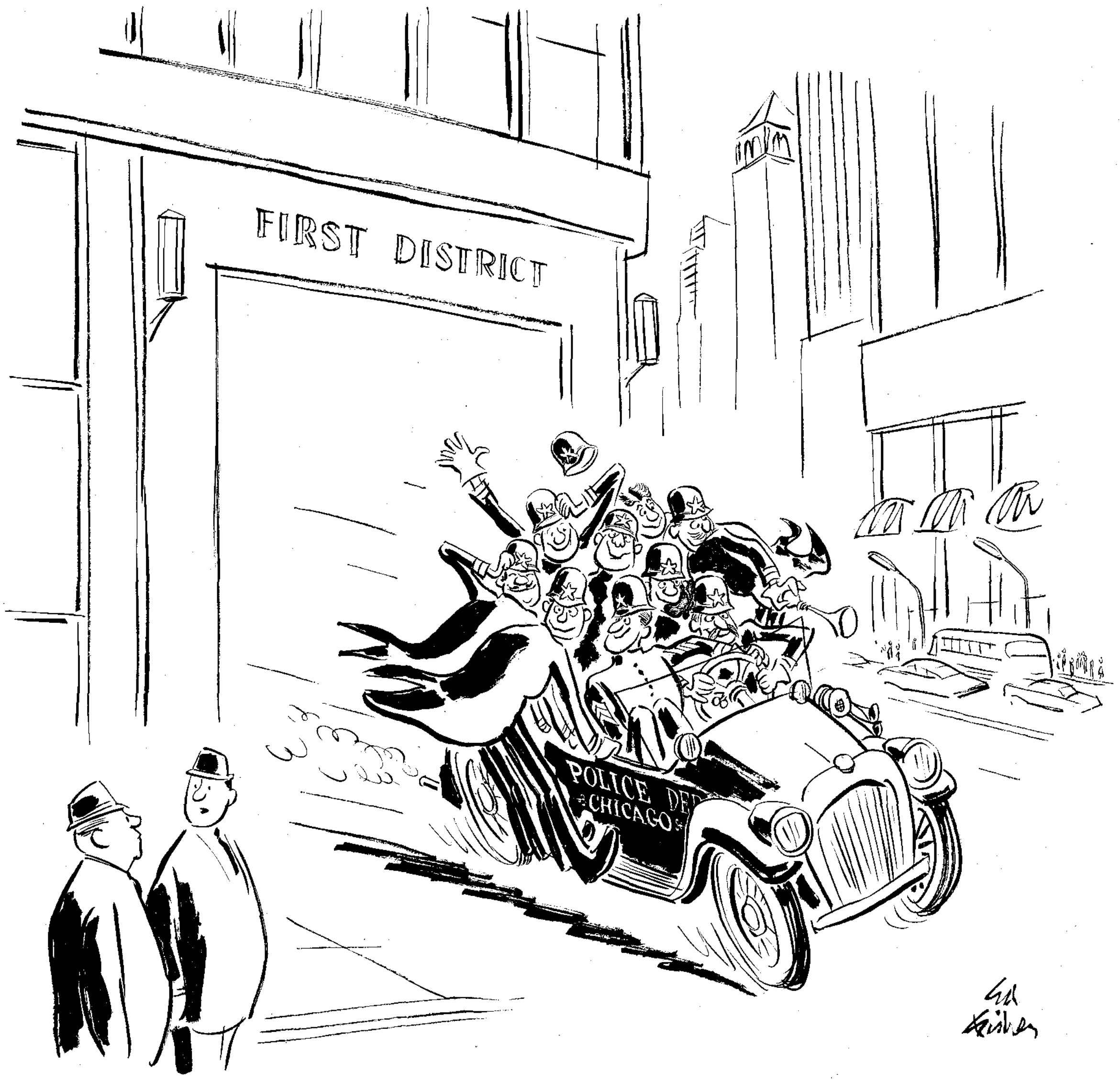
The members of the panel—who ranged from a young man with long blond hair, through several well-kept beards in their thirties, to such elder musical statesmen as Elliott Carter and Roger Sessions—drew a collective breath and looked at one another warily. Then Murray Schaefer, of Canada (one of the beards), made the first reply. “Our whole environmental sound envelope is completely different from what it was in the nineteenth century,” he said. “We live in cities and listen to hard-edge sounds—sirens, air-conditioners, elevators, sanitation trucks. These are electronic sounds, and they condition to a great extent the kind of music that is written today. Musicians are always the custodians of the most exciting, delicate, interesting sounds of any epoch. We use what we hear.”

“Mixed media is going to explode with artistic relevance very soon, because we now have the complete world of sound at our disposal,” said another bearded young man, who identified himself as Ben Johnston, from the University of Illinois. “The question of what to do with it is still wide open. Our main problem is the extremely tense situation that is developing between the generations. Young people don't want to find expression in traditional forms; they want to find new ways of performing and listening to music.”

“Your problem is the reverse of ours,” said the long-haired blond young man, who turned out to be Paul Williams, editor of the rock-and-roll magazine *Crawdaddy*. “You've been fighting your way out of a large and beautiful cage called classical music for years, and you want to declare your freedom by creating disorder. In rock, we started in the wilderness with the whole universe to work with, and we're slowly trying to create some rules. It seems to me that classical music is diverging while rock is converging; we're developing structures—limits—and we're beginning to have some conception of our own music. Your music keeps expanding outward, but the trouble with it is that it isn't communicating with anybody.”

The panel considered complete artistic freedom and its problems (“Unlimited choice is a fine thing as long as you keep your head and go your own way”), the status of the composer (“This is the only period in history in which the avant-garde has become the musical Establishment”), and taste (“In a world where the composer has such freedom of choice, our criterion for a masterpiece must be the human recognition of beauty”), and wound up rather inconclusively with a genial statement from Mr. Sessions, who had taught a good many of the younger men in the room. “In the course of seventy-one years, I've been asked innumerable times where music is going,” he said. “Finally, I worked out two answers. To the non-composer I say, ‘I don't know. If I did, I'd take it there myself.’ To the composer I say, ‘It's going wherever you want to take it.’ One always works a little beyond the materials at hand, but it's the eventual limits a composer discovers that give his music character.”

Our next stop was a discussion on “The Interaction of Vernacular and Formal Music,” where we found Mr. Tran Van Khe, a small, round-faced Vietnamese, pointing out, in French, that it is useful to learn another musi-



"They seem to be making a real effort to change their image."

cal language but dangerous to borrow from it unless you know it thoroughly. "When you borrow from a tradition, it is easy to take the shape and overlook the spirit," he said. "In the Vietnamese melodic tradition, for example, you would improvise as follows." Mr. Khe thereupon sang a plaintive melody in a light baritone and explained that the same tune presented in the Indian tradition would sound quite different. He repeated the melody with a great many flourishes and quavering notes, and then smiled benignly from behind round black-rimmed glasses. "In the first case, I go straight to the tonic," he said. "In the second, there is a greater degree of ornamentation, and I let the tonic be sought. Borrowing by a person who knows a tradition thoroughly is the harmonious grafting that gives birth to new flowers and succulent fruits."

We left the panel discussing the impact of mass media on folk music, and joined a conversation out in the hall.

"I don't think the rest of the world should take the rock-music transition rites of American youth too seriously," said Lou Harrison, a cheerful, bearded man who teaches at San Jose State College. "Our real problem is the enormous area of middle-ground music—the background noise of American civilization—that is gradually absorbing rock, folk, and classical, or palace, music into one characterless sponge. When I'm followed into an elevator by a relentless stream of Muzak, I sometimes think that our Western civilization may collapse under the sheer weight of the middle class. A serious composer must find a sub-tribe within this enormous society with which he can communicate."

Peter Maxwell Davies, a shaggy-haired young Englishman, grinned and remarked that he hoped the delegates to the congress—a conservative lot, he thought—would get the message in a work of his that they would be hearing later. "People don't know how a Beethoven symphony is constructed," he said, "yet they have become so familiar with it that the message gets across even though they don't understand the mechanism inside. But this kind of understanding doesn't always extend to somebody like me."

We asked Mr. Davies to tell us a bit about his new work, and he said that it was called "Revelation and Fall" and consisted of a musical setting for a poem by an Austrian medical officer who died at twenty-seven as a result of drug addiction. "The poem is full of nightmarish imagery, and so the piece is pretty violent," he went on. "To get the sounds I wanted, I had to make half a dozen new percussion instruments. In London, we built a wonderful glass-smashing machine—a Victorian bathtub mounted on a hollow metal column that had projections inside. When you broke a sheet of glass in the tub with a hammer, the pieces trickled down through the pipe and made a marvellous noise. Here we've had to make do with a large box, a sheet of glass, and a brick. The glass is smashed all right, but you don't get the same reverberation."

"The more things tend to become expensive and electronic and require huge endowments to produce them, the more I tend to write for tin cans and plumbers' pipes," said Mr. Harrison. "I refuse to write for a computer until I can talk to it directly, but I have managed to wangle the designation numbers of several high-resilience aluminum alloys out of Alcoa. This fall, I'm going to look into the possibility of using aluminum slabs to make a Western gamelan."

"I got a lovely sound by popping a large sheet of steel in and out of a frame," said Mr. Davies.

"Flowerpots are nice, too," said Mr. Harrison. "And cheap. And small."

KIERKEGAARD UNFAIR TO SCHLEGEL

A: I use the girl on the train a lot. I'm on a train, a European train with compartments. A young girl enters and sits opposite me. She is blond, wearing a short-sleeved sweater, a short skirt. The sweater has white and blue stripes, the skirt is dark blue. The girl has a book, "Introduction to French" or something like that. We are in France but she is not French. She has a book and a pencil. She's extremely self-conscious. She opens the book and begins miming close attention, you know, making marks with the pencil at various points. Meanwhile I am carefully looking out of the window, regarding the terrain. I'm trying to avoid looking at her legs. The skirt has raised itself a bit, you see, there is a lot of leg to look at. I'm also trying to avoid looking at her breasts. They appear to be free under the white-and-blue sweater. There is a small gold pin pinned to the sweater on the left side. It has lettering on it. I can't make out what it says. The girl shifts in her seat, moves from side to side, adjusting her position. She's very very self-aware. All her movements are just a shade overdone. The book is in her lap. Her legs are fairly wide apart, very tanned, the color of—

Q: That's a very common fantasy.

A: All my fantasies are extremely ordinary.

Q: Does it give you pleasure?

A: A poor . . . A rather unsatisfactory . . .

Q: What is the frequency?

A: Oh God who knows. Once in a while. Sometimes.

Q: You're not coöperating.

A: I'm not interested.

Q: I might do an article.

A: I don't like to have my picture taken.

Q: Solipsism plus triumphantism.

A: It's possible.

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Q: You're not political?

A: I'm extremely political in a way that does no good to anybody.

Q: You don't participate?

A: I participate. I make demands, sign newspaper advertisements, vote. I make small campaign contributions to the candidate of my choice and turn my irony against the others. But I accomplish nothing. I march, it's ludicrous. In the last march, there were eighty-seven thousand people marching, by the most conservative estimate, and yet being in the midst of them, marching with them . . . I wanted to march with the Stationary Engineers, march under their banner, but two cops prevented me, they said I couldn't enter at that point, I had to go back to the beginning. So I went back to the beginning and marched with the Food Handlers for Peace and Freedom.

Q: What sort of people were they?

A: They looked just like everybody else. It's possible they weren't real food handlers. Maybe just the two holding the sign. I don't know. There were a lot of girls in black pajamas and peasant straw hats, very young girls, high-school girls, running, holding hands in a long chain, laughing. . . .

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Q: You've been pretty hard on our machines. You've withheld your enthusiasm, that's damaging. . . .

A: I'm sorry.

Q: Do you think your irony could be helpful in changing the government?

A: I think the government is very often in an ironic relation to itself. And that's helpful. For example: we're spending a great deal of money for this army we have, a very large army, beautifully equipped. We're spending something on the order of twenty billions a year for it. Now, the whole point of an army is—what's the word?—deterrence. And the nut of deterrence is credibility. So what does the government do? It goes and sells off its surplus uniforms. And the kids start wearing them, uniforms or parts of uniforms, because they're cheap and have some sort of style. And immediately you get this vast clown army in the streets parodying the real army. And they mix periods, you know, you get parody British grenadiers and parody World War I types and parody Sierra Maestra types. So you have all these kids walking around wearing these filthy uniforms with wound stripes, hash marks, Silver Stars, but also ostrich feathers, Day-Glo vests, amulets containing powdered rhinoceros horn. . . . You have this splendid clown army in the streets standing over against the real one. And of course the clown army constitutes a very serious attack on all the ideas which support the real army including the basic notion of having an army at all. The government has opened itself to all this, this undermining of its own credibility, just because it wants to make a few dollars peddling old uniforms. . . .

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Q: How is my car?

Q: How is my nail?

Q: How is the taste of my potato?

Q: How is the cook of my potato?

Q: How is my garb?

Q: How is my button?

Q: How is the flower bath?

Q: How is the shame?

Q: How is the plan?

Q: How is the fire?

Q: How is the flue?

Q: How is my mad mother?

Q: How is the aphorism I left with you?

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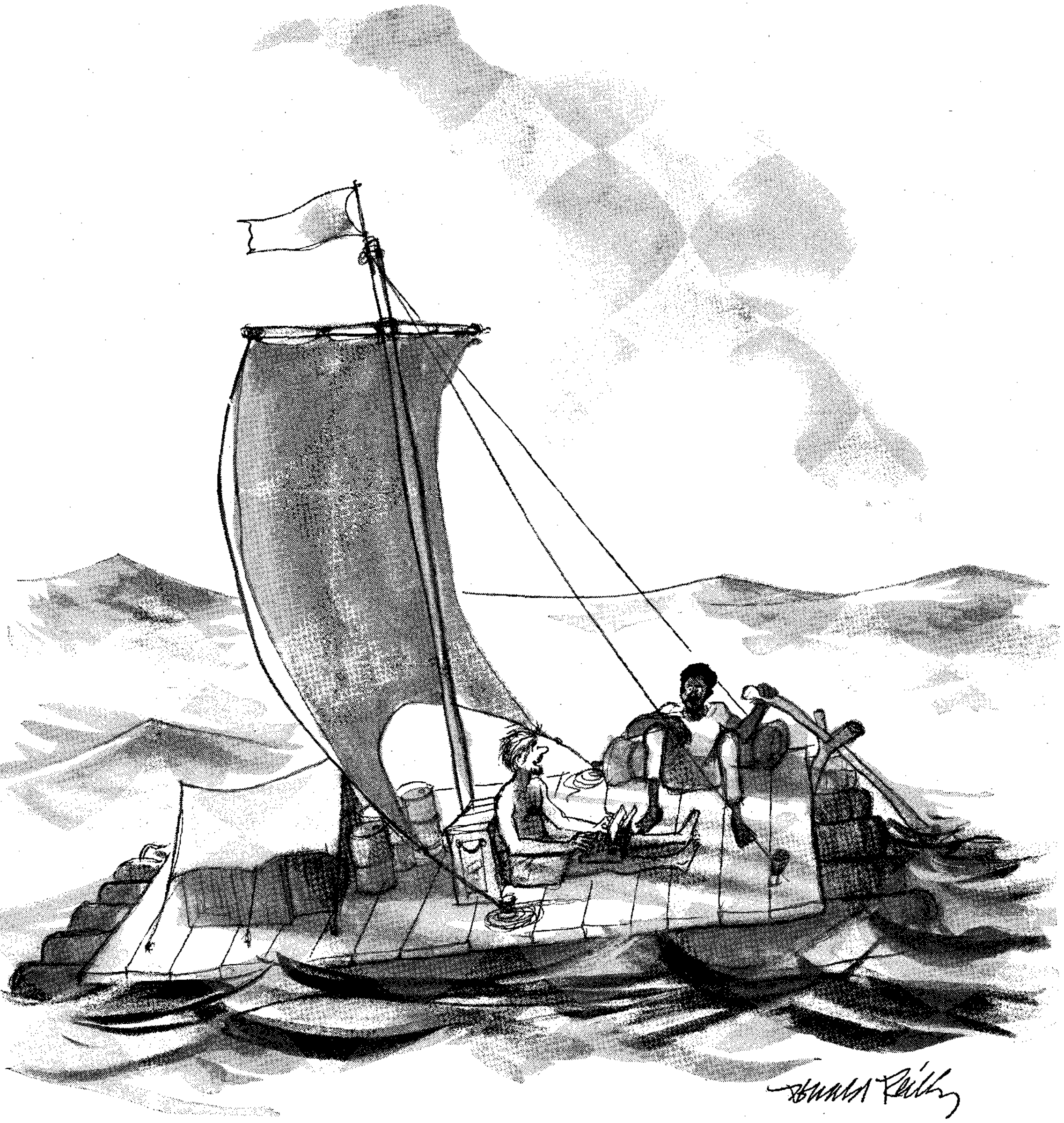
Q: You are an ironist.

A: It's useful.

Q: How is it useful?

A: Well, let me tell you a story. Several years ago I was living in a rented house in Colorado. The house was what is called a rancher—three or four bedrooms, knotty pine or some such on the inside, cedar shakes or something like that on the outside. It was owned by a ski instructor who lived there with his family in the winter. It had what seemed to be hundreds of closets and we immediately discovered that these closets were filled to overflowing with all kinds of play equipment. Never in my life had I seen so much play equipment gathered together in one place outside, say, Abercrombie's. There were bows and arrows and shuffleboard and croquet sets, putting greens and trampolines and things that you strapped to your feet and jumped up and down on, table tennis and jai alai and poker chips and home roulette wheels, chess and checkers and Chinese checkers and balls of all kinds, hoops and nets and wickets, badminton and books and a thousand board games, and a dingus with cymbals on top that you banged on the floor to keep time to the piano. The merest drawer in a bedside table was choked with marked cards and Monopoly money.

Now, suppose I had been of an ironical turn of mind and wanted to make a joke about all this, some sort of joke that would convey that I had noticed the striking degree of boredom implied



"It's agreed, then. On the movie deal, we hold out for a percentage of the gross, script approval, and Paul Newman and Sidney Poitier in the leads."

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by the presence of all this impedimenta and one which would also serve to comment upon the particular way of struggling with boredom that these people had chosen. I might have said, for instance, that the remedy is worse than the disease. Or quoted Nietzsche to the effect that the thought of suicide is a great consolation and had helped him through many a bad night. Either of these perfectly good jokes would do to annihilate the situation of being uncomfortable in this house. The shuffleboard sticks, the barbells, balls of all kinds—my joke has, in effect, thrown *them out of the world. An amazing* magical power!

Now, suppose that I am suddenly curious about this amazing magical power. Suppose I become curious about how my irony actually works—how it functions. I pick up a copy of Kierkegaard's "The Concept of Irony" (the ski instructor is also a student of Kierkegaard) and I am immediately plunged into difficulties. The situation bristles with difficulties. To begin with, Kierkegaard says that the outstanding feature of irony is that it confers upon the ironist a subjective freedom. The subject, the speaker, is negatively free. If what the ironist says is not his meaning, or is the opposite of his meaning, he is free both in relation to others and in relation to himself. He is not bound by what he has said. Irony is a means of depriving the object of its reality in order that the subject may feel free. Irony deprives the object of its reality when the ironist says something about the object that is not what he means. Kierkegaard distinguishes between the phenomenon (the word) and the essence (the thought or meaning). Truth demands an identity of essence and phenomenon. But with irony quote the phenomenon is not the essence but the opposite of the essence unquote page 264. The object is deprived of its reality by what I have *said about it.* Regarded in an ironical light, the object shivers, shatters, disappears. Irony is thus destructive and what Kierkegaard worries about a lot is that irony has nothing to put in the place of what it has destroyed. The new actuality—what the ironist has said about the object—is peculiar in that it is a comment upon a former actuality rather than a new actuality. This account of Kierkegaard's account of irony is grossly oversimplified. Now, consider an irony directed not against a given object but against the whole of existence. An irony directed against the whole of existence produces, according to Kierkegaard, estrangement and poetry. The ironist, serially successful in disposing of various objects of his irony, becomes drunk with freedom. He becomes, in Kierkegaard's words, lighter and lighter. Irony becomes an infinite absolute negativity. Quote irony no longer directs itself against this or that particular phenomenon, against a particular thing unquote. Quote the whole of existence has become alien to the ironic subject unquote page 276. For Kierkegaard, the actuality of irony is poetry. This may be clarified by reference to Kierkegaard's treatment of Schlegel.

Schlegel had written a book, a novel, called "Lucinde." Kierkegaard is very hard on Schlegel and "Lucinde." Kierkegaard characterizes this novel of Schlegel's as quote poetical unquote page 308. By which he means to suggest that Schlegel has constructed an actuality which is superior to the historical actuality and a substitute for it. By negating the historical actuality poetry quote opens up a higher actuality, expands and transfigures the imperfect into the perfect, and thereby softens and mitigates that deep pain which would darken and obscure all things unquote page 312. That's beautiful. Now this would seem to be a victory for Schlegel, and indeed Kierkegaard says that poetry is a victory over the world. But it is not the case that "Lucinde" is a victory for Schlegel. What is wanted, Kierkegaard says, is not a victory over the world but a reconciliation with the world. And it is soon discovered that although poetry is a kind of reconciliation, the distance between the new actuality, higher and more perfect than the historical actuality, and the historical actuality, lower and more imperfect than the new actuality, produces not a reconciliation but animosity. Quote so that it often becomes no reconciliation at all but rather animosity unquote same page. What began as a victory eventuates in animosity. The true task is reconciliation with actuality, and the true reconciliation, Kierkegaard says, is religion. Without discussing whether or not the true reconciliation is religion (I have a deep bias against religion which precludes my discussing the question intelligently) let me say that I believe that Kierkegaard is here unfair to Schlegel. I find it hard to persuade myself that the relation of Schlegel's novel to actuality is what Kierkegaard says it is. I have reasons for this (I believe, for example, that Kierkegaard fastens upon Schlegel's novel in its prescriptive aspect—in which it presents itself as a text telling us how to live—and neglects other aspects, its objecthood for one) but my reasons are not so interesting. What is interesting is my making the statement that I think Kierkegaard is unfair to Schlegel. And that the whole thing is nothing else but a damned shame and crime!

[redacted]

Because that is not what I think at all. We have to do here with my own irony. Because of course Kierkegaard was "fair" to Schlegel. In making a statement to the contrary I am attempting to . . . I might have several purposes—simply being provocative, for example. But mostly I am trying to annihilate Kierkegaard in order to deal with his disapproval.

Q: Of Schlegel?

A: Of me.

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Q: What is she doing now?

A: She appears to be—

Q: How does she look?

A: Self-absorbed.

Q: That's not enough. You can't just say, "Self-absorbed." You have to give more. . . . You've made a sort of promise which . . .

A:

Q: Are her eyes closed?

A: Her eyes are open. She's staring.

Q: What is she staring at?

A: Nothing that I can see.

Q: And?

A: She's dropped the sunglasses.

Q: And?

A: She's caressing her breasts.

Q: Still wearing the blouse?

A: Yes.

Q. A yellow blouse?

A: Blue.

•

A: Sunday. We took the baby to Central Park. At the Children's Zoo she wanted to ride a baby Shetland pony which appeared to be about ten minutes old. Howled when told she could not. Then into a meadow (not a real meadow but an excuse for a meadow) for ball-throwing. I slept last night on the couch rather than in the bed. The couch is harder and when I can't sleep I need a harder surface. Dreamed that my father told me that my work was garbage. Mr. Garbage, he called me in the dream. Then, at dawn, the baby woke me again. She had taken off her nightclothes and climbed into a pillowcase. She was standing by the couch in the pillowcase, as if at the starting line of a sack race. When we got back from the park I finished reading the Hitchcock-Truffaut book. In the Hitchcock-Truffaut book there is a passage in which Truffaut comments on "Psycho." "If I'm not mistaken, out of your fifty works, this is the only film showing . . ." Janet Leigh in a bra. And Hitchcock says: "But the scene would have been more interesting if the girl's bare breasts had been rubbing against the man's chest." *That's true.* H. and S. came for supper. Veal Scaloppine Marsala and very well done, with green noodles and salad. Buckets of vodka before and buckets of brandy after. The brandy depressed me. Some talk about the new artists' tenement being made out of an old warehouse building. H. said, "I hear it's going to be very classy. I hear it's going to have white rats." H. spoke about his former wife and toothbrushes: "She was always at it, fiercely, many hours a day and night." I don't know if this stuff is useful. . . .

Q: I'm not your doctor.

A: Pity.

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A: But I love my irony.

Q: Does it give you pleasure?

A: A poor . . . A rather unsatisfactory . . .

Q: The unavoidable tendency of everything particular to emphasize its own particularity.

A: Yes.

Q: You could interest yourself in these interesting machines. They're hard to understand. They're time-consuming.

A: I don't like you.

Q: I sensed it.

A: These imbecile questions . . .

Q: Inadequately answered . . .

A: . . . imbecile questions leading nowhere . . .

Q: The personal abuse continues.

A: . . . that voice, confident and shrill . . .

Q (*aside*): He has given away his gaiety, and now has nothing.

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Q: But consider the moment when Pasteur, distracted, ashamed, calls upon Mme. Boucicault, widow of the department-store owner. Pasteur stammers, sweats; it is clear that he is there to ask for money, money for his Institute. He becomes more firm, masters himself, speaks with force, yet he is not sure that she knows who he is, that he is Pasteur. "The least contribution," he says finally. "But of course," she (equally embarrassed) replies. She writes a check. He looks at the check. One million francs. They both burst into tears.

A (*bitterly*): Yes, that makes up for everything, that you know that story. . . .

—DONALD BARTHELME

THE PEACHES

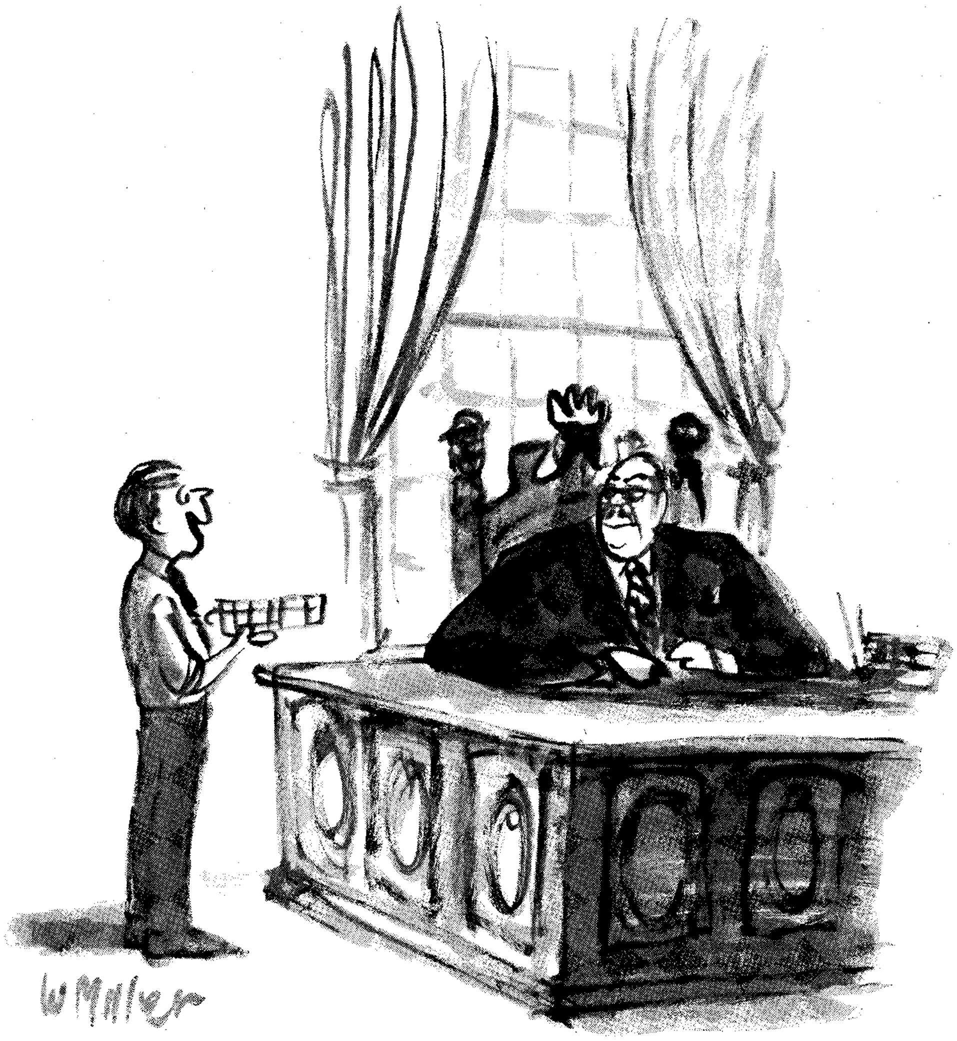
ALL through winter, I nursed the trees. Always of a weekend evening, I found a little time for them. First, though, I had to spend the hours of daylight digging potato ground, or making beds for the new roses, or clearing wild, stony areas of ground elder, till it was time for Susan to call me through the gray muslin drifts of evening rain. Too tired then to scrape the yellow compacted clay from my spade, I left it to lie along the trench in the wet, the handle end half covered with soil and bits of gritty flint. After dinner, when the two girls were in bed, I slept by the fire an hour or two. When I woke, my hands were always burning from the day's rough press of the spade handle, and throbbing along the cuts made by brambles I'd uprooted. "I'd better go out and put the spade away," I said to Susan the first few times, but then, the rest of the winter, "I'll just have an hour in the peach house," I said.

The trees needed care. Whoever had them before I bought the place neglected them shamefully. They were crucified too tight against their wires; over the years loops of sharp string had bitten into the bark. When I released them, cutting the strings with the care I'd take trimming the bandage on a child's finger, I thought they would spring from their constriction with a quick shudder of the limbs. But the trees held quite still, and it was the wires that sprang away, bobbing, rattling.

I came across the labels on the ground, almost obliterated. The names pleased me, and I knew that from then on I'd always think of the trees as individuals—Duke of York, Peregrine, Sea Eagle. I wrote the names on new boxwood tags with a black wax pencil, speaking the words over and over, silently, to myself. With strands of soft raffia I hung the tags from the shoulders of the trees, at the division of the trunk. When I brought Susan out to see what I had done, she said the trees looked like off-duty soldiers wearing their identity discs, but when I'd come out of the kitchen door with her and seen them across the dark garden under the blazing lights of the greenhouse they had reminded me more of a floodlit Calvary I'd seen one Easter, in Spain. The middle tree, Peregrine, was Christ.

Susan helped me cut a dead lateral branch out of Peregrine that early-winter night. When I'd chiselled smooth the edges of the scar, she stood in the little pool of fallen sawdust next to me and held the pot while I dressed the wound with thick Stockholm tar. Indoors, later on, we burned the wood when the coals were almost out. Susan went up to bed, but I stayed up for a while longer. It was the beginning of November. On the mantelpiece, unpetalling, was a vase of last, small rosebuds we'd cut from the frost. I sat in the slender warmth from the peach logs, listening to the skirr of a leaf outside on the stone path, till a draft filled the room with a sudden cold smoke and a scented remembrance of fruit.

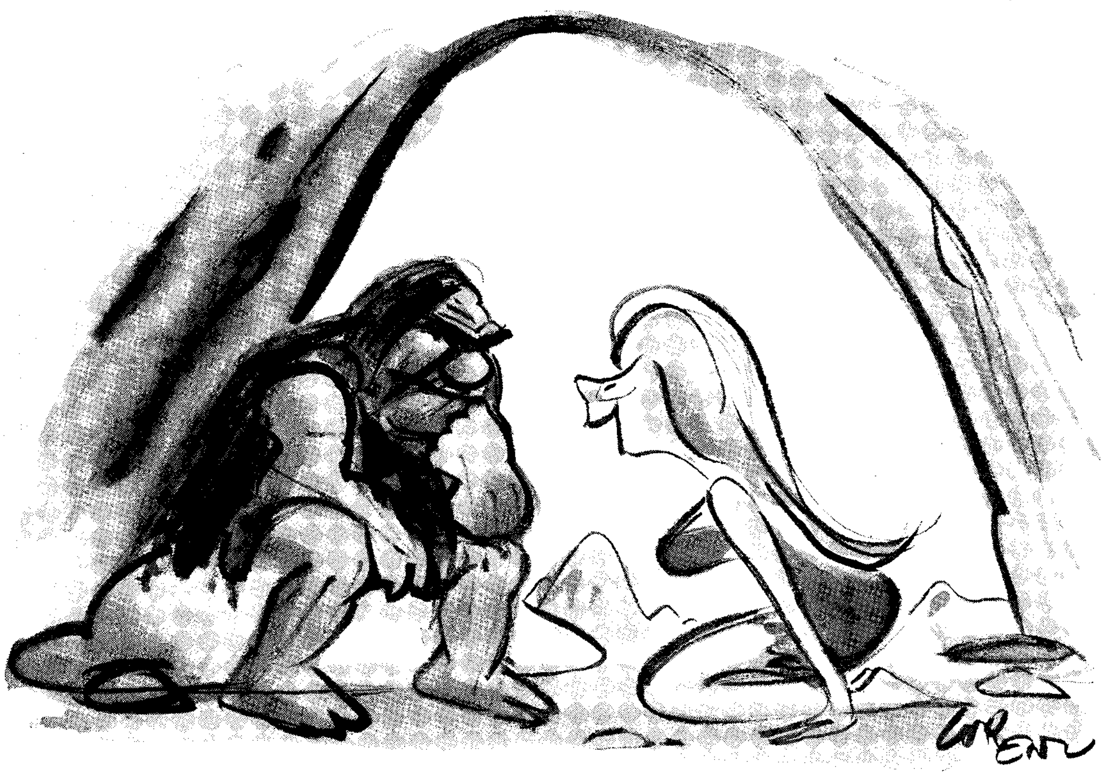
Week by week, through December, I cut out the rest of the dead wood. I piled the brittle sticks in a corner of the greenhouse, to keep dry. On Christmas night, when I made a bonfire in the garden to burn a box crammed with wrapping paper, I carried the sticks to the fire and watched the flames race through them. As the short, unburned ends fell outside the fire, I raked them back to the white center, till everything was consumed. I remembered the night that Susan was having our second child, Sara. It had been eight years before—not in our last home but in the damp, hideous house we lived in for a year, near London Airport. Unable to bear Susan's animal moans, the weird shrieks of her spasms, I'd gone into the tiny square of garden behind the house and lit a bonfire. I needed a thing to tend all the while she was beyond the reach of my concern. I left the kitchen door wedged open, so that her mother and the midwife would know where to find me, and then I built the fire with newspapers, old lumber, anything that would burn. All through the night, I kept it alive, a neat, fierce circle. Every few seconds, planes roared and whined over the rooftops, coming in to land. By first light, I burned the



"Good morning, Mr. Parker. I just wanted to tell you how much I admired your vigor and astuteness in engineering that Amalgamated Carbide takeover last week."

parcel of afterbirth the midwife gave me to destroy. I drew the clicking embers over it, and left it, a glowing cone. When I went in, they were washing Susan's face and tidying her hair, and I saw the baby wrapped in a white shawl, lying in her cot. I remembered, too, as I drew the ashes of peach wood into a cone, how the wind had sprung up the following day and scattered the remains of the fire into squalid, random patches over the soil of that barren garden. Christmas night, before I went back indoors, I found my spade and buried the ashes. It was the quietest hour of the year; I could hear no traffic on the roads, no planes in the air.

When I was ready for bed, I looked into the girls' bedroom, and kissed them, and watched the silent sky through their window flashing with beams from the lightship, far out to sea. Susan and I made comfortable, unhurried love, and we talked afterward, quietly, about our first Christmas in this house. While I lay thinking about my own vivid happiness, Susan talked from hers, unreflectingly, of small, family events, of the pleasure she took in her teaching job. I answered her according to what she said, but all the time I was thinking, and wanted to say to her, "I've never been as happy as this." When she fell silent, I said, "The trees are clean now; I've cut out all the dead wood, and burned it," and she said, "The summer will be superb."



"Well, whatever it is you're doing, I love the way you furrow your brow while you're doing it."

IN the weeks that followed, I spent more and more time in the peach house. There was so much to do that I began to give up my weekday evenings to the trees. Susan grew impatient with me, irritated that three trees could demand so much of my leisure. With my fingers I pulled the soil away from the top roots, so that I could cut away the suckers with a kitchen knife I'd made razor sharp for the job. I forked over the whole plot, working in decayed compost to hold moisture, and lime for the fruits to use to set their stones. The top growths of Duke of York and Peregrine were touching the glass of the roof; I had to ease the branches down, very gradually, by suspending weights from them. Every other night, I added a few ounces more, until the end stems were clear. All this took time, and all my patience. And then began the slow task of tying the branches loosely back to the wires, and the hundreds of breastwood stems back to their branches. By the time the job was finished, it was February; the blossom buds were already beginning to swell. I scrubbed the trunks with disinfectant, and sprayed the trees against leaf curl and red spider. All the glass had to be washed, inside and out, so that the blossom, when it burst, would have the full benefit of the year's early, fugitive sunshine. I put two coats of white paint on the woodwork inside the house. I brushed down the brickwork and applied three coats of whitewash. There were fifteen panes of glass I had to re-putty. The ventilator cords were worn, and I replaced them.

The buds began to open even before the first noticeably warm day. I called my elder daughter, Elizabeth, to see them. She went to fetch her mother out, and Sara, to see them, too. But Susan wouldn't come. As the days went by and more and more of the lovely pink flowers opened, still she wouldn't come.

I was miserable, for I wanted her to share my pleasure. It seemed to me that she was being petulant; she resented all the hours she'd had to spend alone, I thought, and now she was paying me out. We nearly had a row about it. But then she cried and told me I was wrong, that it was nothing to do with the trees. She said she thought she was going to have another baby, and she was afraid. She didn't want to have to go through it all again, she said; she couldn't face the pain. I held her tightly in my arms, but I couldn't reassure her. Everything I said made her cry more bitterly; she cried until she retched and was sick. It wasn't just the pain, she said, but the worry, and the disfigurement, and having to carry the baby in her through the hot months of summer. And not only these things. She'd have to give up teaching and be tied to the house all day. Now that Elizabeth and Sara were growing up, she'd been looking forward to being free again; it would take another eight years of her life to reach the kind of freedom she was beginning to enjoy. We'd decided when Sara was born not to have any more children. She didn't want another baby. Another baby would spoil everything. We'd need a bigger house after a year or two, especially if the child was a boy and needed a room of his own. She didn't want to move house again. She loved it here, she said. Everything was going so well until this had to happen. She fell asleep fully clothed on top of the bed. I took a spare blanket from the airing cupboard, and covered her with it, and left her.

We didn't have much to say to each other for the next few days. I thought she'd probably get used to the idea of having a new baby, and accept—with gladness, even—the ordeal of another difficult childbirth and the limitation of her freedom. If I gave her time and didn't importune her with comforting words, perhaps she'd come to me, smiling, and say, "Well, you know what they say—new house, new baby." That's what her mother had said the day we moved here, last July.

So for most of the time I was home during the sunny week of full, open blossom I kept away from her and busied myself pollinating the flowers. One early morning, I shot a rabbit, and when I had skinned and drawn it, ready for Susan to cook, I tied the scut to a bamboo to pass from blossom to blossom. The trees had produced such an abundance of flowers that it was difficult to remember which ones I'd touched with the rabbit's tail. I tried to go over the branches systematically, but I worried about Susan all the time, and I found that I was working haphazardly—carelessly sometimes, breaking petals and entire flowers from the stems. Supposing she didn't take to the baby, I kept asking myself—supposing it was born with her hating it? If Susan didn't tell me soon that her feeling had changed about having another child, I should have to think of some sensible, practical suggestions. Perhaps the baby could be adopted? No, unthinkable—people like us don't give their babies away. We've money enough, we're secure, we're capable of love. Then perhaps Elizabeth and Sara could do a great deal to help? Elizabeth was fourteen years old, nearly a woman herself. No—it wouldn't be fair to expect her to do more than a daughter normally would. Perhaps we could afford to have a woman to help with the housework? Yes—that was feasible, though I knew that Susan would hate to have anybody around all the time helping to run the house. I would hate it, too, I thought. Nothing could replace a mother's own care of her child, or a wife's concern for her home. Nothing could alter the fact that the birth was going to be difficult—dangerous, even. I dabbed my anxiety at the trees. I was certain I had missed whole areas of the blossom, but by the end of the week the first bees were flying and I opened the ventilators wide for them to finish off the job.

FEEL ME

"Feel me to do right," our father said
on his death bed. We did not quite
know—in fact, not at all—what he meant.
His last whisper was spent as through a slot in a wall.
He left us a key, but how did it
fit? "Feel me
to do right." Did it mean

that, though he died, he would be felt
through some aperture, or by some unseen instrument
our dad just then had come
to know? So, to do right always, we need but feel his
spirit? Or was it merely
his apology for dying? "Feel that I
do right in not trying, as you insist, to stay

on your side. There is the wide
gateway and the splendid tower,
and you implore me to wait here, with the worms!"
Had he defined his terms, and could we discriminate
among his motives, we might
have found out how to "do right" before *we* died—supposing
he felt he suddenly knew

what dying was.
"You do wrong because you do not feel
as I do now" was maybe the sense. "Feel me, and emulate
my state, for I am becoming less dense—
I am feeling right, for the first
time." And then the vessel burst, and we were kneeling
around an emptiness.

We cannot feel our
father now. His power courses through us, yes, but *he*—
the chest and cheek, the foot and palm,
the mouth of oracle—is calm. And we still seek
his meaning. "*Feel* me," he said,
and emphasized that word.
Should we have heard it as a plea

for a caress—A constant caress,
since flesh to flesh was all that we could do right
if we would bless him? The dying must feel
the pressure of that
question—lying flat, turning cold
from brow to heel—the hot
cowards there above

protesting their love, and saying,
"What can we do? Are you all
right?"—While the wall opens
and the blue night pours through. "What
can we do? We want to do what's right."
"Lie down with me, and hold me, tight. Touch me. Be
with me. Feel with me. *Feel* me, to do right."

—May Swenson

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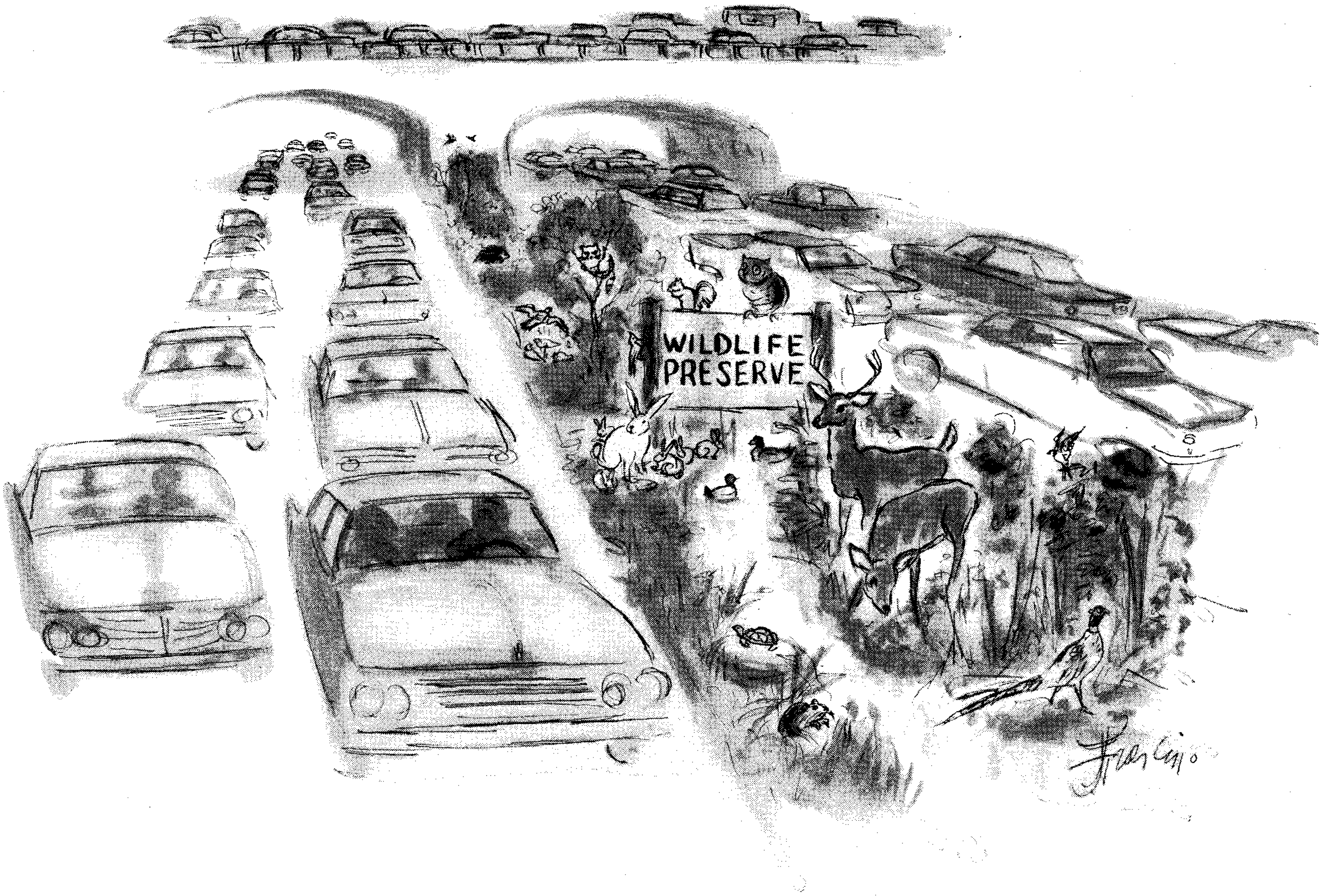
IT'S the end of June now. I haven't spent much time in the peach house since the blossom set. I've done none of the things that should have been done. The little fruits should have been thinned out several times after they formed their stones; it's a job you should spread over three or four weeks, till only one or two are left on each stem. When the leaf shoots started to sprout, I should have rubbed off most of them. As the new breastwood grew,



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it should have been tied back with raffia so that the sunlight could fall on the fruit. Every single day, the roots should have been doused, and in the evenings I should have sprayed the leaves with rainwater from the butt. The glass should have been painted with summercloud, to protect the trees from the direct glare of this fierce June sun. I've neglected to do all these things. When I went into the greenhouse this morning, I saw that the temperature was well over a hundred degrees. The earth was blanched and powdery, and the thick bunches of dry, curling foliage were acrawl with red spider. The ventilators were shut, and I left them shut. All over the floor there were hundreds of stunted little fruits—bright red, but without flesh between the skin and the stone.

I went indoors and heard Elizabeth say to Sara, "Another fortnight and we'll have been here a whole year."

I thought I'd say that to Susan when she got back from shopping. "Do you remember what we were doing this time last year?" I'd have said, too. But when she came in she was distressed from the heat and the shops crowded with summer visitors. She has begun to look huge and swollen, even though the baby is not due until September. "I told you that I'd do the shopping," I said, "or one of the girls could have gone."

"It's no use, I've just got to face up to it," she said. She's been saying that often lately. She works even harder than she used to, and is grim and unsmiling. The girls sometimes offer to help her with the cooking and the laundry, but she snaps them away. I went out into the garden to pick her some flowers.

This time last year, we were preparing to move house. In the evenings, we drove over and walked through the empty rooms straight into the garden. We picked heavy bunches of the roses that were not yet ours. The girls beat paths through thickets of nettles, finding broken toys and soft rubber balls, white and perished. It was well after sunset before we could bear to leave the garden and go into the house to take measurements for curtains and carpets. Susan and the girls would wait for me then in the car, while I carried buckets of water out to the trees through the dark. Whoever had owned them had thinned out the fruits, which were plump and ripening. The week after we moved in, many were ready to eat. All our friends came to visit us in our new home. I'd take them into the kitchen and say, "We've nothing in the house to offer you but peaches." I'd set before them a dish of large, unblemished fruits resting on vine leaves. In the mornings, still in my pajamas, I went to the greenhouse and picked enough for our breakfast. I sent two in a cardboard box to my brother in America. One afternoon, when I was on my own, I crushed one in my hand; the juice and the mashed white flesh oozed between my fingers, to spoil, untasted, on the grass.

—Ted Walker

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THE MYSTERIOUS EAST

[*Letter from a private-detective agency in Tokyo*]

THE VERY NECESSITY . . .
INVESTIGATION SHOULD BE . . .

"From private detectives . . . , suddenly what? . . . Let me see . . ."

This is, however, against our intention to be surprised you.

"Present age which rapidity is appreciated highly leads every situation to agreeable direction by knowing earlier and being informed in advance.", and

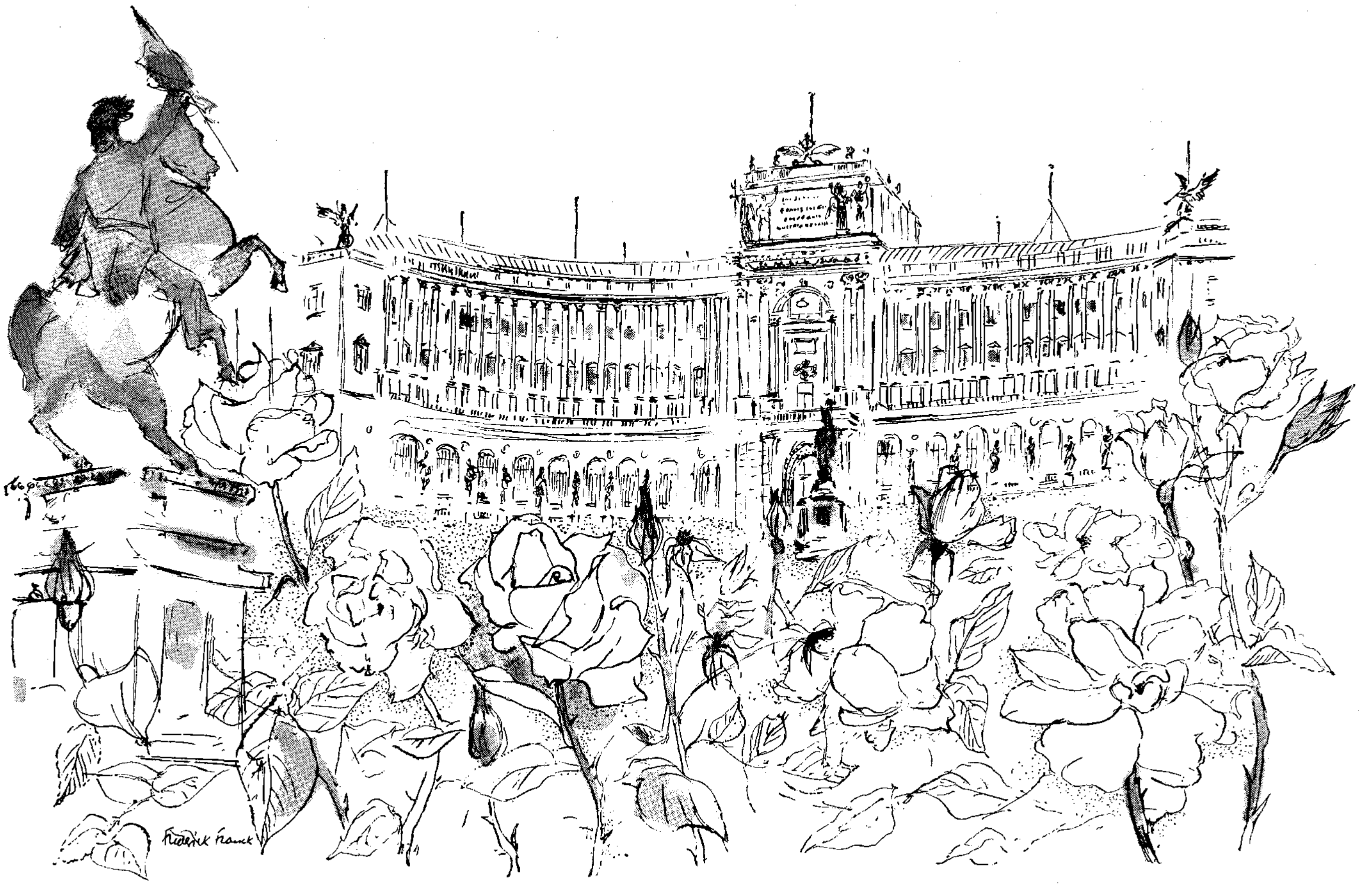
"Investigation should be the very necessity", and

"INVESTIGATION SHOULD FORWARD TO TEIKOKU PRIVATE DETECTIVES"

PROFILES

CITY OF THE BAROQUE

III—HAPPY IS HE WHO FORGETS . . .



INTELLECT and emotion, often conflicting in Vienna, have separate places of refuge there. The palace of the intellectual is the coffeehouse, where serious and witty conversation never ends; the haven of the emotional is the *Heuriger*—literally, "this year's," meaning a place where this year's wine is drunk. No intellectual powers are needed for the enjoyment of this most dearly beloved Viennese institution. A typical *Heuriger*, situated in the garden of a small vineyard on the Kahlenberg, which has been described as Vienna's "house mountain," consists of a few crude benches and unpainted wooden tables, and perhaps a walnut tree or a linden. There may also be the scent of jasmine or lilac, and a view of Vienna below. The deceivingly mild white wine is said to go down like water, but it has a very different effect. The reaction usually begins with a feeling of euphoria that soon deteriorates into sentimentality, giving way to depression and, in the final phase, abrupt violence, sometimes over politics but more often because of the attentions one drinking partner is paying to the wife or girl friend of another. Psychologists, satirists, poets, and other students of the Viennese *Volksseele*, or people's soul, have expressed astonishment at the changes it can undergo as the result of a few glasses of young wine, which is called *Sturm* when it has been fermenting for only about three weeks, and can hit you with the force of a hurricane. It has been said that the Viennese is happy to be unhappy; he pours his heart out into the wine, and the wine is a patient, responsive listener. The *Heurigen*—mostly to be found in the western suburbs of Grinzing, Sievering, Nussdorf, Heiligenstadt, and Salmannsdorf—begin to fill up at five o'clock, after work, and nobody seems in a hurry to go home. People bring sausage and bacon and hard-boiled eggs wrapped in paper, and provide their own entertainment, though maybe the owner will play the zither. The local *Weinbeisser* (literally, "wine biters") never savor their wine, as the French or Germans do, by letting it roll around and under the tongue; they gulp down the young wine, which tends to be a little acidic. But after the fifth glass one doesn't notice the taste anymore. For a while, all men are brothers indeed, just as Schiller's "Ode to Joy" declares.

The high season of fraternization is the *Fasching*, Vienna's carnival, which begins after New Year's Eve and lasts until Ash Wednesday. Vienna's *Fasching* is a much more complex—and more civilized—affair than the noisy *Karneval* in Cologne, the heavily erotic *Fasching* in Munich, or the boisterous *Fastnacht* in Basel. Noise, sex, and fun are never served straight in Vienna. To the Viennese, the *Fasching* is God's own precious gift of gay irresponsibility and romantic abandon, some ten weeks of sanctioned frivolity, when nothing matters but wine and women and waltz, and one must appreciate it with a special Viennese reverence. "The Strauss waltzes mean as much to the Viennese as the Napoleonic victories to the French," wrote Heinrich Laube, a theatre director, in 1833. "The exhilarated couples waltz through the ballroom, the wild lust is released, nothing stops them. The Viennese puts his girl deep into his arms and they are carried away by the music." Gérard de Nerval, in "Les

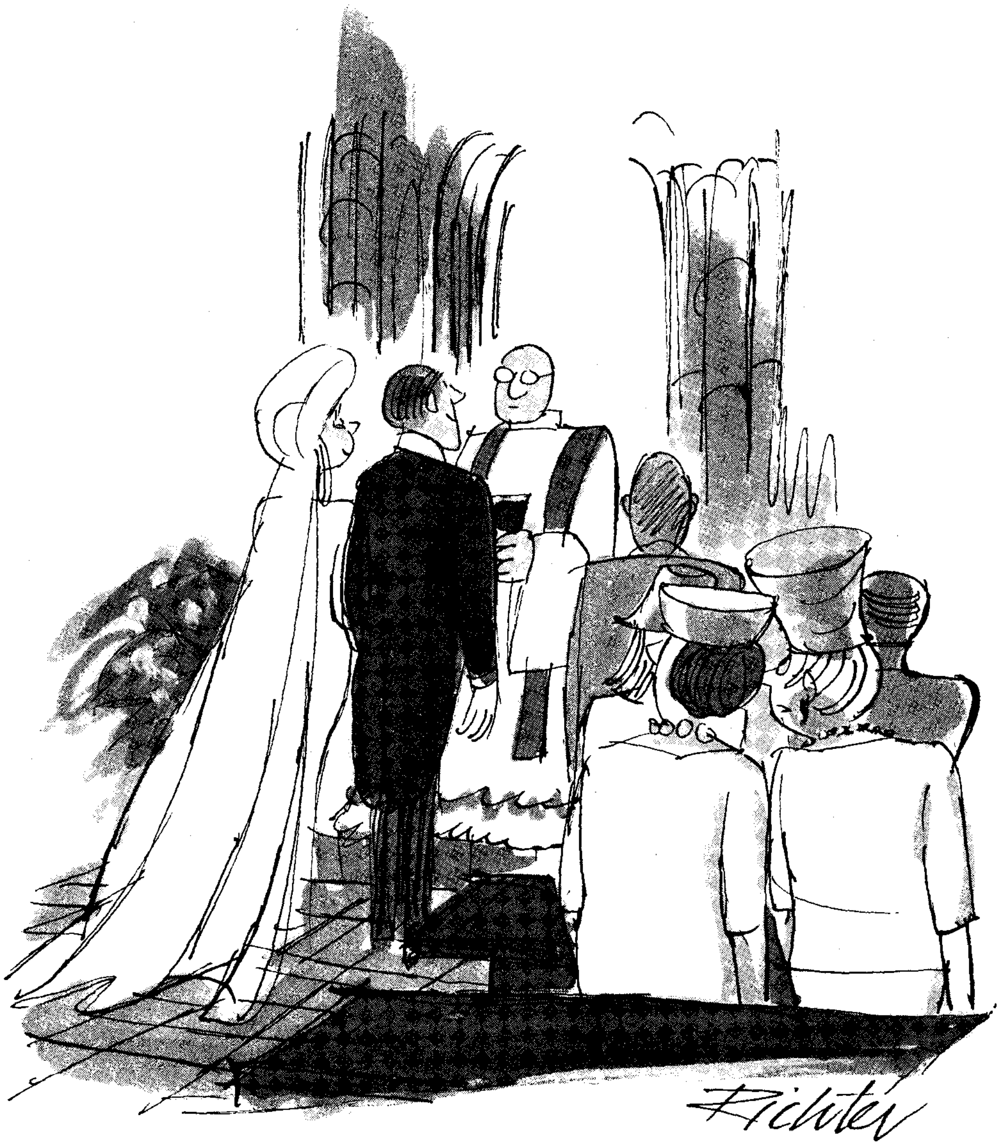
Amours de Vienne," noted in 1840 that the women of Vienna "surrender to the waltz with a strange passion." In Vienna, the waltz has always been an erotic dance. "They danced together because they loved each other, and they loved each other because they danced together," Felix Salten wrote in "Five-Kreuzer Dance." Adolf Bäuerle reported that the ballroom Zum Mondschein became notorious in the years just before the Revolution of 1848 "because of the high mortality rate among the young people who dance the *Langaus* there." He went on to say of the *Langaus*, or "forever dance":

> It was a matter of pride to be a bravura dancer, and the *Langaus* demanded the most bravura of all. This terrible dance forced the couples to turn in a mad waltz from one corner of the ballroom to the next until the lungs were paralyzed and a stroke occurred. They would turn around the ballroom six times or eight times, and some people would bet they could do a *Langaus* twelve times without stopping. At last the *Langaus* was forbidden by the police, the musicians and promoters were sent to jail, and the dancers wound up in the hospital.

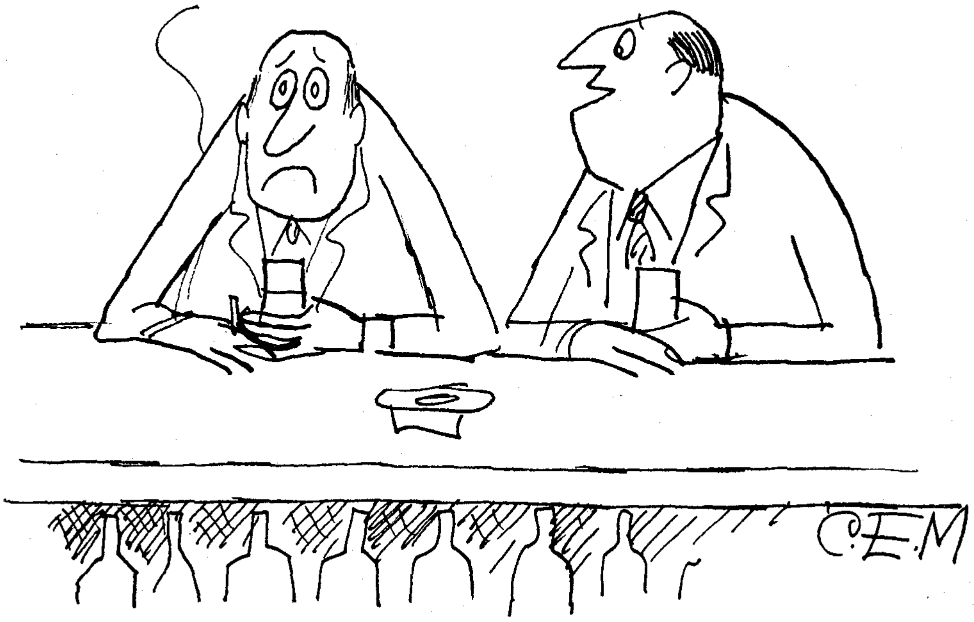
Those days are long gone, of course, and so is the annual *Fiakerball*, to which drivers of the city's horse-drawn cabs would invite their customers, and which was glorified in the Richard Strauss-Hofmannsthal opera "Arabella." (In the second act, which takes place at the ball on Shrove Tuesday, the lovely daughter of an impecunious aristocratic gambler meets a wealthy country squire from "somewhere in Slovenia" and it's love at first sight—the classic Viennese fairy tale.) An occasional coachman, in a light-gray derby, can still be seen around the State Opera, offering romantic foreigners a ride in an elegant *Fiaker* drawn by two white horses. By and large, however, the coachman has disappeared, along with the *Dienstmann*, an elderly porter in a braided cap who could be hired to carry flowers to one's lady or to run other errands related, in one way or another, to the *Fasching*.

But now, as always, the Viennese *Fasching* is the great leveller—the only time of the year when Viennese of all classes mix. General managers' wives dance at modest dirndl balls, and court councillors may be seen at the corner winehouse. There are a few snobbish affairs that are hard to get into, such as the Campagne Riders' Ball, the Sportsmen's Ball, and the Ball of the Vienna Philharmonic. But the famous Opera Ball is entirely democratic, and anyone may attend if he buys a ticket for twelve dollars and owns (or rents) a white-tie outfit. (A box costs eight hundred dollars, but don't try to get one of them; they are always sold out, and the day may yet come when they are auctioned off.) To be selected as one of the young couples who have the honor of dancing the opening waltz depends less on Papa's connections than on proficiency in performing the difficult *Linkswalzer*, the counterclockwise waltz. The polka is also popular, but more modern dances are never much in demand.

During the weeks of the *Fasching*, the city becomes one vast ballroom, where the sounds of music rarely stop. Obviously, the dancers must sleep sometime, but many Viennese seem to get by with a few hours of rest at their desks during working time. A whole industry is kept busy providing gowns, masks, and decorations. Dressmakers, hairdressers, and rental companies specializing in evening dress and furs all depend on the *Fasching*. In a city usually given to casual improvisation, the *Fasching* is astonishingly well organized. Special *Ballkalender* list all dances, masquerades, and other events. The list is a formidable one. According to a recent count, there are in Vienna 8,451 different local guilds, professional organizations, singing societies (including the Men's Singing Society of Butchers and Pork Butchers), fraternities, sports clubs, and mountain-climbing associations, and most of them sponsor balls during the *Fasching*. So do political parties, banks, business firms, factories, hospitals, universities, the Master Bakers' Sons, the Benefit Society of Chimney Sweeps, the Police Band, the plainclothesmen, the Sons and Daughters of Vienna's Dressmakers, the Catholic Youth, the Old Catholic Youth, and the Mikro-Bambis (children from four to ten). The *Kanalräumer* (sewer cleaners) celebrate at their own ball, as do the Heart of Jesus Youth, the Czech Artisans, and the Association of Viennese Bajuvars. For the misanthrope or eccentric who



"They happened to be sitting next to each other in a stackup over Kennedy."



"Well, how's business before taxes, then?"

• •

belongs to no club, union, or trade association, there are the Flower Ball, the Ball of Youth, and the all-inclusive *Ball der Wiener*. To be a carnivalist in good standing, one must devote at least three nights a week to forgetting one's troubles in the pursuit of dancing happiness.

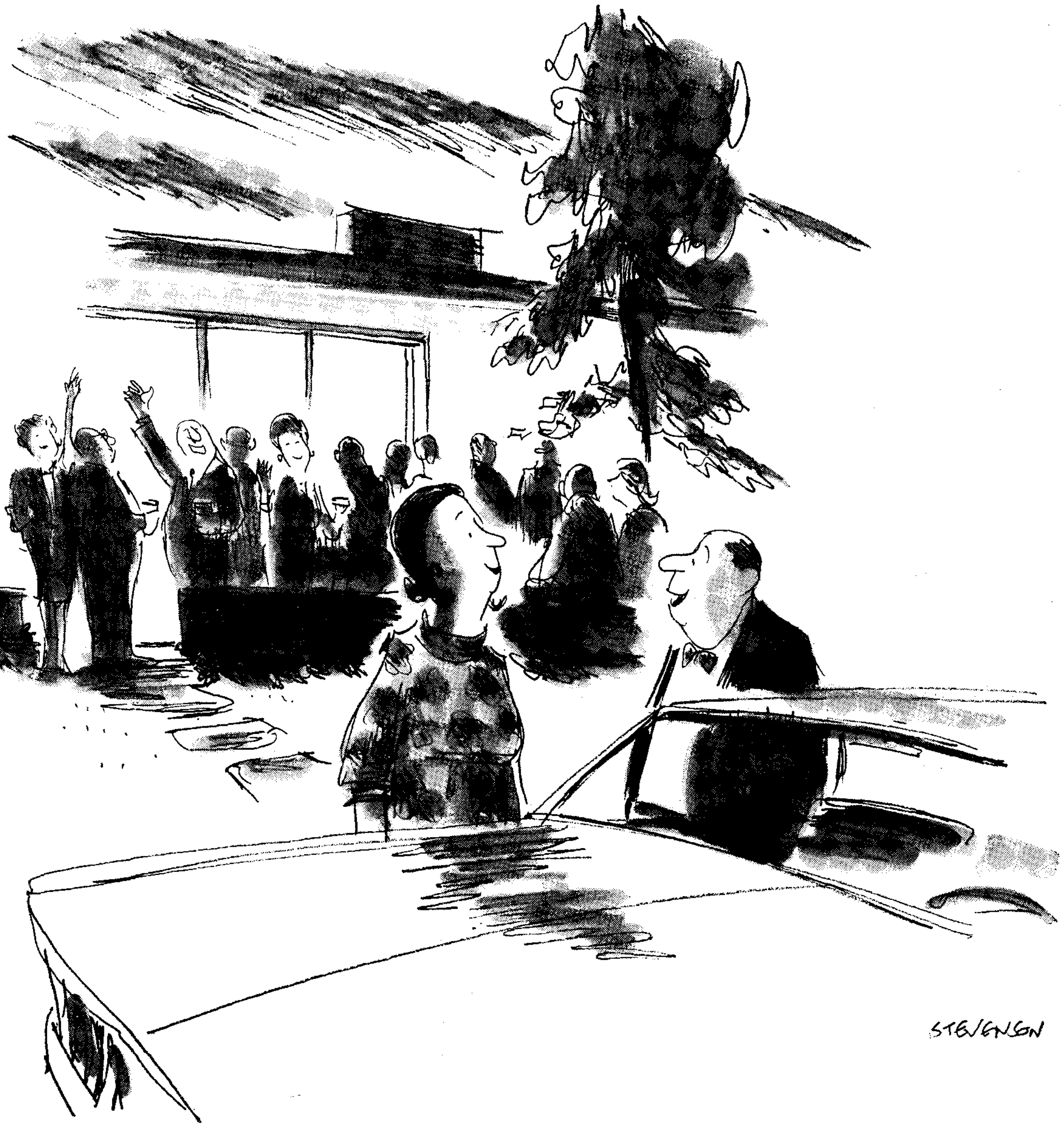
PUBLIC spectacles of one sort or another have been diverting the people of Vienna at least since the sixteen-twenties, when the Jesuits, on behalf of the Counter-Reformation, staged instructive miracle and Passion plays in Latin, with humorous interludes in German to keep the audiences from getting bored. And these two parallel strains—the high and the low—have persisted on the Viennese stage to this day. The dualism is apparent in the works of many Austrian playwrights, from Raimund, Nestroy, and Grillparzer to Hofmannsthal, whose libretto for the Richard Strauss opera "Die Frau ohne Schatten" takes place both in the never-never world of the falcon-hunting Emperor of the South Eastern Islands and in the earthy world of Barak, the poor dyer, and his nagging wife. Perhaps the finest integration of the two strains is the Mozart-Schikaneder masterpiece "The Magic Flute," in which Sarastro and the Queen of the Night, representing the supernatural forces of good and evil, lead Tamino and Pamina to seek the highest ideals of humanism, while Papageno provides a reminder that man is to be counted among the animals. The wonderful duet of Pamina and Papageno ("Bei Männern welche Liebe fühlen") is a beautiful synthesis of the two different worlds.

Clowns and jesters have always been popular in Vienna. In 1712, Josef Anton Stranitzky, "licensed tooth breaker and mouth doctor," was formally granted the privilege of arranging performances by German comedians in a newly built theatre next to the present site of the State Opera. A great showman, Stranitzky eventually managed all the theatres in Vienna except the two court theatres—the Opera and the Théâtre Près de la Cour. Stranitzky revived the medieval character called Hanswurst, who was parodist, social critic, and practical philosopher all in one. The people loved him. While the court attended Italian opera and French farces and the devout tried to follow the Latin plays that the Church continued to produce, everybody else went to see the exuberant Hanswurst, whose concerns seemed much closer to home. After Stranitzky's death, in 1726, Hanswurst comedies were held to be decadent, and eventually they were banned, but Vienna didn't lose its reputation as the city of funnymen. Toward the end of the eighteenth century, a shrewd Austrian-peasant character named Kasperl became the new comic hero. The court took a dim view of Kasperl's antics. After attending a performance, Emperor Franz I told the manager of the theatre where a popular comedian was playing Kasperl, "I must admit I did not laugh. The man makes such vulgar grimaces! But don't tell him. I don't want to offend the man who amuses my Viennese so well." Goethe's friend Karl Friedrich Zelter took a different view of low comedy. In 1819, after watching some of the local clowns, he wrote, "My stomach still hurts from laughing. The actor and the audience together make the play. . . . Such a gypsy pleasure cannot be described. The theatre is always crowded, if not at the beginning of the performance certainly at the end, when the people come back from the Prater." Ten years earlier, during the French occupation of Vienna, the performances of a famous comedian of the time named Anton Hasenhut were always sold out. "The foreign visitors roared with laughter, though they didn't understand a word of what he said," according to Ignaz Franz Castelli, a dramatist of that time.

Satire often flourishes in times of oppression and censorship. In the second quarter of the nineteenth century, during the Metternich regime, playwrights wrote ostensibly of other times and other places in order to make fun of their own situation. Travesties in Hellenic costume showed the Viennese, to their delight, that things had hardly been any better on Mount Olympus, let alone in Hades. Juno nagged at Jupiter, Cerberus could be bribed, Pluto was a stingy "capitalist," and the physicians of Admetus let their patients die while murmuring Latin formulas and behaving with shameless commercialism. When it came to more serious drama, the censors were harder to fool; Schiller's "Don Carlos," with the Marquis of Posa's moving plea for "freedom of thought," was banned from the stage.

The combination of playwright and actor has always been particularly well thought of in Vienna. Ferdinand Raimund, the great playwright-actor of the Metternich era, was infected by the Viennese passion for the stage when he was a confectioner's apprentice and sold pastries in the gallery of the Burgtheater. "Something dark and sinister always stands next to Raimund," Hofmannsthal wrote. "Sometimes it is people's jealousy, their meanness and their envy, then again it is melancholy that dims his personality." The language of his plays is baroque, being a rich mixture of noble and common elements, partly classical in style and partly the voice of Hanswurst. All of Raimund's plays—and notably "Der Diamant des Geisterkönigs" ("The Fairy King's Diamond"), in which a character representing Emperor Franz I appears, in proper satirical disguise; "Der Bauer als Millionär" ("The Peasant as Millionaire"); and what most critics recognize as his masterpiece, "Der Verschwender" ("The Spendthrift")—are a characteristic synthesis of farce and fairy tale. His outlook on life—sentimental, resigned, sometimes despairing, but with moments of cheerfulness—was typically Viennese. So was his end. Lonely, sensitive, and "easily frightened" (so Hofmannsthal, an easily frightened man himself, described him), Raimund committed suicide in 1836.

Raimund's great rival as a playwright-actor was Johann Nepomuk Nestroy, a parodist, moralist, and satirist who began, in proper Viennese style, as a bass-baritone at the Court Opera (he had some success as Sarastro in "The Magic Flute") and later became a celebrated comedian at the Theater an der Wien. Their rivalry in the last few years of Raimund's life delighted the Viennese and naturally created endless arguments and legends in a stagestruck city like Vienna. The critics tended to side with Raimund, who seemed to represent more traditional values, but the crowds flocked to Nestroy, a somewhat sinister funnyman who made them laugh but at the same time exposed human weaknesses. Most of Nestroy's characters are quite ordinary people—shopkeepers and shoemakers—who are terrified of their landlord and dream of *Backhendl* (chicken fried in bread crumbs, the Sunday-and-holiday dish that has come to symbolize a way of life). Nothing escaped Nestroy's sardonic wit. He ridiculed the widespread snobbish Viennese concern with titles by subtly using them (*"Herr von," "Herr Graf"*) as insults, and he wrote with a fine ear for the various shades of Viennese dialect. In "Unverhofft" ("Unexpected"), Nestroy debunked "the threadbare Viennese *Gemütlichkeit*" (which Dr. Hanns Sachs, a pupil of Sigmund Freud, later defined as "a special weakness of character that evades sharp conflict and ignores strong convictions"). In "Freiheit im Krähwinkel" ("Freedom in Crow's Corner"), Nestroy satirized the Revolution of 1848, which took unusual daring. Everybody in the audience knew that the ridiculous people of Krähwinkel were really the Viennese, and everybody laughed and applauded enthusiastically; in fact, the farce ran for the whole month of July, 1848, while the Revolution raged throughout the rest of Europe. Two years later, Nestroy wrote "The Old Man with the Young Wife," which he called a *Volksstück* (popular play). The plot had to do with the escape of a political prisoner, and the censors looked upon it as dynamite; it was not performed in Nestroy's lifetime. In his satirical masterpiece, "Judith and Holofernes," Nestroy attacked another well-established Viennese institution, anti-Semitism, by the brilliant device of presenting typical Viennese characters as Jews and ostensibly holding them up to ridicule while actually exposing the Viennese for their weakness and meanness, their shallow outward charm and lack of inner conviction. Not surprisingly, Nestroy made quite a few enemies among the Viennese. Liberals called him a reactionary, and conservatives damned him as an anarchist. Most people, of course, were content simply to laugh without fretting about deeper meanings. It has always been Vienna's good fortune in times of spiritual or moral decadence to have a satirist around, usually in the theatre, who would debunk the Viennese legends and tell the people the truth about themselves. The Viennese have always accepted criticism, provided it was presented by one of their own people and in a way that would make them laugh. Though Nestroy is the greatest of Austria's satirists, his work is not well known outside his own country, largely because his



"I related to everybody!"

WHITE NIGHTS

(1967)

HALF

Half of a clasping of the hands
is better, long love understands,
than none. So, in her bed, let her,
at arm's reach from my own, get her
sleep untouched by my demands,
as innocent as when from England's
ferry (fifty years!) she stands
before me, my far, far better
half of a clasp.
At our ages, twenty-one and
sixteen, in the Gare du Nord, bands
were born that, when I met her
first, we didn't know a letter
of—the A's, much less the ampersand's,
half of a clasp.

FALLING ASLEEP

Under pain of . . . "till Death do us part" . . . the
letto matrimoniale. At a
touch of any child of any child, we
heard no creak when it became so pat a
pair of beds . . . with space between them, and in time,
for the trundle bed that is up His alley . . .
whatever *He* is up to: Reason? Rhyme?
Don't count on Him for word before . . . Finale!

Meanwhile, *ménage à trois* could be a lot
the meaner if His lying low were less . . .
one wonders about making up His spring.
To make a jump: the knight's eccentric "shot
in the dark" of, saving this, the light of chess—
The life is out; you didn't feel a thing.

NARROW BLACK

Within the midnight room
of my own mind I stand,
whose widest window but
intensifies the gloom.
Moonlight is but the back
quicksilver of a glass
reflecting a reflection,
white awake—in narrow black.
For it still stands, the box
about me, only hip-
high as yet, the nail-like
tap-tapping of the clocks.

WORDS

How well, my dear, will you remember me?
Indeed? And, darling, can you tell me how?
Look in your eyes? Yes, I am in them now—
shining and showery. If you could but see
(as I) what tiny men I seem to be
reflected there! Your eyelids, wide with vow
not to forget me, by your love allow
their little lives. But . . . we are vis-à-vis.

Not in the autumn of your widowed eyes
but in your married mind may I remain.
Dear mind of April, might some kindly rain—
for both of us—clear me beneath its skies,
and tears (that, faintlier, feel their way about)
smooth, in your pupils, sorry footprints out.

LESS AND MORE

I

From him who has not, even that
he hasn't shall be taken:
his hungering, perchance—for what?
From him who has not, even that.
By all that he is reaching at
he's being, as he seeks, forsaken.
From him who has not, even that
he hasn't shall be taken.

II

"All the stones that he can stand
on him heap . . . and more"
could an English judge command.
All the stones that he can stand
on his stomach—foot and hand
eagle-spread on dungeon floor.
All the stones that he can stand
on him heap—and more.

THESE STONES

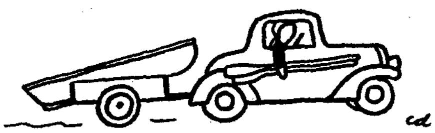
Even to walk in pain is earthen paradise.
These stones—
some dark in grass, more, tender-tended, white—
transmute undying silences of bones
to music all their own beneath this night.

—Hawley Truax

• •

language—a rich mixture of Czech, Hungarian, Croatian, Italian, French, and German, with a whipped-cream topping of the Viennese dialect—is essentially untranslatable.

Nestroy died in 1862, and twenty years later another great comedian, Alexander Girardi, became the darling of Vienna. Unlike Raimund and Nestroy, he didn't write his own material, but he continued their tradition of creating human beings on the stage. In Raimund's plays, Girardi played several parts that Raimund had originally played himself. Perhaps the most famous was Valentin, the carpenter in "The Spendthrift;" *the memory of* Girardi's "Hobellied" ("Plane Song") still brings tears to the eyes of many old people in Vienna. Girardi, like many "typical" Viennese, was not born in Vienna. He came from Graz, in Styria, and he used to say that he played a Viennese part "for the benefit of the Viennese—not what they are but what they would like to be." He created a fashion and a type. The kind of straw hat he wore, called a Girardi, became fashionable in America during Prohibition, and when Girardi himself appeared in Kaerntnerstrasse, swinging an elegant stick and doffing his straw hat to a pretty woman, he was exactly what every Viennese wanted to be—*ein echter Wiener*, who combined in perfect balance a kind of wistful gaiety in anticipation of what



the future may hold and a resigned nostalgia for what might have been.

WITH a few notable exceptions, Austrian literature has tended to be a subcategory of German literature. The very spirit of Vienna may have been expressed by Schubert and Johann Strauss in their melodies, by Fischer von Erlach and Johann Lukas von Hildebrandt in their baroque buildings, by Johann Michael Rottmayr and Moritz von Schwind in their paintings, and by Georg Raphael Donner and Balthasar Permoser in their sculptures, but it was not until the *Vormärz* period—as the tense time before the Revolution that broke out in March, 1848, came to be called—that there emerged an Austrian literature definitely separate from German literature. Although the principal figures of this literature—Raimund, Nestroy, Nikolaus Lenau, Adalbert Stifter, and Franz Grillparzer—all lived and worked in Vienna at the same time, they never formed a unified group. Each of them remained a fierce individualist, and each clearly sensed his isolation and was depressed by it. Nestroy fought all his life against attacks of despondency; Lenau's depression ended in madness; Stifter as well as Raimund committed suicide. As for Grillparzer, his fate has been called typically Viennese, for he seemed to do everything wrong. He never married the girl he loved all his life—though finally, as an old misanthrope, he moved in with her and her sister. As a young poet, already famous at thirty-five, he made a pilgrimage to Weimar to see Goethe, and it turned out like everything else for him:

> To see the idol of my youth, the poet of "Faust," "Clavigo," and "Egmont," as a stiffly formal official offering tea to his guests was a terrible disappointment. I would have preferred it if he'd told me some rude things and thrown me out.

"And the trouble is there's not a thing we can do about it."

• •

Some revolutionary poems by Grillparzer were found in a drawer after his death. Like all Austrian writers of his time, he had been deeply aroused by the authoritarian Metternich regime, with its severe censorship and ubiquitous secret police. But it seemed that he was fated to be too late for everything.

Around 1900, a group that called itself Jung Wien (Young Vienna) began to meet at the Café Griensteidl. It was made up of writers who shared a contempt for bourgeois narrow-mindedness and a concern about the cultural decay they saw around them. As has nearly always been true of artists in Vienna, their personalities were better known than their works. A great many Viennese who rarely read a book or saw a play knew the exact location of the table where Arthur Schnitzler, Richard Beer-Hofmann, or Hermann Bahr was to be found at the Café Griensteidl. In "The World of Yesterday," Stefan Zweig describes Hugo von Hofmannsthal's first appearance in the hallowed inner circle:

> Hermann Bahr often told me of his astonishment when he received for his magazine an essay signed Loris. Never had he received a contribution that scattered such a wealth of thought in such spirited language and with such apparent ease. "Who is Loris? Who is the unknown author?" Bahr asked himself. Certainly an old man who distilled his wisdom in years and years of silent meditation and cultivated in mysterious solitude the sublime essence of language until he had developed it into a source of almost voluptuous magic. And such a sage, such a blessed poet, was living in the same city, and he had never heard of him! Bahr wrote at once to the unknown and made an appointment at the Café Griensteidl, the headquarters of the young literature. Suddenly a slim *Gymnasiast* [high-school student] who wore short pants and certainly had not yet begun to shave walked lightly to Bahr's table, bowed, and said, in a high-pitched boy's voice, "Hofmannsthal. I am Loris." Even years afterward, Bahr grew excited as he tried to describe his astonishment. At first, he had refused to believe that a

Gymnasiast could possess such art and understanding, such depth of feeling and knowledge of life.

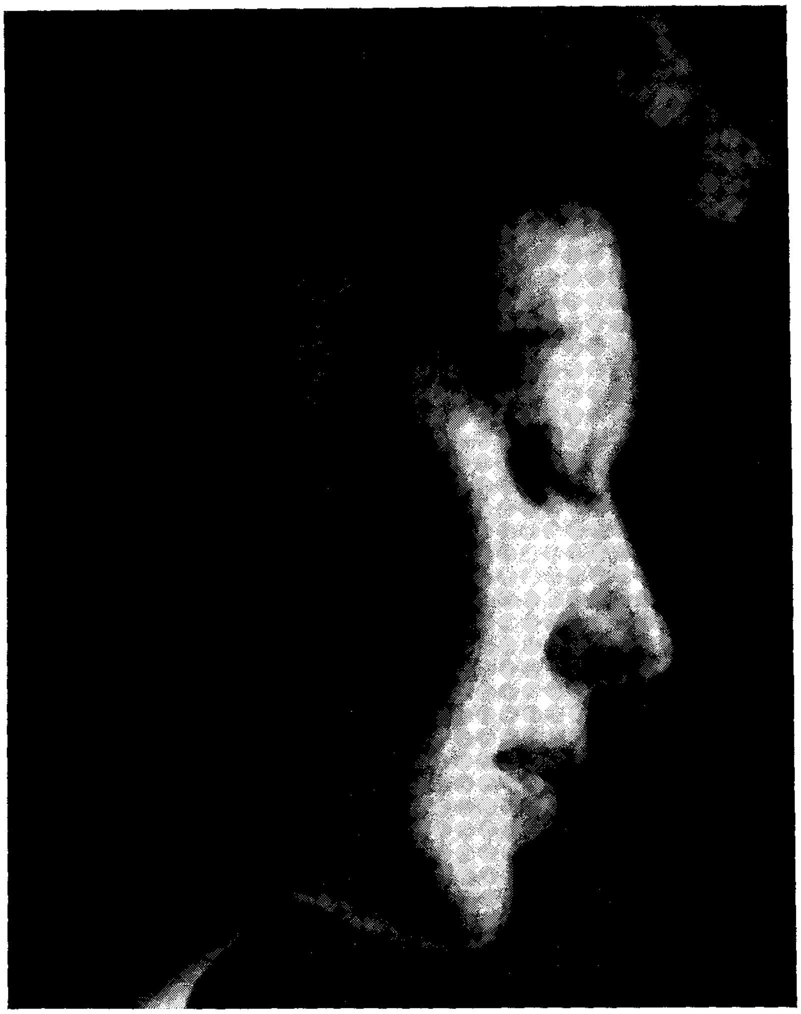
Later, Schnitzler invited the *Gymnasiast* to read one of his works, a verse play, aloud to him. Schnitzler told Zweig, "I had the feeling of having encountered a born genius for the first time in my life. Never in my entire life have I been so overwhelmed."

The writers of Jung Wien had a number of things in common: a feeling for beauty of style, an infatuation with poetry, a deep love of Vienna. They would read their works to each other, and even listen to each other's suggestions. Bahr was an influential drama critic, and his reviews helped Schnitzler to be accepted by the exalted Burgtheater. He is also credited with having helped to discover the unusual talent of Eleonora Duse. One time, Bahr wrote sarcastically about an actress and was challenged to a duel by her brother, a young officer. The duel was fought with pistols, and, fortunately, both duellists missed. A few days later, the actress wrote to Bahr complaining that first he had ruined her career and then he had tried to murder her brother; it was too much, she said—she was giving up the stage and going home. Bahr was also involved in another duel, in which the referee, a famous doctor named Thomas, may have saved a life by throwing his hat into the air between the two men just as he shouted the command to fire. Both instinctively fired at the hat rather than each other. A moment later, they shook hands, and Dr. Thomas invited everybody for a good breakfast at the Café Griensteidl.

Quite a few of the Jung Wien writers came from solid, bourgeois family backgrounds—a source of embarrassment to them. For instance, one of Hofmannsthal's great-grandfathers was a Jewish silk merchant named Isak Löw Hofmann, who had come to Vienna from Prague in 1788, become a millionaire, and been ennobled by Emperor Franz I. Herr Hofmann changed his name to von Hofmannsthal and had an impressive coat of arms designed that included a mulberry leaf, to symbolize the source of his fortune, and the tablets of the law. (Did Hugo von Hofmannsthal think of his ancestor when he created the amusingly vain character of the recently ennobled Herr von Faninal in "Der Rosenkavalier"?) A son of the silk millionaire became a Catholic and married an Italian girl, and *his* son, the father of the poet, married an Austrian Catholic girl. Hugo was raised as a Catholic, but he always remained conscious of his Jewish heritage, and he once wrote, "*Ganz vergessener Völker Müdigkeiten kann ich nicht abtun von meinen Lidern*" ("I cannot brush off my eyelids the weariness of these completely forgotten peoples"). Several of the members of Jung Wien attempted to break away from their bourgeois backgrounds by changing their names. Egon Friedmann, whose father was a silk manufacturer, became the cultural historian Egon Friedell. Richard Engländer turned into the bohemian coffeehouse poet Peter Altenberg, but then even that began to sound too bourgeois, so he called himself just P.A. To be sure, Vienna's writers didn't scorn the comforts of wealth. Schnitzler, Beer-Hofmann, Bahr, and Hofmannsthal all had beautiful homes, surrounded by gardens and looked after by servants. But they could never forget that the great Romantic epoch was over and that they lived in a time of decadence. They became introspective, and their work became increasingly precious, for they cared more about style than content. They avoided reality. Hofmannsthal said that he saw himself as "*frühgereift und zart und traurig*"—early-matured and delicate and wistful.

Hofmannsthal, who lived from 1874 to 1929, remains Vienna's greatest twentieth-century poet. He is perhaps best known in America as Richard Strauss's librettist for "Elektra" and "Der Rosenkavalier." In an essay called "Hofmannsthal and His Time," Hermann Broch says that the poet "walked as an exotic prince without companions . . . through a reality which, out of loneliness, deepened and widened into a dream, and so became the fairy-tale solace of his loneliness." Hofmannsthal patterned the language of his lyrics after that of Goethe and Hölderlin, and, like Hölderlin, he ultimately got lost in his dream world and was unable to create reality; he

LOVE THY NEIGHBOR
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR
LOVE THY NEIGHBOR
THY NEIGHBOR
BEWARE OF PICKPOCKETS
TON SMITS



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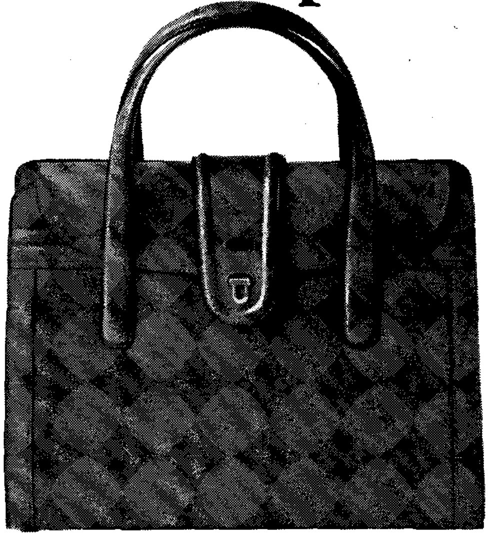

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knew it and suffered terribly. His great novel, "Andreas," remained unfinished, like so many other beautiful things in Vienna. His play "Der Schwierige" ("The Difficult One") is now considered the finest modern comedy of the German stage; nowhere is it better performed than in Vienna, where all the prominent actors have spent their lives studying the nuances of Hofmannsthal's style of speech. Hofmannsthal has been identified with the passive hero of the play, Graf Buhl—an immensely sensitive, diffident, and elegant man, who remarks at one point, "The very act of saying *anything definite* is somewhat indecent. And, strictly speaking, there is something impertinent about trying to experience certain things."

Schnitzler was so impressed by Hofmannsthal, who was twelve years his junior, that he sent the young poet his manuscripts for criticism, and rewrote some parts of "Anatol" as a result of Hofmannsthal's suggestions. On February 15, 1903, after reading the manuscript of Schnitzler's play "Reigen" (many people think of it by its French title, "La Ronde"), Hofmannsthal and Beer-Hofmann wrote a joint letter to the playwright. They addressed Schnitzler as "Dear Pornographer," and contributed alternate paragraphs. "Much will depend on who is going to publish this smut," wrote Hofmannsthal. "If it should be a serious publisher, then it would be all right, because it is your best book, you *Schmutzfink* [dirty fellow]." Beer-Hofmann wrote, "You must get enough money for it (in advance, because money paid afterward might be confiscated) to compensate you for all the trouble you are going to have with gossip. Whether I would try to have it published, I don't know. Probably I would ask *you*." Hofmannsthal added, "I would have it published, against a considerable advance, and under *your* name. (The advance would be payable in *my* name.)" A chain of terrifying satirical dialogues on the decadence of Vienna prior to the First World War and on the mating habits of the Viennese, "Reigen" reveals Arthur Schnitzler in full maturity as the most important playwright of the era that Hermann Broch called "Vienna's gay apocalypse." Schnitzler was born in 1862, into a highly cultured Jewish family. When he was young, anti-Semitism was generally dismissed by intelligent people as a vulgar lower-class phenomenon in Vienna; acting anti-Semitic was simply "not done." Unlike later Jewish writers in Vienna—Karl Kraus, Stefan Zweig, Egon Friedell—Schnitz-

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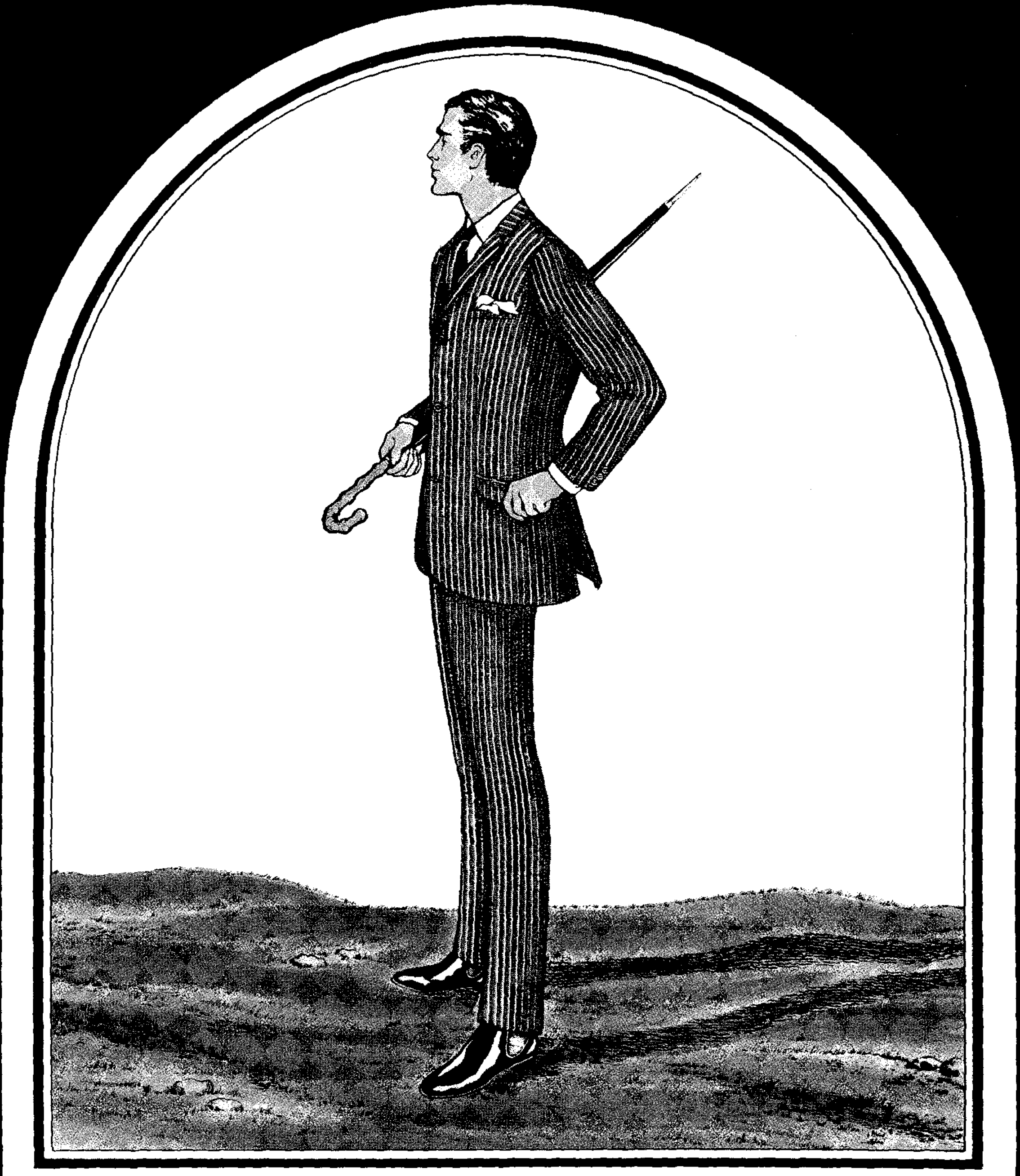

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ler was hardly aware of discrimination. He was trained, and had practiced, as a physician, and perhaps that experience gave him both insight into the conflicts and tragedies of life and a unique ability to write comedies about them with detachment. In "Anatol," he created a young Viennese poet who believes himself to be in love with a woman but is really in love only with himself. A great many young men in Vienna have since been referred to as Anatols. Another famous creation of Schnitzler's is the Viennese *femme fatale*—an attractive married woman who may slip out of her bourgeois home late in the afternoon, veiled and mysterious, to spend the blue hour with her lover, knowing the risks and quite willing to take them. Schnitzler expressed in his poetry what Schubert had expressed eighty years earlier in his music. "So much of what we now live through and suffer started around 1900, and amazingly much of it in Vienna," Hans Weigel, a contemporary critic, has written. "For instance, what we call 'modern literature' began, quite inconspicuously, in Schnitzler's one-act plays, in which a strange game is played with reality, and a question mark set behind the reality of the world they depict. But this literary revolution was unannounced and unobserved. In music and psychology, there were Viennese schools; painting and architecture had their trends and scandals; but the Jung Wien literature of around 1900 spread only accidentally across the borders of the country. . . . Schnitzler's perceptions are new, though he often presents them by conventional means." Of all the modern Austrian playwrights, Schnitzler is now the most popular, and he is performed more often today than he was before his death. It seems that his penetrating analysis of a decadent society makes him quite universal, very close to our own consciousness. No one understood this better than Sigmund Freud, who wrote to Schnitzler on June 8, 1906:

> I have often asked myself, wonderingly, where you have been able to get that secret knowledge which I have had to acquire through laborious investigation. In the end, I have come to envy the poet, whom I only admired before.

THE three great Austrian novelists of our century have been Hermann Broch, Robert Musil, and Heimito von Doderer. All had known the Empire, had undoubtedly sung Haydn's beautiful national anthem "Gott Erhalte Unseren Kaiser," and had seen their fathers and older friends leave for the front in elegant light-blue tunics, many of them not to return. These

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writers had witnessed the collapse of a civilization, and were resigned to never seeing a new one. Broch, whose most important work is "Der Schlafwaendler" ("The Sleepwalkers"), left Austria at the time of the Anschluss in 1938 to live in exile in the United States, where he was on the faculties of Princeton and Yale, until his death in 1951. Robert Musil, an Austrian of partly Czech descent, has in recent years been acclaimed as a major figure of world literature. His monumental novel "The Man Without Qualities," a complex satire on Vienna on the eve of the First World War, was never finished but is nevertheless one of the longest novels in literature. Musil admired Dostoevski, Tolstoy, and Balzac, and he strove to write in their great tradition. Since he was an Austrian, however, he inevitably found himself dealing with the favorite theme of Viennese literature, the conflict between *Sein* (what one is) and *Scheinen* (what one wants to appear to others). The novel is a magnificent exercise in the counterpoint between thoughts and behavior. Ulrich, the hero, is a passive character; he tries to be himself but is unable to achieve this goal and therefore submits to the indecipherable pattern of the world. "I am not the kind of author who tells his readers what they want to hear, because they know it anyway," Musil wrote in a letter in 1940, two years before his death. "My attitude and my work tend rather more toward the severe, and my readers have gradually come to me, not I to them." The third of the important Austrian novelists, Heimito von Doderer, lived until 1966. His novels "Die Dämonen" and "Die Strudelhofstiege" are wonderfully rich chronicles of Vienna and the Viennese, and his last book, a work called simply "Roman No. 7," was left unfinished. Although he has been compared to Proust, Doderer lived out his life almost unknown in Vienna.

The sort of neglect that Doderer suffered from is all too common in Vienna. In the Paris Métro and the London Underground, many people can always be seen reading books; in Vienna's streetcars, there are only newspapers. "In its book production, Vienna is reflected as in a small hand mirror. Only in its newspaper production does it stand in front of a large dressing-room mirror and appear as a literary person from head to toe," the satirist Ferdinand Kürnberger wrote in 1873. By 1900, Vienna's newspapers were acknowledged to be the best in Europe. They created a style and in-

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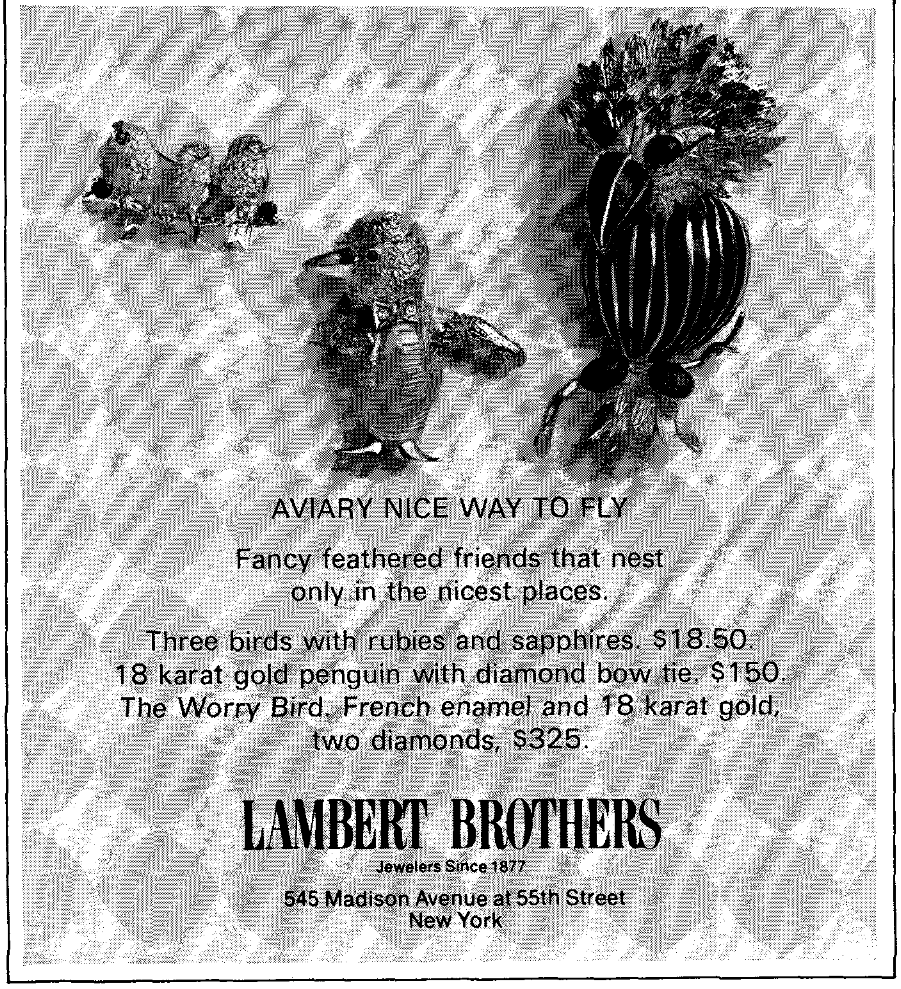

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stituted a fashion, and were widely, if unsuccessfully, imitated in Germany. According to some critics, the literary genre of the *feuilleton* reached its highest point of development in the newspapers of Vienna. "Nothing is more significant for Vienna than the hegemony of the *feuilleton*," Franz Servaes wrote in 1908. "It is analogous to the fact that in the graphic arts the *Kleinkunst* [small work of art] of the ornamental artisans is more representative of our city than great painting. The *feuilleton* proves again that the Viennese have a gift for the making of small, graceful things. They know how to spiritualize matter through form." The *feuilleton* is a casual essay that presents in a small space—rarely more than two thousand words—a graceful reflection, sometimes on a topical event, couched in an easy style that combines information and entertainment and, at its best, a certain depth and wisdom. The language is cultivated, and the style is lucid. The early masters of the Viennese *feuilleton*—Ludwig Speidel, Eduard Hanslick, Daniel Spitzer, Ferdinand Kürnberger—wrote little portraits of Vienna and the Viennese, producing literary gems that have shown astonishing durability.

There was the same kind of strong bond in Vienna between journalists and their readers as that between theatrical performers and their audiences. The outstanding newspaper during the final half century of the Hapsburg Empire was the *Neue Freie Presse*, which was founded in 1864 and became the unofficial sounding board of the government under Franz Josef I. (The official paper, *Wiener Zeitung*, had only a small circulation.) The *Presse*, which ran rather pompous editorials by Moritz Benedikt, was a necessity of life for the bourgeoisie throughout the vast Austro-Hungarian Empire. Because of its excellent *feuilletons* and literary and musical reviews, the *Presse* was a daily encyclopedia of all the things that a member in good standing of bourgeois or aristocratic society was expected to know and to talk about.

The most sardonic, the most widely quoted, and by far the most brilliant critic who wrote for the *Presse* was Karl Kraus, a moralist, satirist, playwright, and poet who used an inimitable mixture of allusions, puns, neologisms, and other verbal inventions to ridicule everything from popular idols to the most solemnly respected literature. He was immensely egotistical, and among the objects of his contempt were Schnitzler, Hofmannsthal, and Sigmund Freud. Yet even his victims

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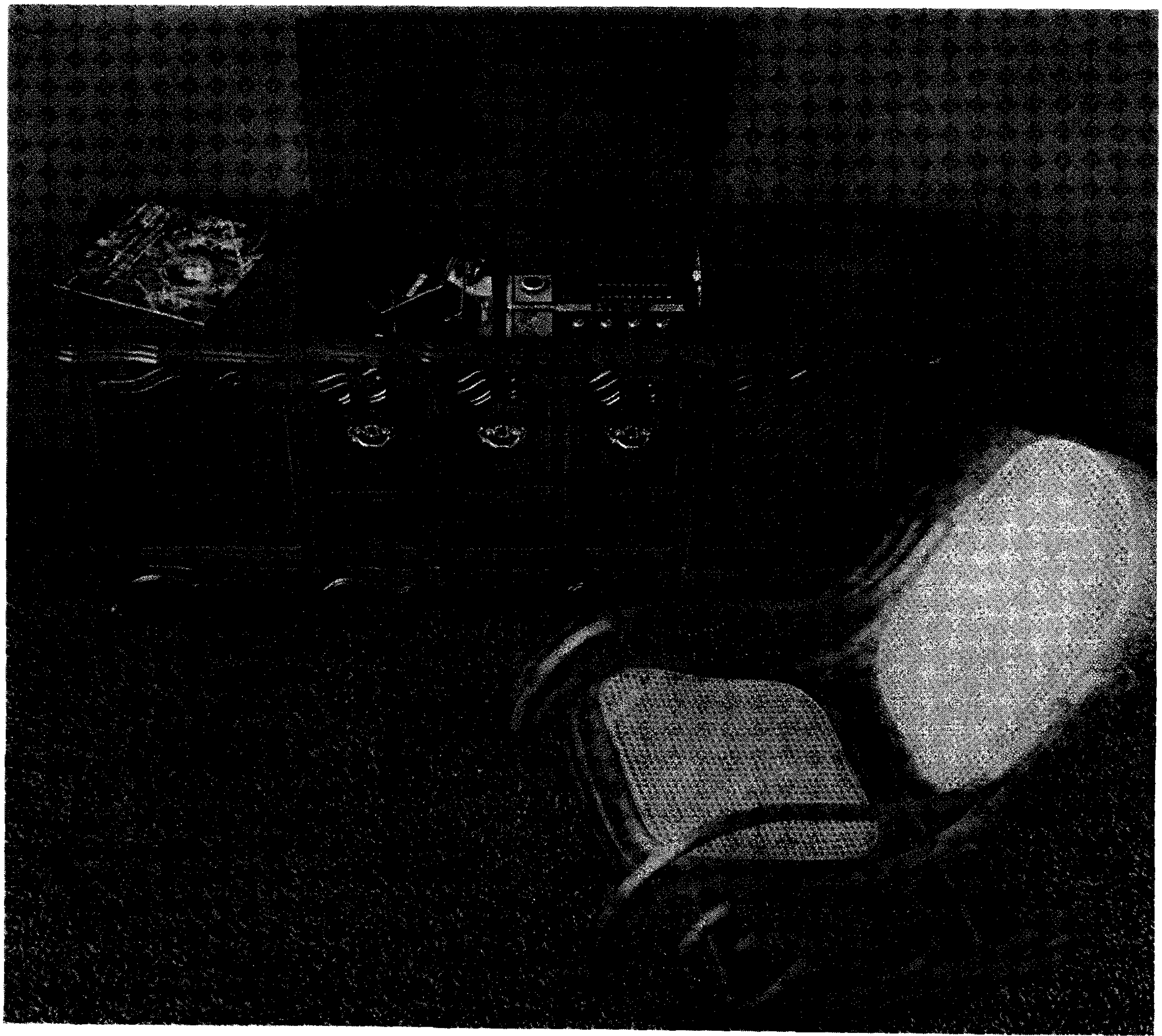

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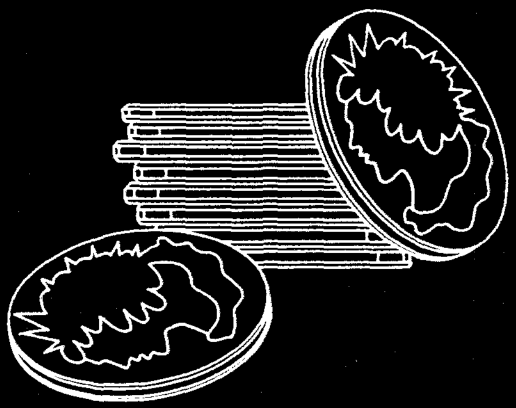

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and his enemies respected his integrity. He became a modern prophet when he described the apocalypse of the Hapsburg monarchy in his drama "The Last Days of Mankind," an enormous work, which has never been performed without cuts. It would take more than twelve hours—almost as long as Wagner's "Der Ring." In his critical essays in the *Presse*, and in his magazine *Die Fackel* ("The Torch"), Kraus attacked everything that was false about Vienna, got involved in epic feuds, and offended almost everybody. By the time he died, in 1936, he was admired by only a small clique of fanatical followers. Since then, however, he has been compared to Kierkegaard, Kafka, and Eliot, and he is now recognized as one of the great innovators of the German language.

THE apocalypse that Kraus had prophesied came to pass, and at the end of the First World War what had been the capital of an empire with a population of fifty-six million became the *Wasserkopf* (swollen head) of an impoverished republic with six million inhabitants. The one field in which Vienna, hungry and cold and poor, remained a great power was music, and the center of Vienna's musical power was its opera house. It was no longer called the Court Opera, for the court was gone; it would henceforth be known as the State Opera. Monarchists and republicans, radicals and conservatives agreed on nothing except the Opera. As had often happened in the past, especially in times of misery, the Viennese were able to ignore daytime realities by escaping into the evening world of make-believe. A reason for an opera festival was quickly found—the fiftieth anniversary of the house, which had been opened in 1869. Twenty-two gala evenings in 1919, in the middle of political and economic chaos, proved that the Vienna Opera had lost none of its brilliance and the Viennese none of their *Lebenskunst*.

The most important event at the Opera in the postwar period was the appointment of Richard Strauss as its co-director, with Franz Schalk. Strauss, who had often been attacked in Vienna (as recently as 1917 his "Salome" had been banned from the Court Opera), took the job because he was convinced that the Vienna Opera would survive even if Austria did not; also, the municipality gave him for his own use a generous lease on a magnificent building site near the Belvedere, where two hundred years earlier the Viennese had

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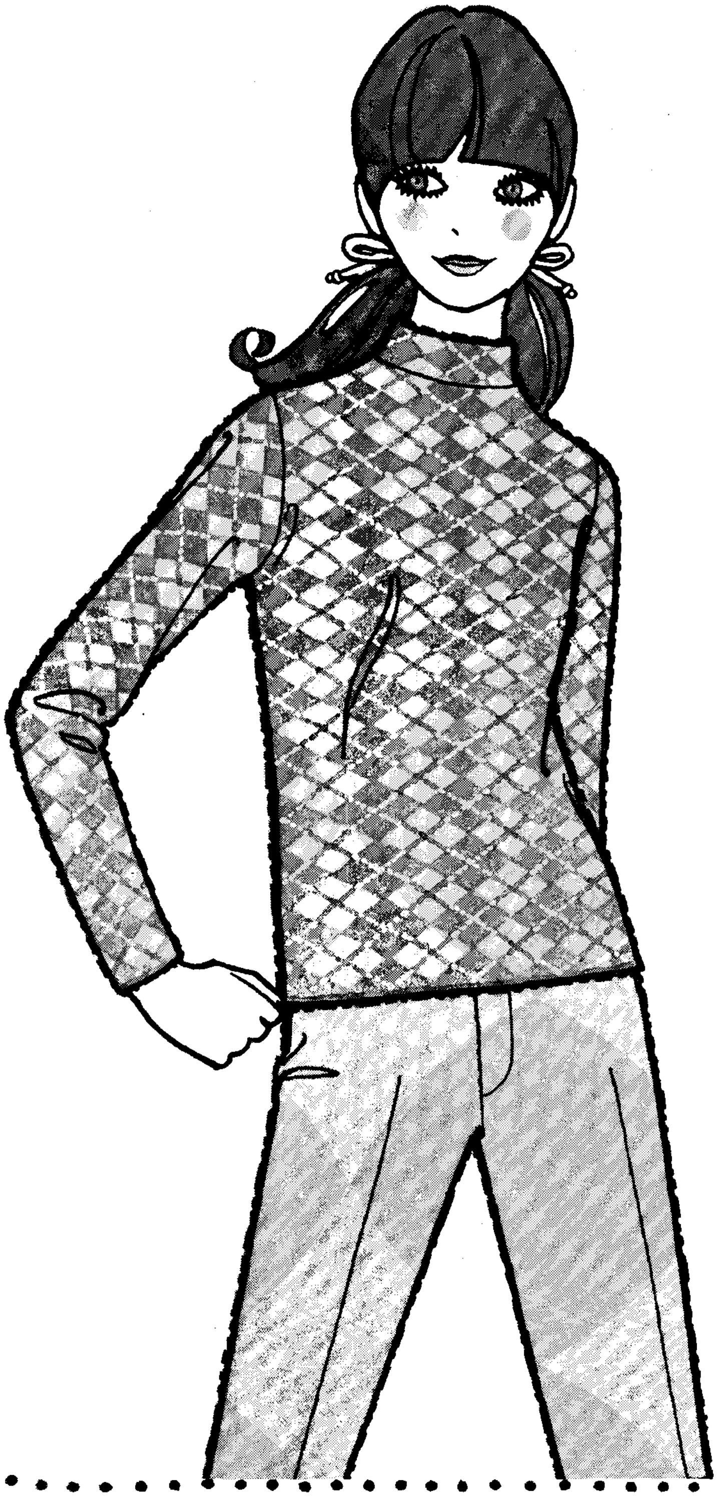

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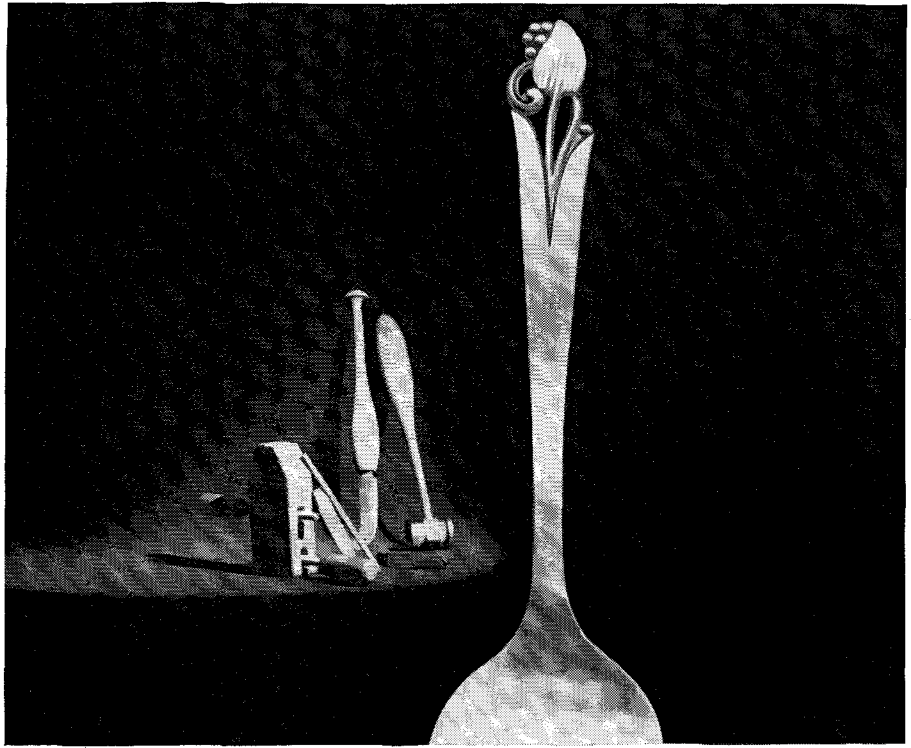

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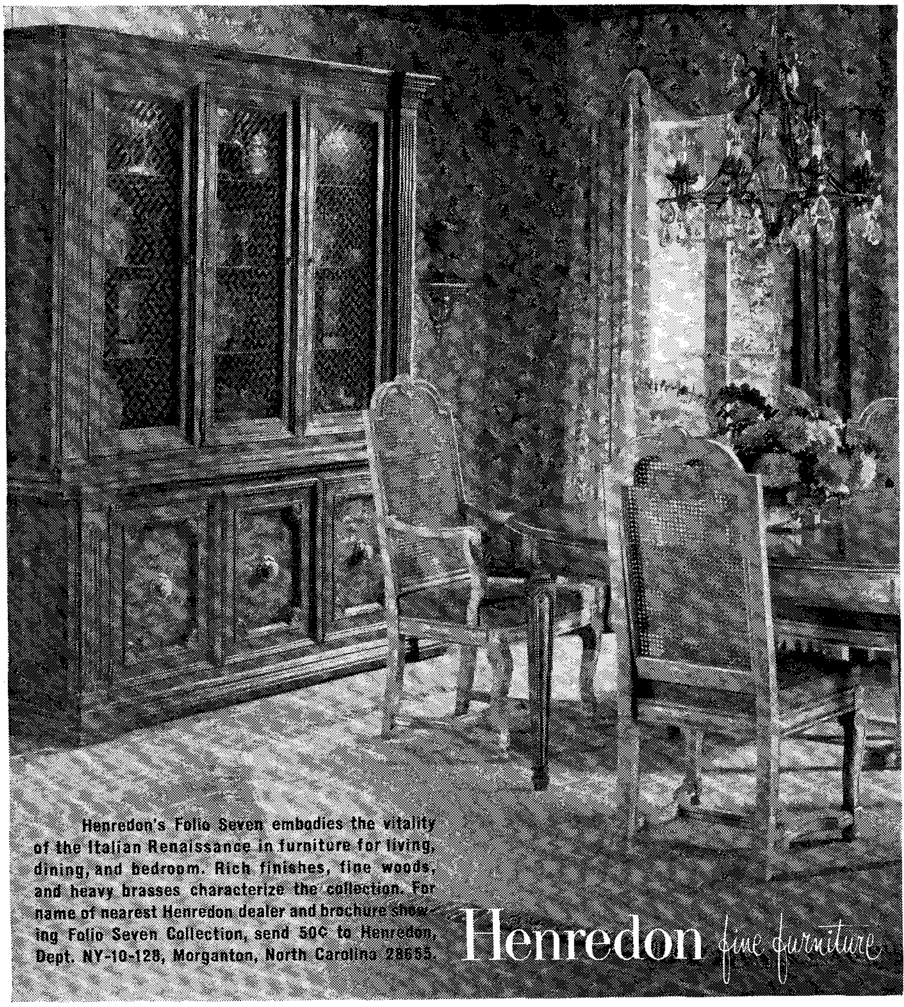

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given a much bigger site to Prince Eugene of Savoy, a hero of the wars against the Turks. Strauss lasted five years as a director at the State Opera, until he was chased out by intrigues similar to those that had earlier driven Gustav Mahler out of the job (and later drove out Herbert von Karajan). But they were a glorious five years for the Opera. There was hunger and inflation in Vienna; banks failed and were turned into coffeehouses, a streetcar ride cost a fortune, but the Opera was sold out every night. And why not? Money had lost all value and nothing was certain except the wonderful excitement one would have that night at the Opera. Could there be a nicer way of forgetting one's troubles for three hours—or, if the opera was by Wagner, five or six?

In the nineteen-twenties and early thirties, after the breakup of the Empire, Vienna seemed to be the temporary capital of all the new talents and new ideas that were revolutionizing the culture of Europe. In the theatre, there was Max Reinhardt. With the help of Camillo Castiglione—a financial wizard who built up a fantastic banking fortune in postwar Vienna but then made the mistake of challenging the Rothschilds and was ruined—Reinhardt took over the old Theater in der Josefstadt, using it to develop the perfect art of ensemble playing, in which even celebrated performers were content to forsake star billing and take relatively minor parts. It is still one of Vienna's finest repertory theatres. Adolf Loos and Otto Wagner were changing European architecture. Egon Schiele, whom the art historian E. H. Buschbeck called "a proletarian rebel, in the human, not the political, sense," had died of influenza in 1918, but his fascinatingly ugly paintings—sick children, frank carnality, brutally bleak views of Vienna's poor districts—influenced a whole generation of artists. Oskar Kokoschka, another artistic rebel, turned toward Expressionism and went to Germany. In musical composition, Arnold Schoenberg and his disciples concluded that the tonal system that had existed since the Renaissance could no longer express what they felt and thought. Vienna, the home of musical classicism, became the birthplace of the phenomenon called modern music, which is still shocking people. Alban Berg progressed from tonality to the dodecaphonic technique developed by Schoenberg, but he later reverted to the tonal system, and in the great violin concerto that he wrote toward the end of his short life he blended elements of

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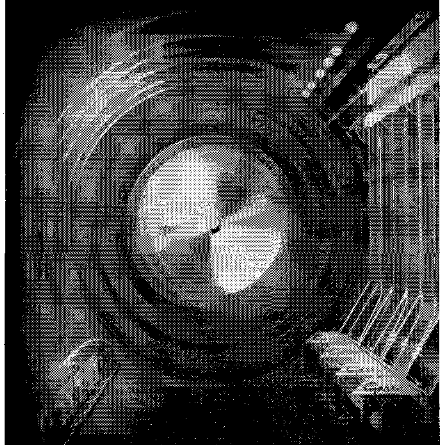

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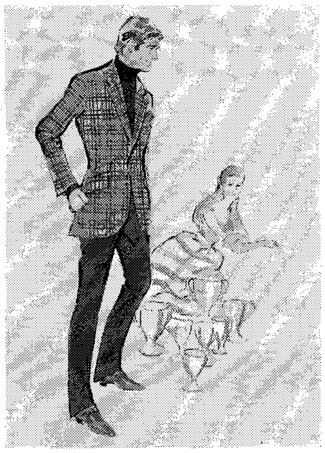
Expressionism, dodecaphony, and the "old" tonal system. Anton Webern carried Schoenberg's revolution to such lengths of refinement and subtlety that the continuity of his musical "illusions" is hard for anyone but a devoted Webern student to perceive. And suddenly there were groups of people in Vienna who cared seriously about literature—that is, about what writers had to say rather than about their antics in the coffeehouses. A number of groups were keeping in touch with literature abroad, too. A few old men from the days of the Jung Wien were still around, and they were joined by such new talents as Franz Werfel, Robert Neumann, Anton Wildgans, Alexander Lernet-Holenia, Alfred Polgar, Felix Braun, Max Mell, and Franz Theodor Csokor. For a few happy years, Vienna was *the* literary city in the German-speaking countries of Europe.

It didn't last. In retrospect, we see only the flickering of a candle before the storm of Nazism blew out all the lights. The writers and many of their readers dispersed, some into exile, some to concentration camps. Those who stayed behind were cut off from the currents of world literature. It has been said that this was the end not only of an era but of a basic quality in the life of the city. The late Oskar Karlweis, an actor who emigrated to America and became a success on Broadway in the Werfel-Behrman play "Jacobowsky and the Colonel," returned after the war and performed again in Vienna, but he found the audiences much changed; they didn't react in the stimulating way audiences of the thirties had. "They laughed a fraction of a second too late," Karlweis said. "Comedians had to revise their timing."

"Du Silberne Dame Du," a recently published collection of letters written to and by Lina Loos, the first wife of the architect Adolf Loos, brilliantly illumines the rise and fall of literary Vienna in the years before the war. Lina Obertimpfler was born in 1882 in the building that housed the Casa Pìccola, a famous coffeehouse of which her father was then the owner. (Napoleon's War Council met at the Casa Pìccola in 1809, and in 1820 it was the scene of Metternich's police raids against the Carbonari, the secret Italian society that fought for Italy's liberation from the Hapsburgs.) At the time of her marriage, in 1902, Lina was called the most beautiful woman in Vienna. Loos, a fanatic exponent of lean, unornamented beauty, had proposed to her, when she was only sixteen, after



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showing her two boxes, one a gold box with heavy baroque ornaments, the other a simple, unadorned box of birchwood, and asking her to choose one. Lina took the wooden box, and Loos decided that she instinctively shared his theory of "ornament and crime." But the marriage soon broke up, and afterward Lina became a celebrated *diseuse* (in Berlin she was compared to Yvette Guilbert), an actress, a gifted writer, and the friend of many writers and musicians. Peter Altenberg thought of himself as "Lina's Tristan," and Egon Friedell declared that he had always been in love with her. The Neo-Romantics and the Expressionists, the *fin-de-siècle* writers, the creators of the Bauhaus—everybody seemed to gather around Lina Loos. Her circle included Franz Werfel and Alma Mahler-Werfel, Berta Zuckerkandl (the sister-in-law of Georges Clemenceau), the playwright Georg Kaiser, the great Viennese dancer Grete Wiesenthal, the gifted actress Margarete Köppke, August Strindberg's daughter Kerstin, and the Catholic poet and playwright Franz Theodor Csokor, one of the few non-Jewish Austrian intellectuals who voluntarily went into exile in 1938—because, he said, he "couldn't stand the inhumanity and meanness of the Viennese." Csokor helped edit the letters that Lina Loos wrote and received, and of them he has written:

> They lead from the dreamy Vienna of yesterday, by way of the civil war of February and July, 1934 [when the Socialist Party was destroyed and Austrian Nazis killed Chancellor Engelbert Dollfuss], and the end of Austria, in 1938, into the world of 1945, when the people came out of their broken houses with broken hearts, to meet again in the cold light of defeat. Only a very few had kept a clean, unbroken conscience, by daring to defy the depreciation of human values in these dark years. . . . Lina Loos was one of the very few.

One of Csokor's own letters, written to Lina Loos on June 17, 1939, is from Poland, where he found temporary asylum until Hitler's blitzkrieg forced him to flee again. The letter, which had to pass the Nazi censors in Vienna, is written in a sort of private code:

> My dear . . . Your letter contains nothing but sad news. Ö. [Ödön von Horvath] is dead, and so are G. and K., and all in the same way as Egon [Friedell]. Strange that his sickness [read "suicide"] is now so widespread there [in Vienna]. I feel as though we stood at the grave of a whole world that had so much merry melancholy and dreamy seriousness. Remember the novel "Radetzkymarsch"? Its author [Joseph Roth] followed Ödön, whom he loved. In a bistro of the Si-

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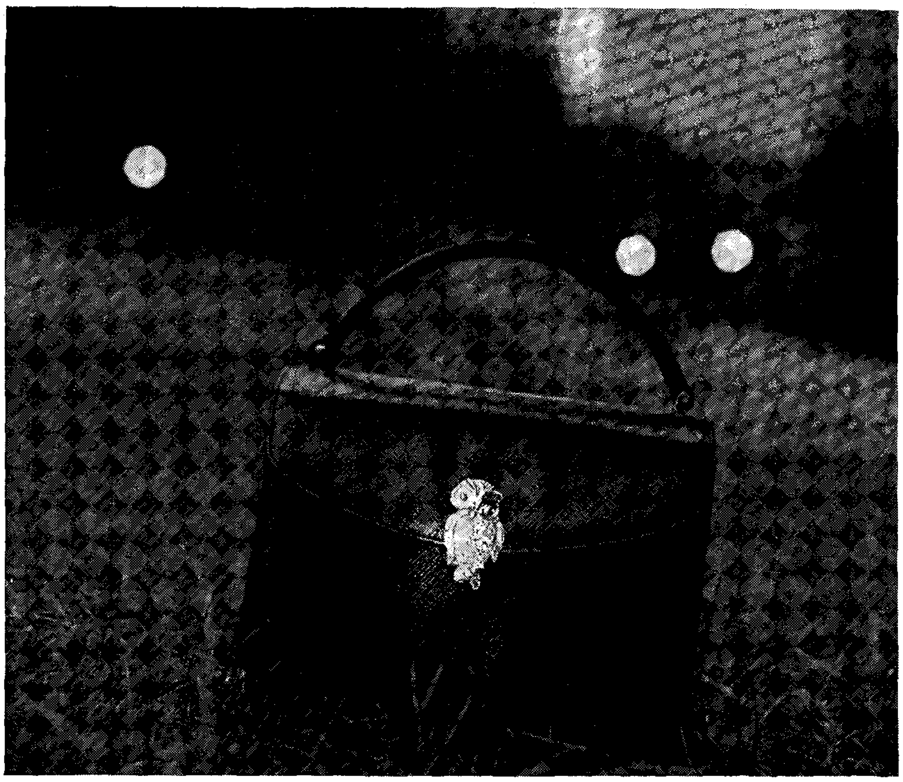

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xième Arrondissement, he collapsed. . . . And T. [the playwright Ernst Toller] hanged himself in a New York boarding house. . . . "Even the trees seem artificial here," the other Rudi [the actor Rudolf Forster] writes from Hollywood; he asked me to send him a certain poem about Vienna. . . . Yes, strange wishes reach me here from everywhere. . . . And I walk as in a dream through the southern district of Warsaw, where my friend Józef Wittlin [the famous Polish novelist] lives, and the street reminds me of our Iglaseegasse in Döbling, and now Streetcar No. 39—your streetcar!—comes around the corner, and I shall see the vineyards of the Wienerwald. . . . But no, it's only my loneliness that led me astray.

Lina Loos died in 1950, after a terrible illness, about which she never said a word, even to her closest friends. Csokor remembers that as a schoolgirl she had been asked what she wanted to be in life and had answered, "Martyr."

By the time literary Vienna had had a chance to recover from the effects of the Anschluss and the war, the centrifugal forces were too strong for the young people to resist. Many artists were leaving Vienna to live in Germany, Switzerland, France, Spain. The government, private sponsors, and even industrial firms try to stimulate literary production by arranging contests and awarding prizes. The Austrian Society for Literature tries to keep in touch with what's happening abroad, and some intellectuals have tried to create a role for Vienna as a bridge between East and West. But Vienna today is a provincial dead end rather than an international center for talent and ideas.

OF Vienna's best-known contributions to modern civilization—the waltz, a particular style of operetta, pastry, and psychoanalysis—psychoanalysis would appear to be the one held in least esteem today in the city where Sigmund Freud created it. About a dozen physicians practice it, some only as a sideline. There is still a Psychological Institute in Vienna, but it is small and has only a few students, almost none of them Austrians. And yet Freud's work was in many ways the most noteworthy product of one of the city's proudest institutions. The University of Vienna's School of Medicine, founded in the late eighteen-thirties (together with noted schools of geology and geography) under the patronage of Metternich, was developed by such great figures of modern medical science as Karl Freiherr von Rokitansky, the founder of pathological anatomy; the

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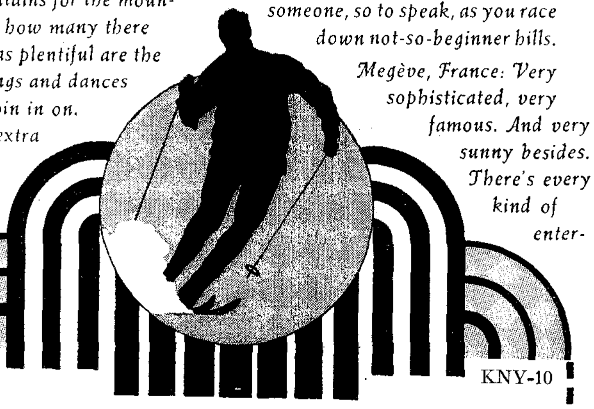

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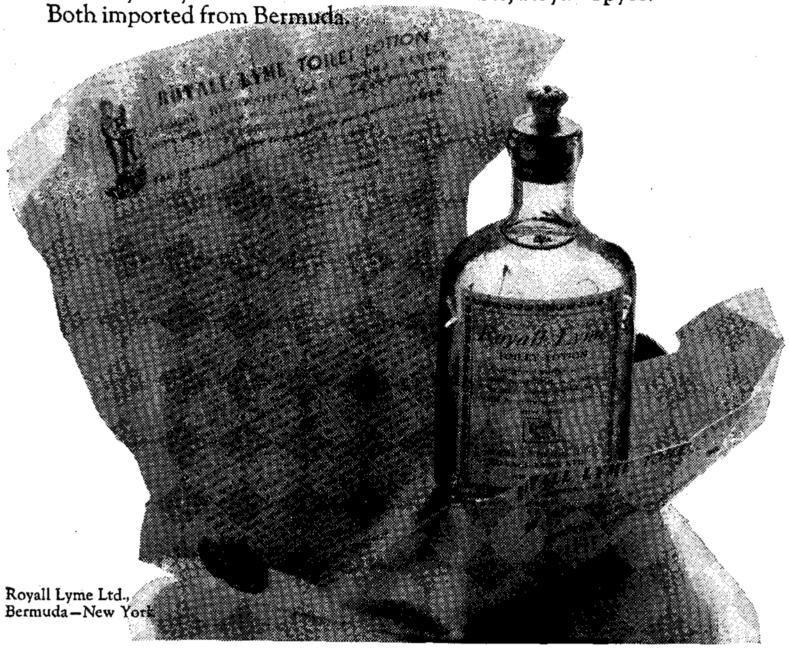

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brilliant diagnostician Josef Skoda; and I. P. Semmelweis, who discovered that puerperal fever is contagious. Viennese medicine reached the height of its fame in the last days of the Hapsburg Empire. Medical students and patients flocked to Vienna from all over the world during the early years of the century. But a decline set in after the First World War, and later the Nazis drove out many of the remaining great scientists. As a result, Vienna has been cut off from the phenomenal advances in medical science during recent years. Freud, who certainly did more than any other citizen of Vienna in the past century to influence modern thinking, was a member of the faculty at the School of Medicine. He spent seventy-nine years of his life in Vienna, and he always considered himself a Viennese, though he was a native of Moravia. He hesitated to leave Vienna even when his life was threatened by the Nazis. He clearly felt a very close—if complicated—attachment to this city, though it had given him a good many reasons to dislike it, foremost among them being its anti-Semitism.

The history of the Jews in the environs of what is now Vienna (which Hermann Göring in 1938 called "the most Jewish city in Europe") begins before the Christian era. After the destruction of the Temple in Jerusalem, in 87 B.C., members of the Tenth Roman Legion were transferred from Judea to the Roman *castellum* of Vindobona, on the site of the present city, and brought along a number of Jewish women as slaves and mistresses, who raised their children as Jews. Excavations have produced oil lamps from this era made of clay with the sign of the Jewish menorah. The Roman Emperor Caracalla bestowed Roman citizenship on the Jews in the frontier fortifications, but over the centuries following the fall of Rome their fortunes declined. In the tenth century, Jews were the subject of restrictive decrees and special confiscatory laws. They were forbidden, among other things, to acquire land and to practice certain trades. At about this time, local governors began hiring Jews to perform unpopular duties, such as the collection of taxes. And since the Church forbade Christians to charge interest for lending money, the Jews became moneylenders, too, sometimes operating with funds belonging to Christians. Creditors have rarely been popular with their debtors, and when the debtors happened to be powerful rulers they could choose to settle accounts with their creditors by expelling them. All

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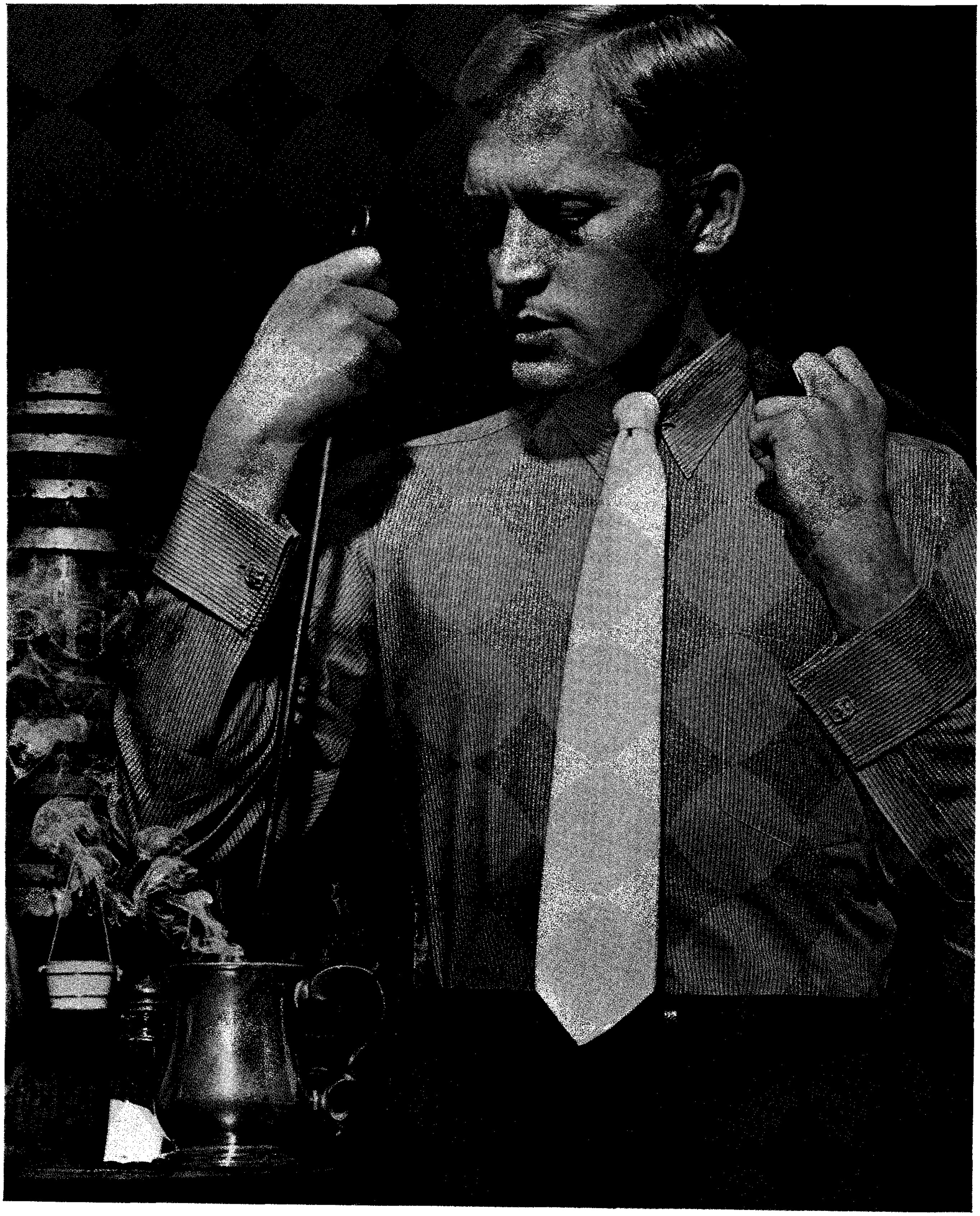

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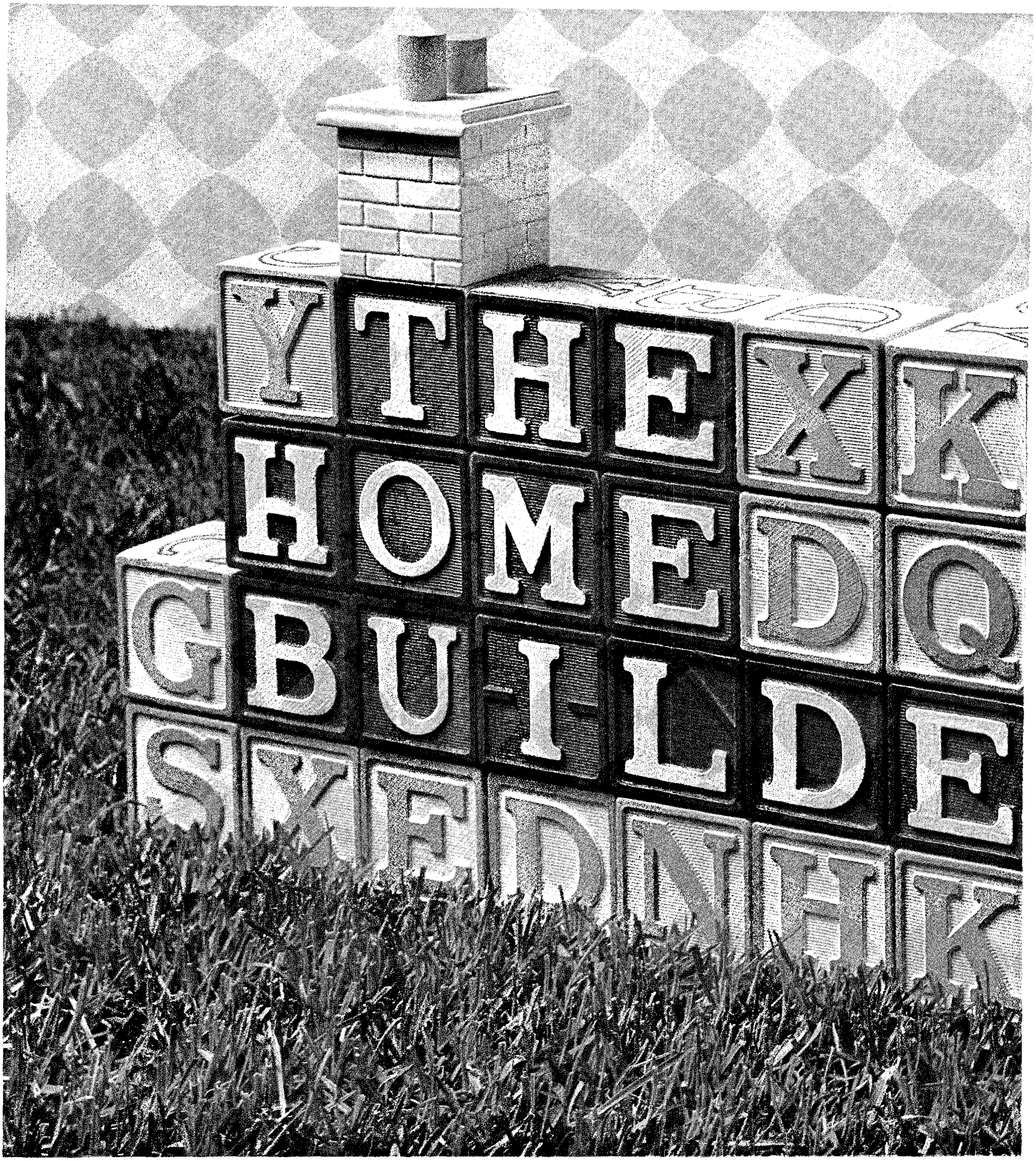

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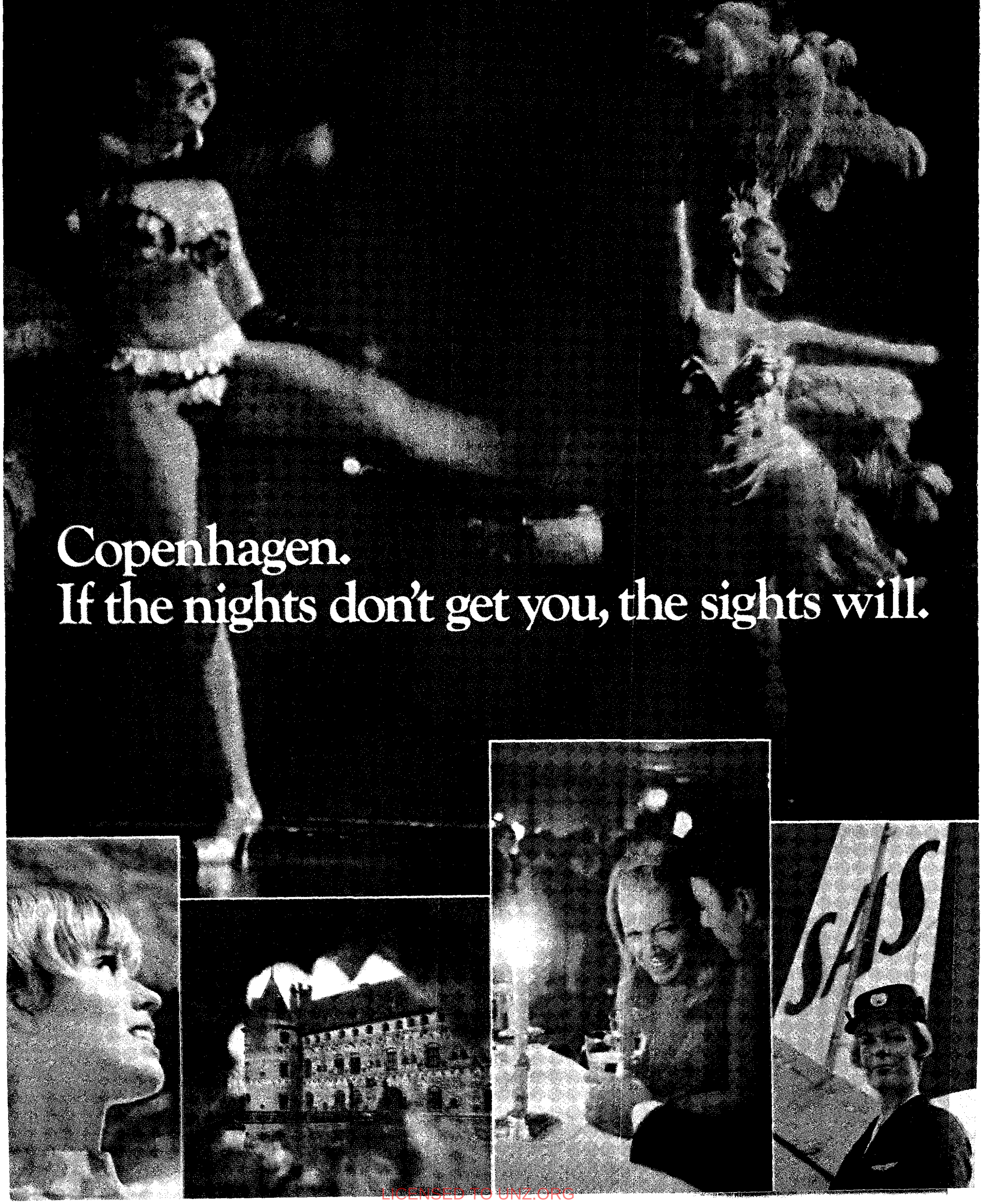

Copenhagen.
If the nights don't get you, the sights will.

debts would then be liquidated and the creditors' assets taken over by the rulers. Special taxes were exacted of those Jews who remained in Vienna, and in order to be able to pay them the Jews raised interest rates, which, in turn, made them more unpopular. Fourteenth-century debt certificates found in Vienna mention an annual interest rate of a hundred and thirty per cent. In 1371, the Dukes Albrecht III and Leopold III confiscated all Jewish assets and cancelled not only all interest payments to Jewish moneylenders but also the repayment of principal. In 1406, the Jewish ghetto burned down and was plundered. By this time, the Jews had become almost universal scapegoats, and in 1419, four years after Jan Hus had been burned at the stake for heresy, the theological faculty of the University of Vienna hinted darkly at "an alleged understanding between Jews and Hussites," noting "the luxurious way of living of . . . the large number of Jews" and "their damnable books." As part of a concerted campaign against the Hussites, the assets of all Jews in Austria were confiscated in May, 1420. Some Jews were thrown into dungeons and given a choice of conversion or death. On March 12, 1421, two hundred and ten Jews who had refused conversion were burned at the stake, and people came from far away to enjoy the spectacle. The Jews held their holy books in their hands and chanted as the fires were lit, and it was the opinion among the Inquisitors that the chanting made them insensible to pain. The houses of the Jews became the property of the reigning Duke, Albrecht V, who gave them to his friends or sold them to the town of Vienna. All moneys owing to Jews were ordered to be paid, with no interest, to the Ducal Chamber. The Duke thus became a public benefactor and made a nice profit as well.

Later, certain Jews, known as *Hofjuden*, or court-exempted Jews, were accorded fairly decent treatment in Vienna. Emperor Friedrich III, who had informed Pope Nicholas V that the Jews were useful to him in his financial transactions, received an assurance from the Pope that Jews might again settle in Vienna, "*pro necessitate vitae Iudaeorum et commoditate Christianorum.*" In 1625, Ferdinand II permitted a new Jewish ghetto in the Viennese district of Unteren Werd, now known as Leopoldstadt. The ghetto contained a hundred and thirty houses, and it lasted just forty-five years. In 1670, Jews were again expelled. Charles Patin, a doctor from Paris, wrote in 1673,

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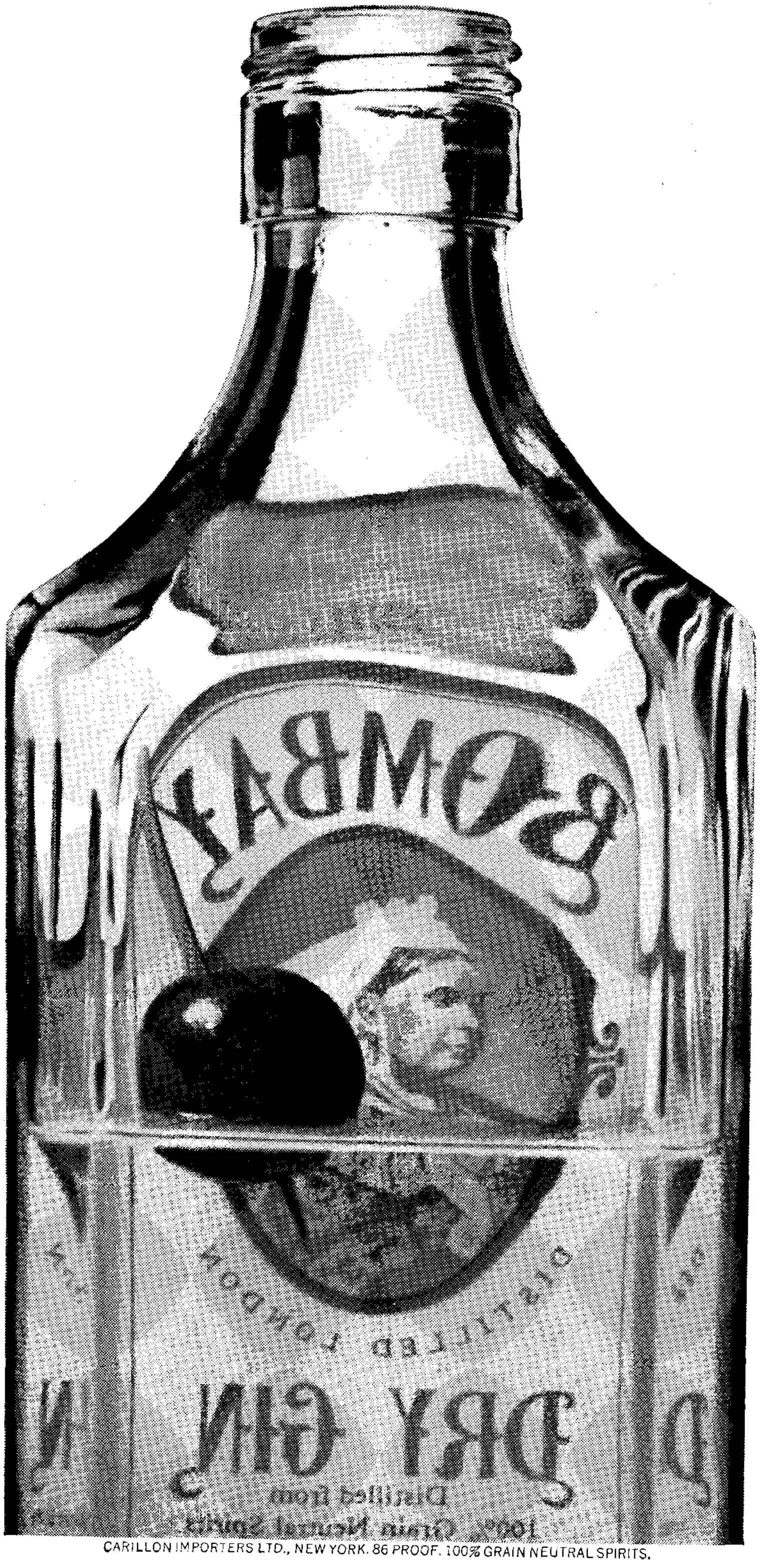

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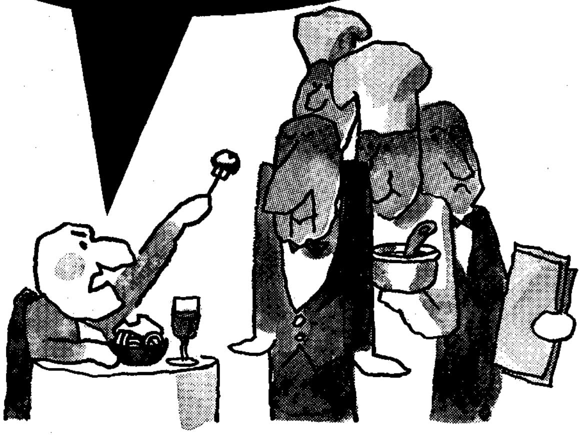

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"The small suburb that the Jews once inhabited has been rebuilt and the church there was consecrated, after every trace of the old superstition had been destroyed." The Jewish houses were sold once more, and the proceeds distributed among the prominent families, including one named Lueger, which was given three thousand florins. A descendant of the family, Dr. Karl Lueger, who was elected mayor of Vienna in 1897, became a celebrated proponent of modern anti-Semitism. Lueger, being both a first-rate administrator and a first-rate demagogue, was extremely popular; he was generally known as "*der schöne Karl*." In "Mein Kampf," Hitler wrote that Lueger "possessed the qualities of an able tactician and had the true genius of a great reformer."

Toward the end of the nineteenth century, Vienna became the birthplace not only of modern anti-Semitism but of modern Zionism. For some time, in the more or less tolerant atmosphere of the Hapsburg Empire—Emperor Franz Josef's letters reveal a profound distaste for anti-Semitic politicians like Lueger—the influence of Jewish bankers, industrialists, politicians, writers, and musicians was on the increase in Vienna. As late as 1898, the Jewish novelist Jakob Wassermann wrote, "The banks, the press, the theatre, the literature, the social life are all in the hands of the Jews." In this atmosphere, Georg von Schönerer, a journalist and Pan-German nationalist whom Hitler acknowledged as an important influence on his thinking, began to expand anti-Semitism from a matter of religious prejudice into a more general, "race" hatred. "Jew or Christian, it's all the same—the nastiness lies in the race," he wrote. This new, racial anti-Semitism took hold among the half-educated, the petty bourgeoisie, the *Hausmeister* (as Vienna's concierges are called), and the student fraternities. But when Theodor Herzl, a member of the Café Griensteidl crowd, Paris correspondent of *Neue Freie Presse* and a prominent *feuilletoniste*, published his book "Der Judenstaat" ("The Jewish State") in 1896, advocating the establishment of a Jewish homeland in Palestine, he said that he had been motivated not so much by Vienna's anti-Semitism as by the case of Captain Alfred Dreyfus. Herzl founded the first Zionist publication, *Welt*. "But in the Viennese circle in which he moved, the citadel of the ideas of assimilation, 'Der Judenstaat' created dismay or laughter," Hans Tietze wrote in "The Jews of Vienna," which was

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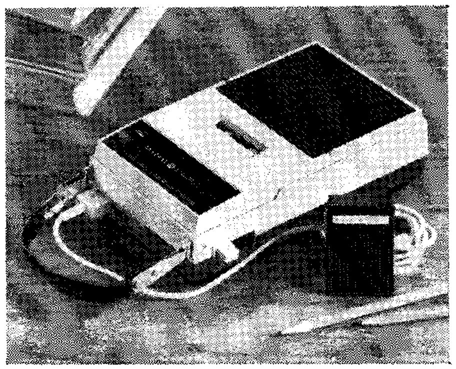

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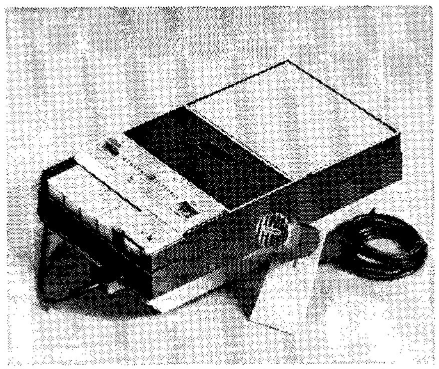

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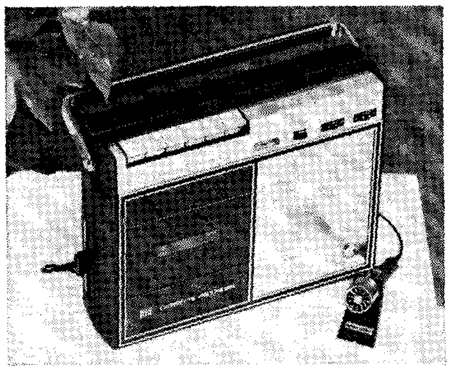

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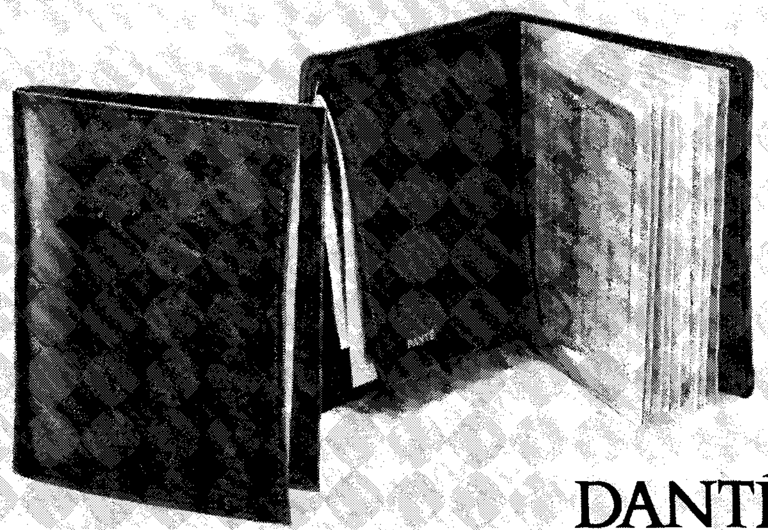

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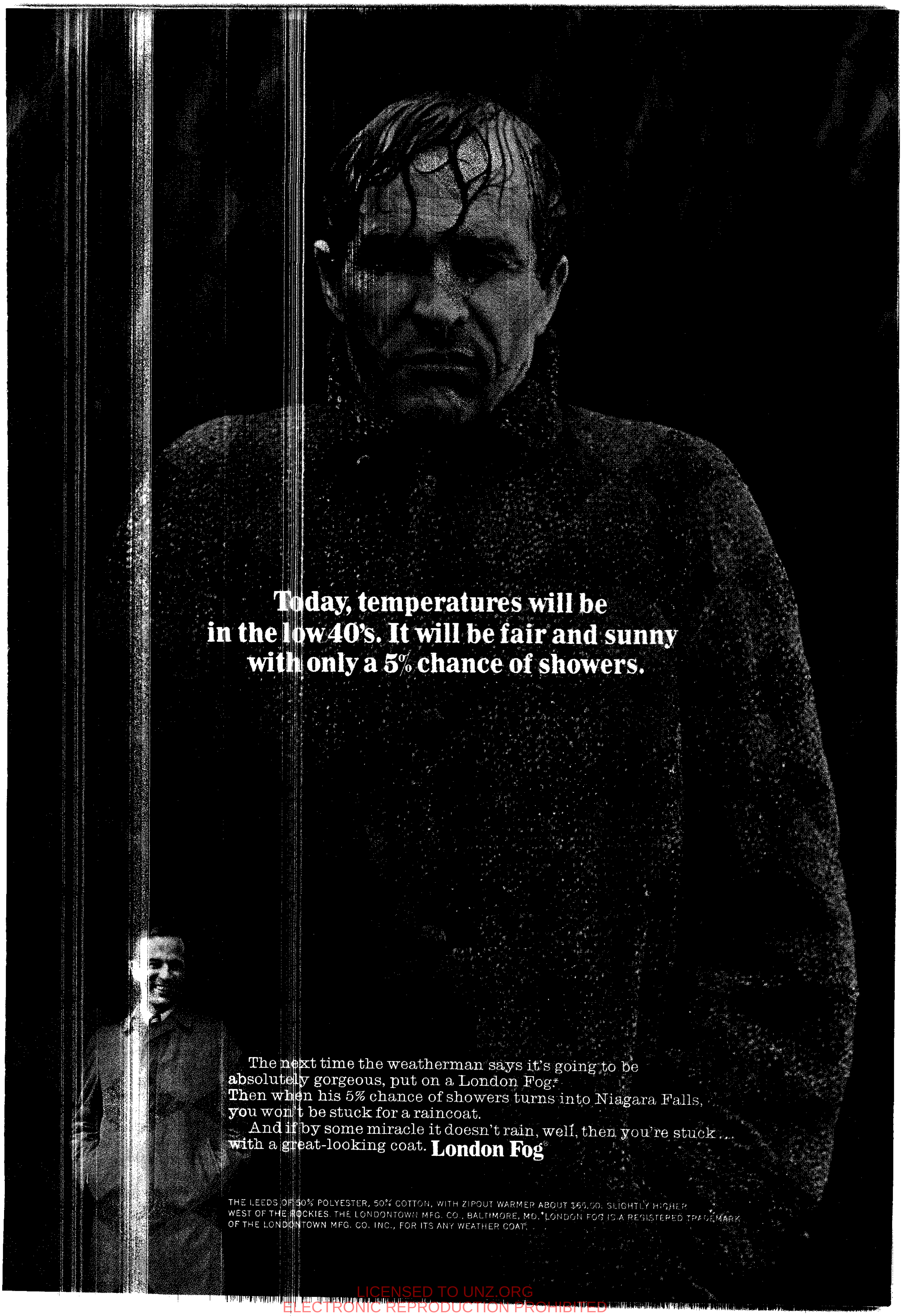
published in 1933. "With the exception of Max Nordau and Count Heinrich Coudenhove-Kalergi, all older friends of Herzl considered his plan either ridiculous or mad." One of its most vociferous detractors was Karl Kraus, who refused to contribute "one crown for Zion." In the relative security of the early nineteen-thirties, Tietze concluded that "the Jews of Vienna are an integral part of Vienna."

That was clearly what Freud thought, and he remained in Vienna even after the Anschluss, in February, 1938, long after his books had been burned in Berlin and he was at the top of several Nazi blacklists. He was known to be in physical danger, but he calmly continued his work. Three friends from abroad—Ernest Jones, from England, Princess Marie Bonaparte of Greece, and Dorothy Burlingham, an American—kept watch over Freud, one of them being always near him. But they couldn't prevent a group of Viennese Brown Shirts from forcing their way into the Freuds' apartment, at No. 19 Berggasse, one day in March, 1938. In order to get rid of them, Frau Freud found it necessary to give them six thousand schillings—the equivalent of more than eight hundred dollars. When the intruders were gone, Freud said, "That's more than *I* ever got for a visit." After that, he consented to leave for London, but before the Nazis let him go they insisted that all the copies of his collected works that were in Switzerland for safekeeping be brought back to Vienna and burned.

Vienna has never reciprocated the amazingly stubborn loyalty that Freud maintained toward it right up until his last day there. Although patients and students came from all over the world to his study in Berggasse, there were almost no Viennese among them. (In 1956, on the hundredth anniversary of Freud's birth, it was proposed that Berggasse be renamed in his honor. The city administration turned down the idea.) "Vienna did all it could to take no part in the development of psychoanalysis," Freud once wrote. After he became famous, the Viennese tax authorities informed him, in a formal communication, "It is well known that your fame attracts wealthy patients from abroad." Freud referred to this letter sarcastically as "Austria's first official recognition of my work."

Freud's pupil and friend Dr. Hanns Sachs, who was a member (with Freud, Jones, Otto Rank, Karl Abraham, Max Eitingon, and Sandor Ferenczi)



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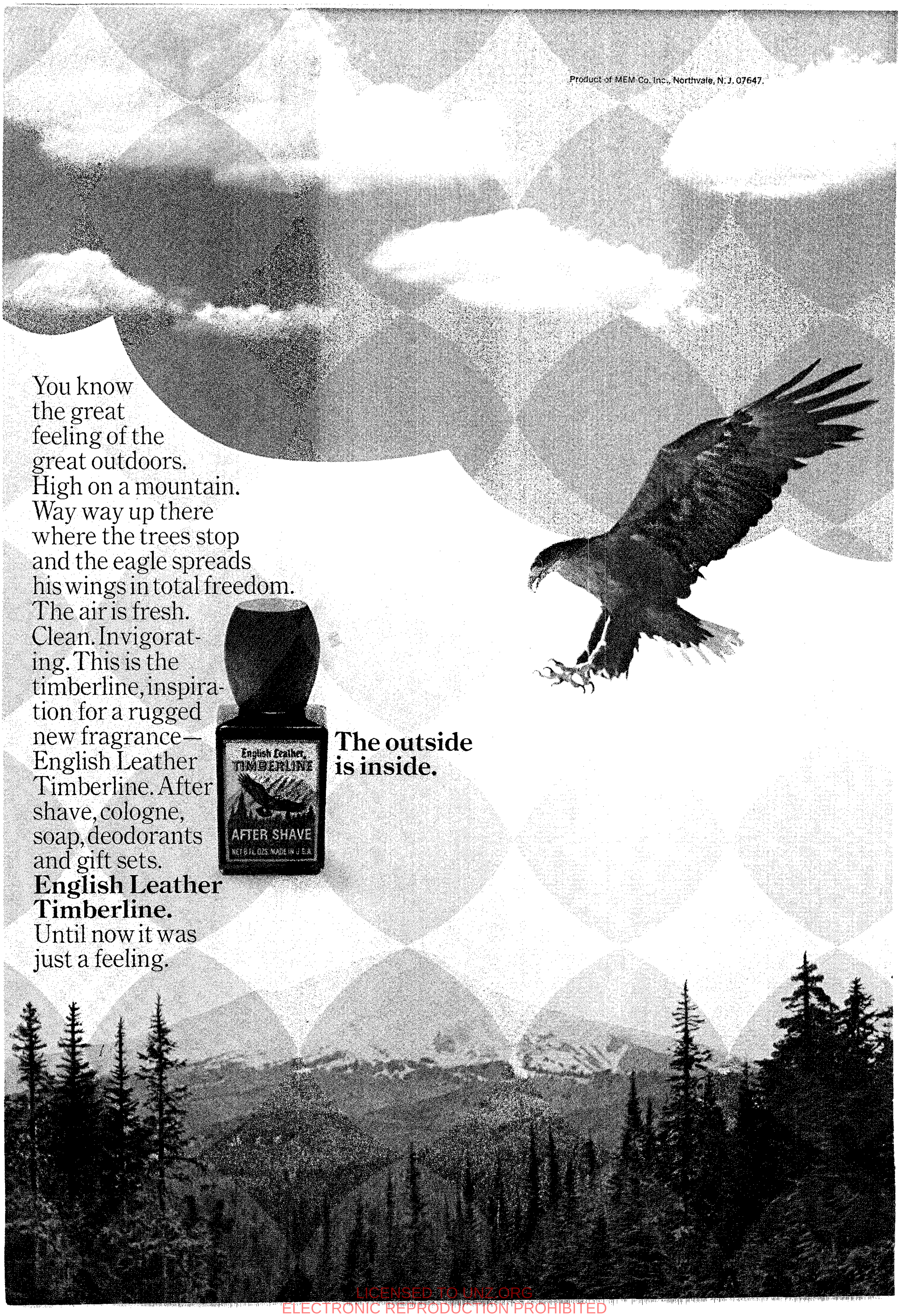
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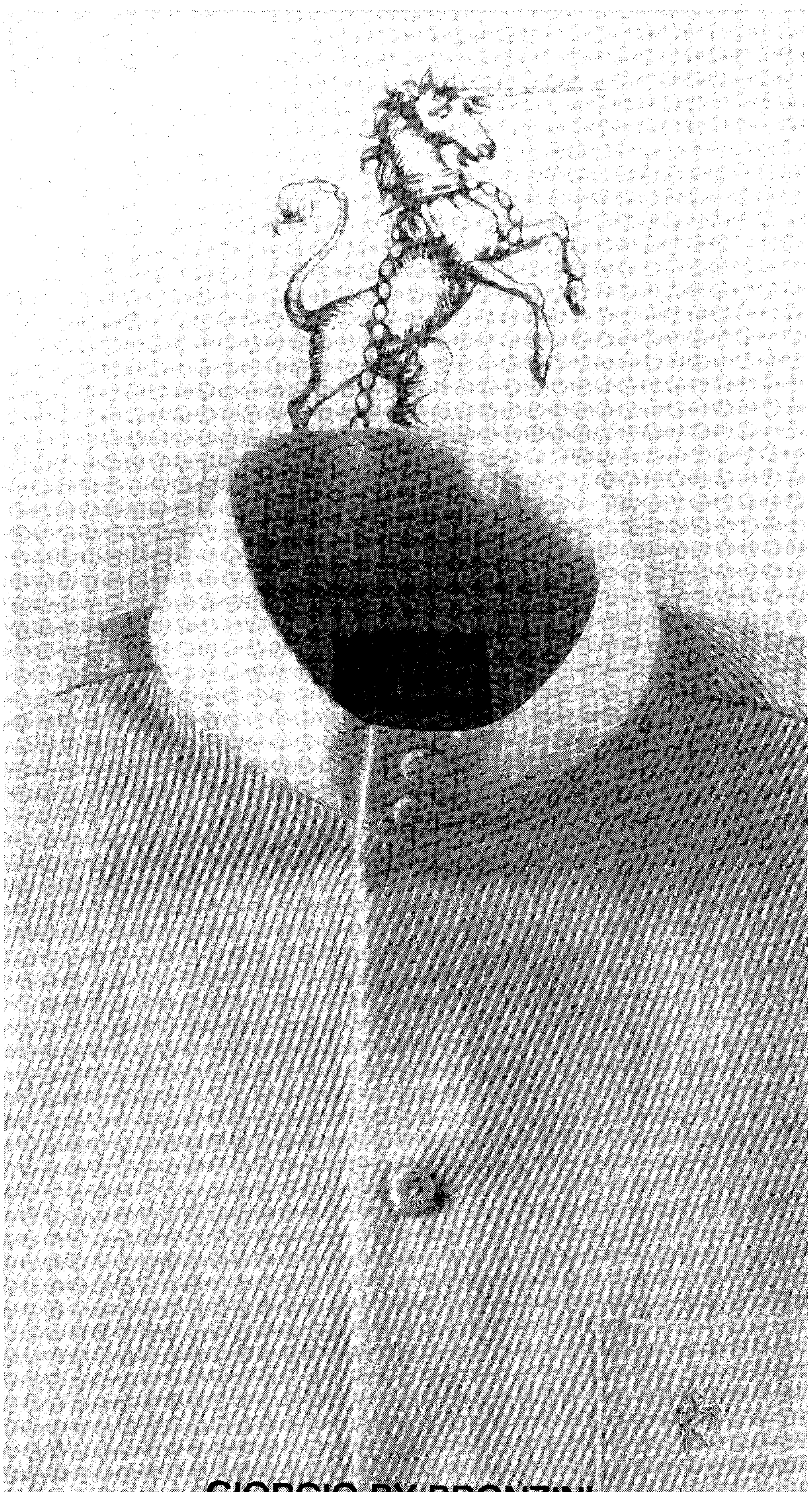
Until now it was just a feeling.

The outside is inside.

of a friendly club of psychoanalytical pioneers that called itself the Group of the Seven Rings, has written an intimate memoir of Freud's daily routine in Berggasse. (The apartment had formerly been occupied by Viktor Adler, a close friend of Freud's and the founder of Austria's Social Democratic Party. Freud's study had been the playroom of Adler's son, Friedrich, who in 1916 assassinated Count Karl von Stürgkh, the Emperor's Prime Minister.) Freud saw patients in his study from nine to one. After lunch with his family and a one-hour walk, on which he often visited secondhand-book stores, he saw more patients until seven. Evenings, he worked alone in his study, except on Wednesdays, when he went to the meetings of the Psychoanalytical Society, and on Saturdays, when he lectured at the university. Sachs reports that Freud's early lectures ordinarily attracted from five to fifteen students.

After Freud had been appointed *Privatdozent* (university lecturer), in 1885, he had to wait seventeen years before he was made an associate professor. The controversy over Freud's promotion is a matter of published record, and it is a curious, very Austrian mixture of many components. Anti-Semitism, professional intrigue in high academic circles, and personal jealousy are involved, and the case is further complicated by the bureaucratic conservatism that is the heritage of Metternich. Toward the end of the nineteenth century, when Freud's researches were becoming known—and drawing strong criticism—anti-Semitism was still only beginning to acquire respectability. At the University of Vienna, to be sure, anti-Semitic slogans were popular with members of the nationalistic duelling and beer-drinking fraternities, and even faculty members may have somewhat resented the fact that so many Jewish professors in the medical college were famous specialists and heads of clinics. There was certainly a strong anti-Jewish feeling among the bureaucrats at the Ministry of Religion and Education, which had the right to confirm or reject any proposal made by the faculty of a professional college. When the faculty of the medical college proposed that Lecturer Dr. Sigmund Freud be appointed associate professor, the Ministry ruled that this was not possible, "on budgetary grounds"—an excuse popular with bureaucrats everywhere. The professors stubbornly repeated their proposal, but less out of enthusiasm for Freud's theories, which many rejected vehe-



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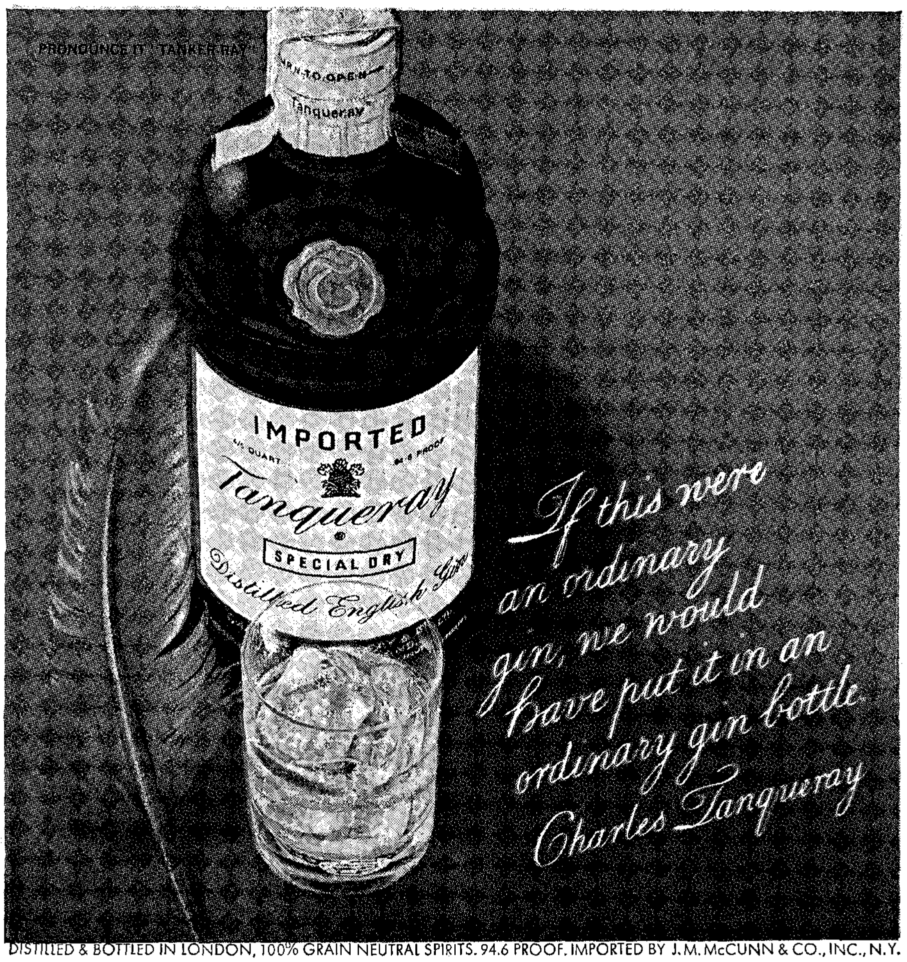
mently, than as a move in a struggle then going on between the university and the Ministry. The bureaucrats claimed that a man could be appointed professor only after he had proved himself to be a diligent teacher. The medical college claimed that a man should get the appointment if his scientific work would benefit the faculty and the university. To some extent, Freud was merely a counter in the game. In 1897, the medical college decided to propose once more to the Ministry that Freud be appointed associate professor. The faculty vote, which was twenty-two for and ten against, had been preceded by a report written by Professor Richard Krafft-Ebing, the author of "Psychopathia Sexualis," who had held the chair of psychiatry since 1889. The report concluded:

> Freud . . . proved that a principal factor in the genesis of hysterical and neurasthenic conditions, which hitherto had been unexplained in their causes (etiologically), consisted in anomalies and occurrences within the field of sex life, and that only their discovery and elimination could help in individual cases, a fact demonstrated in particular as regards so-called compulsive ideas and phobias.
>
> The novel character of these researches and the difficulty of checking them prevent as yet a definite judgment on their significance. It is possible that Freud is overrating them, and goes too far in generalizing the results he has obtained. In any event, his researches in this field prove an extraordinary gift and capacity for guiding scientific investigation into new channels.

Krafft-Ebing's thoughtfully balanced appraisal of Freud was supported by other medical luminaries, among them Professor Carl Hermann Nothnagel, but Freud thought it "unlikely that the Ministry would act upon the proposal." He was right. The war between the bureaucrats and the professors continued for another five years. Freud, who finally got his appointment in 1902, once told Sachs how he believed it had come about. The Minister of Education had visited a wealthy Viennese home, Freud said, and had admired a painting there, by Arnold Böcklin, called "Die Burgruine" ("Castle Ruin"). When the Minister told his hostess he would like to buy the painting for a modern gallery, the lady told him she would donate the painting if Freud was made a professor. Sachs writes that "the agreement was kept by both sides."

It is often said in Vienna that "Americans overdo the Freudian business." This is something that certainly couldn't be said of the Viennese. In the city of Freud, people have never ap-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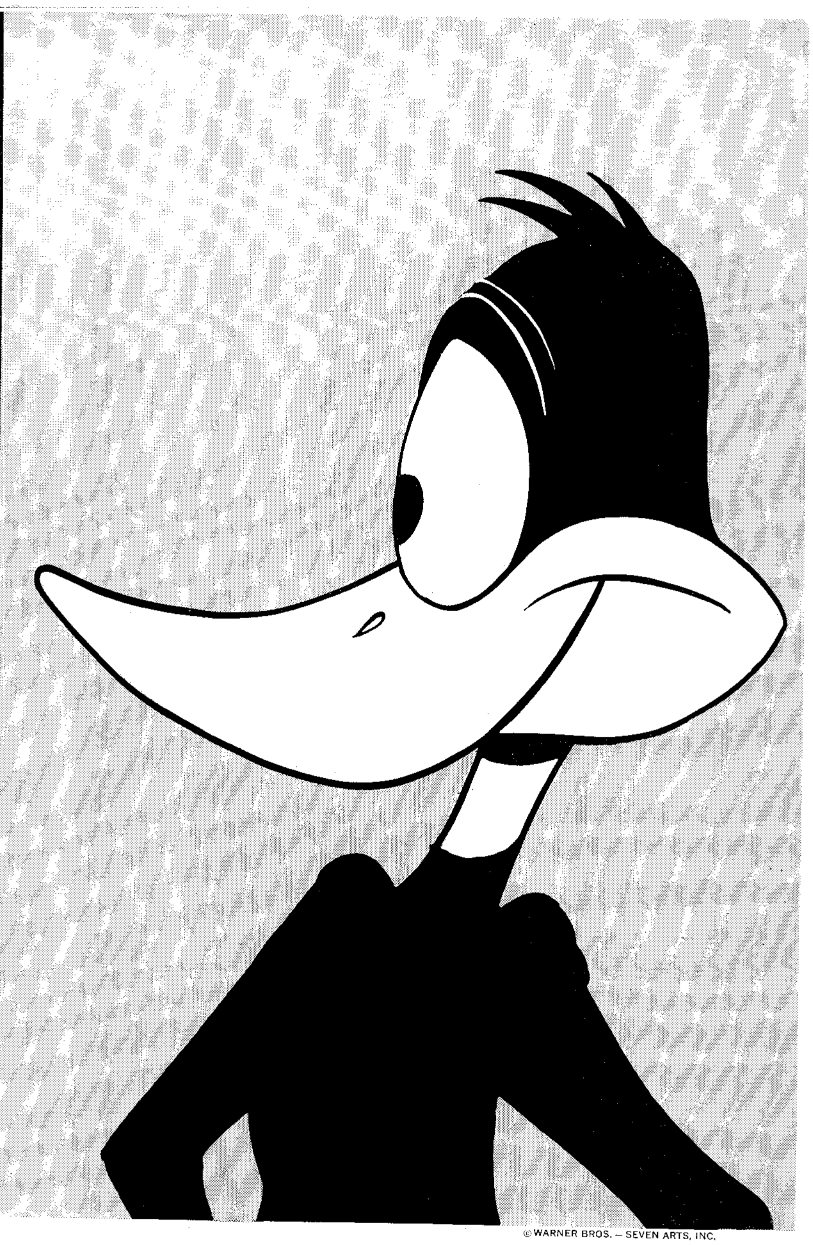

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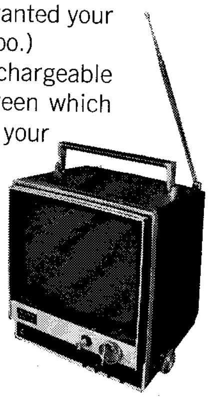

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peared to favor any kind of disciplined examination of their behavior. A prominent local analyst recently declared that it is not true, as some have claimed, that there is no need for psychotherapy in Vienna. "A Viennese has to be very sick before I am apt to see him, though," the analyst went on. "Nobody here ever arranges to consult me about problems of adjustment, marriage, children, or some other stress, the way people do in many other parts of the world." For a variety of reasons, the Viennese, who often appear to be the most lighthearted people on earth, tend to shy away from searching questions about their past. They much prefer the *Heuriger* therapy. A few litres of new wine are certainly cheaper than analysis, and since there are so many things that one can do nothing about, why worry? This Viennese philosophy is well expressed in a song from "Die Fledermaus" that goes, "*Glücklich ist, wer vergisst, was doch nicht zu ändern ist*" ("Happy is he who forgets what cannot be changed"). And that may explain why the Viennese have put up a beautiful monument to Johann Strauss, who offers them a way to forget their troubles, but no monument at all to Sigmund Freud, who seems to offer only the pain of remembering.
—Joseph Wechsberg

(*This is the last of three articles on Vienna.*)

•

Going to School—The Harkins quadruplets are going to school today for the first time and will enroll in the kindergarten classes at St. Mary's Catholic School. The four little girls are shown here in front of the school with Sister Cyrilla, the new principal of school who came here a week ago from Louisville, Ky. The children, from left, are Alice, Mary, Beth, and Anita, daughters of Mr. and Mrs. Thomas Harkins, 244 Princeton street. All dressed out in their new school clothes from McRae's the girls will be evicted from the game.—*Photograph caption in the Jackson (Miss.) Clarion-Ledger.*

On their first day?

•

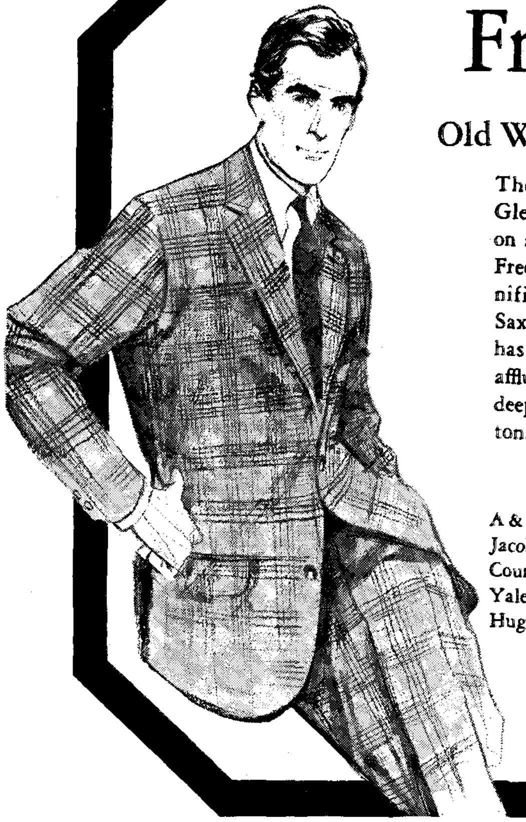
WORDS OF ONE SYLLABLE DEPT.

[*From Variety*]

London, Sept. 3.

Sir Stanley Raymond, former chairman of British Railways, is to be Britain's new "gambling racket buster." The appointment comes from Home Secretary James Callaghan and carries a salary of $16,800 a year.

He will be chairman of the new Gaming Board which, when the new Gaming Bill comes into force, will be overlooking gambling.



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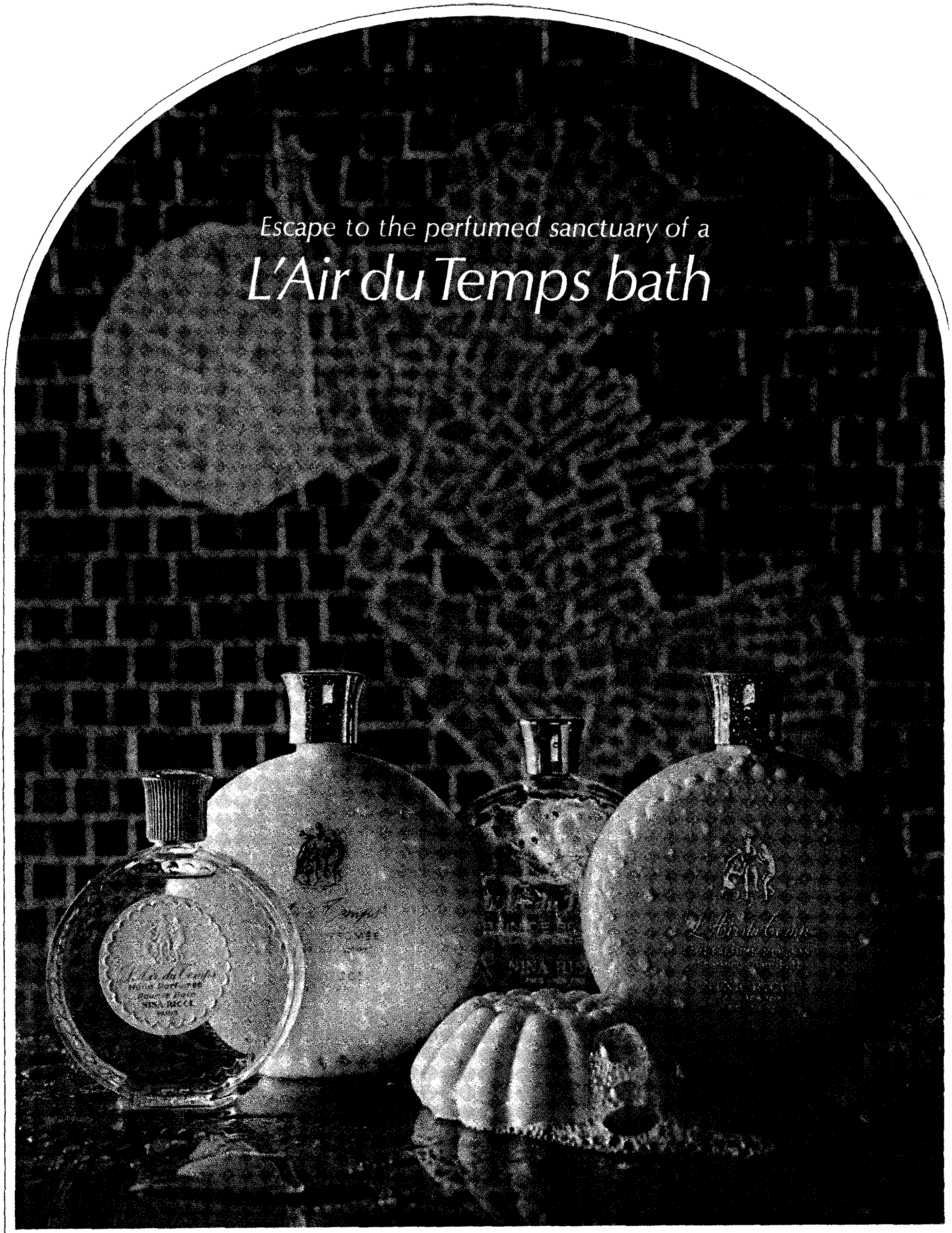

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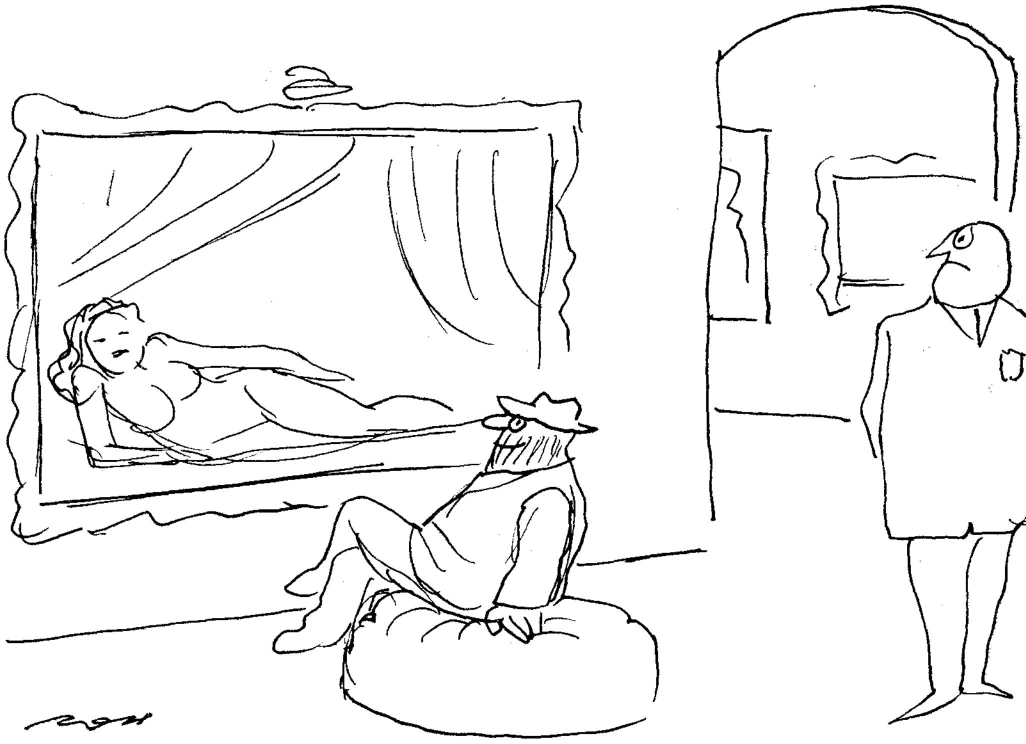
THE THEATRE

WORDS ARE THE ONLY CERTAIN GOOD

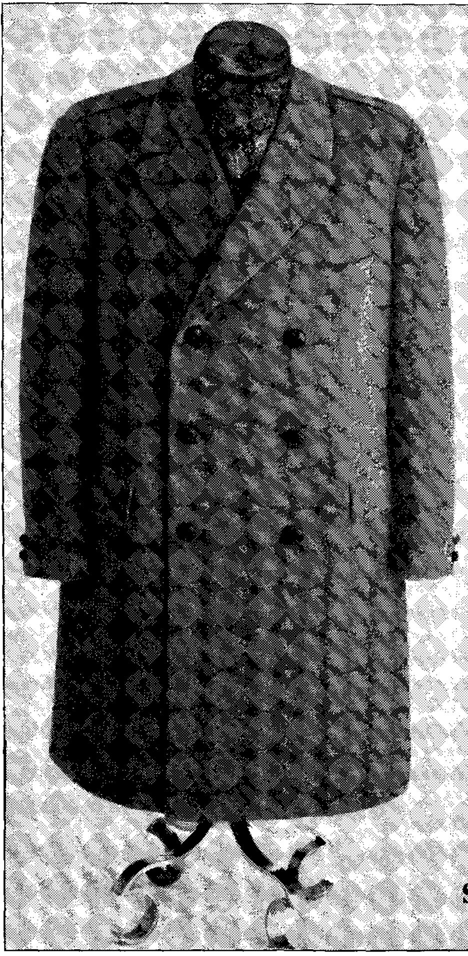
"THE GREAT WHITE HOPE" is a tumultuous, irresistible avalanche of a play, which hurls itself from the stage in murderous chunks, like the dynamited, suddenly falling-away rock face of some enormous quarry, and there were moments on opening night when I wondered if the only way to keep from being knocked unconscious by it would be to crawl under my seat at the Alvin and cower there until the last of its sixty-odd characters had stormed through the last of its nineteen violent scenes. The director, Edwin Sherin, has caused the surface of the play to bristle with unflagging, barbaric energy, and James Earl Jones has bestowed on the leading role a physical and spiritual presence that is enough to make his black prizefighter, Jack Jefferson, appear, even in bloody defeat, twice life size. Between them, they have seen to it that the question of the literary merit of the play doesn't begin to assert itself—doesn't, I was about to say, dare to raise its head—until the audience's final bravos have died away. For "The Great White Hope" achieves precisely what it sets out to achieve: it tells in the language of a child's primer the sad, cautionary tale of a good black man betrayed by a handful of evil, Negro-hating white men, supported in their hatred (as far as one is permitted to assume from the play) by every other white in the country except his manager and his girl friend. Because the play's heart is so evidently in the right place and because we wish our hearts to be in the right place as well, we allow the play to take away our judgment along with our breath. Mr. Sherin and the clever author, Howard Sackler, aim to make every single one of their long sequence of brief scenes strike us like a blow in the face, and the deafening and bedazzling means they employ to gain this end obscure the fact that the play is, at bottom, an oddly insubstantial affair, more like a big, old-fashioned musical comedy in form and content than a true play. There is, indeed, much singing in it, and one can easily imagine it as someday providing the book for a rousing opera.

The plot of "The Great White Hope" is based, with the usual artistic license, on the life of Jack Johnson, who won the world heavyweight boxing title from a white man in 1908 and lost it to a white man in 1915. As we are given him here, poor Johnson/Jefferson never had a chance; a cheerful, careless, generous man, he sought in vain to accommodate himself to the perfidious ways of the white enemy and so stumbled downhill to his doom. Mr. Jones by his personal force makes Jefferson a figure more than merely pathetic, and his last words—"Come on Chillun! Let 'em pass by!"—amount, under the bitter circumstances, to a shout of triumph. Jane Alexander is splendid in the role of Jefferson's white mistress; unlike most of the other characters in the play, she has the advantage of being seen to alter radically as the years go by (the pert, pretty, hopeful girl of the opening scenes becomes a shrill-voiced, suicidal drab), and she imposes on the stages of her transformation a touching dignity. The rest of the huge cast consists of stereotypes; Jefferson's loyal little *oi*-saying Jewish manager, played by Lou Gilbert, ages but never changes, and the loudest and most conspicuous of the villains, played by George Mathews, rants and rages with unabated paranoid vociferousness from start to finish. Other stereotypes include Jefferson's moribund mother, his black ex-mistress, and a couple of black preachers. Mr. Sackler, who is a poet as well as a dramatist, has given his Negroes a conventionalized dialect to speak. On occasion, the lines sound rather minstrel-show-like to me—"Ah loves to dance an prance fo de wimmins"—but then I am no authority on the Negro speech of the early nineteen-hundreds. Mr. Sackler has certainly not intended to patronize his Negro characters; on the contrary, he has written "The Great White Hope" with an ardor on their behalf that makes it not only a stirring play but also a highly effective tract.

THEATRE 1969, whose home is the Billy Rose Theatre, offers as a part of its current repertory program Edward Albee's "Box" and "Quotations from Chairman Mao Tse-Tung." The author calls these new works a "double bill of interrelated one-act plays," but since they require only an hour and a half to perform, are performed without an intermission, and deal with the same preoccupations, I prefer to describe them as "it." And an eccentric and seductive "it" it is, providing far more



pleasure than, given its small scale, one can readily account for. The mystery of its appealingness may arise in part from the fact that, skimpy though the play appears to be, the themes it announces and allusively pursues are as big as they come. They are the ancient, familiar themes of death, art, and time, and Mr. Albee has found an ingenious means of speculating on them without the bother of constructing a formal subject matter for them to reside in, much less a formal plot by which to make them manifest in deeds. For all practical purposes, there *are* no deeds in "Box . . . Mao," but there is an action, and it takes place not on the stage but in our minds, insidiously and perhaps even against our wills. The play opens with a recorded voice reciting a long and tiresome threnody on the human predicament and the degree to which art can serve as a solace as well as a spur. If this threnody reflects the playwright's opinions, then he shares the common highbrow nostalgia for a past that never was, when bread was a nourishing food and babies didn't die by the million. During the recital, the stage is empty except for the wooden framework of a large cube; the recital over, the cube is seen to contain a portion of a ship's deck, some deck chairs, and four people. One is Mao, who spends the rest of the evening wandering about the stage and the adjacent boxes and aisles, quoting his own deadly political clichés. Another is a raddled-looking old lady, who recites in a whining Middle Western singsong Will Carleton's celebrated ballad "Over the Hill to the Poorhouse." In one of the deck chairs sits a minister, book in hand and blanket tucked cozily about his legs; never uttering a word, he listens with sympathy to a middle-aged lady's non-stop monologue about her dead husband, her ungrateful daughter, and her narrow escape from drowning. Mao and the raddled-looking old lady have nothing to do with the minister or the middle-aged lady, nor have they anything to do with each other. They may or may not exist in the same place and the same time. Nothing that anyone says has the slightest effect on anyone else. Time passes. Words accumulate. Eventually, Mao stops quoting himself, the old lady finishes the last stanza of the ballad, and the middle-aged lady brings her monologue to a close. The play is over, and we have had a delightful evening. Why? I have no idea. All I know is that the coming together in my mind of all these disconnected individuals has



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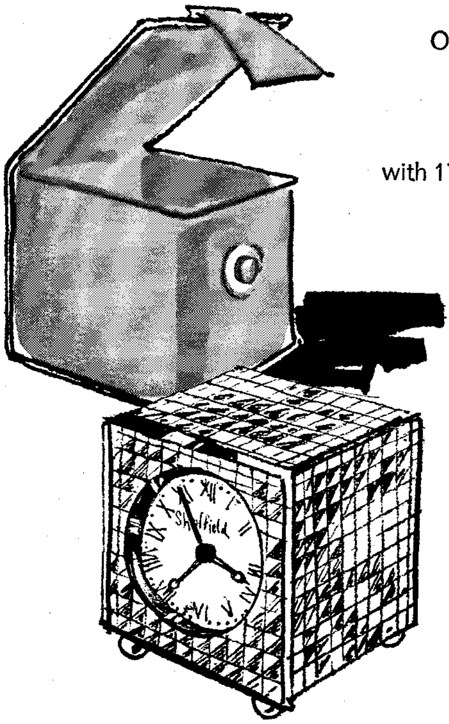

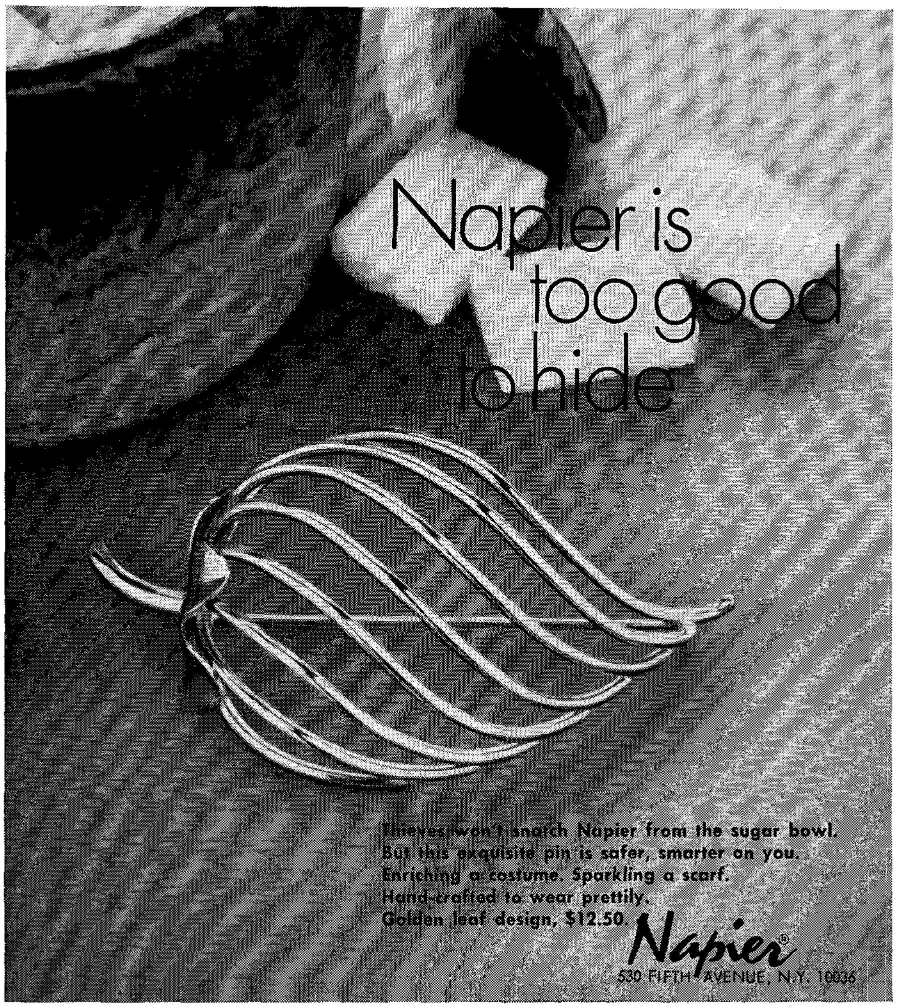

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proved extremely entertaining; now that they are lodged there, I wouldn't care to do without them. *Sum ergo sunt;* Mr. Albee has allowed me to share with him the joy of creation.

Mao is played behind a convincing Oriental mask by Wyman Pendleton. The old lady is played by Sudie Bond, the middle-aged lady by Nancy Kelly, and the silent man of God by George Bartenieff. The recorded voice belongs to Ruth White. They are all fine performers, and they evidently enjoy their charming toy of a play as much as Mr. Albee and I do. —BRENDAN GILL

OFF BROADWAY

All for Something or Other

JULIAN BECK and Judith Malina have brought their Living Theatre back home, after four years of exile in Europe, for a tour, principally, of colleges in the United States, and they will be spending a few weeks at the Brooklyn Academy of Music. Last Wednesday night, they opened their brief season with "Frankenstein," a group effort; the script, such as it is—and such as it is is more collage than script—is the work of the entire company. Mrs. Shelley's novel is used as a point of departure for a demonstration by The Living Theatre of some ideas of their own on tyranny, violence, the breaking up of society, the founding of a police state, and the rehabilitation of man—or, to quote the program notes, "Man Lives." Actually, this outline is based as much on those notes as on my own observations. The pandemonium of the production tends to numb the mind, making it unfit for any interpretation whatever. At the start, the whole cast is seated on the stage in cross-legged meditation. There is a double-decker platform above the stage and, in front of it, a stand of vertical poles, all of this making a kind of honeycomb setting. The cells of the honeycomb are separate sets, connected by ladders. After a sizable spell of silence, a girl who is meant to levitate fails to do so; she is captured and placed screaming in a coffin, which is carried up one aisle of the theatre and down the other. Some of the players run out into the house and are chased and brought back to the stage. The stage is alive with spectacles of murder, a man hangs in a noose in front of the structure, and there are howls and screams and writhings from top to bottom. It is spooky, all right, for a while, but soon the law of diminishing returns sets in. Too much is going on; too much noise and movement scatter

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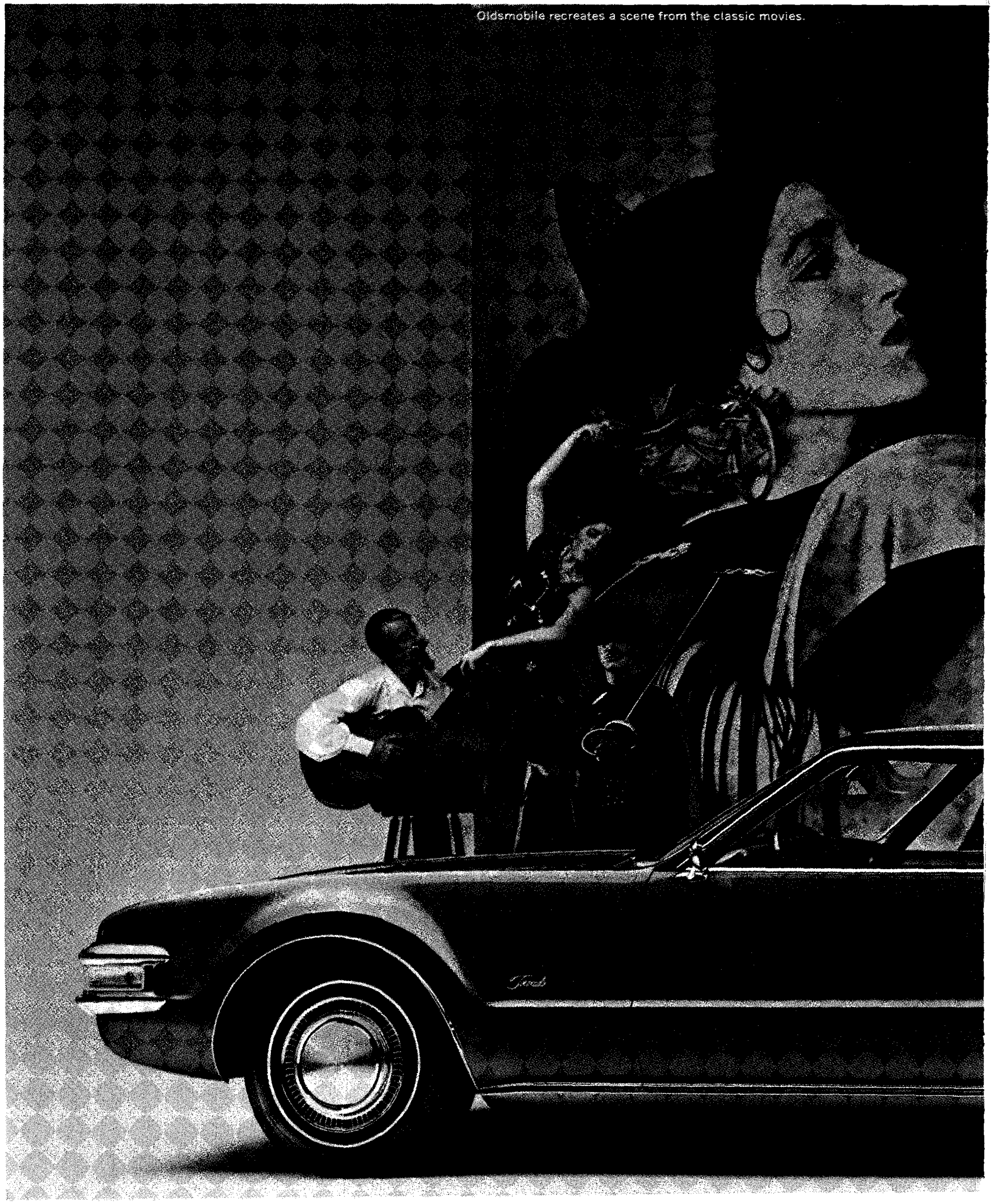
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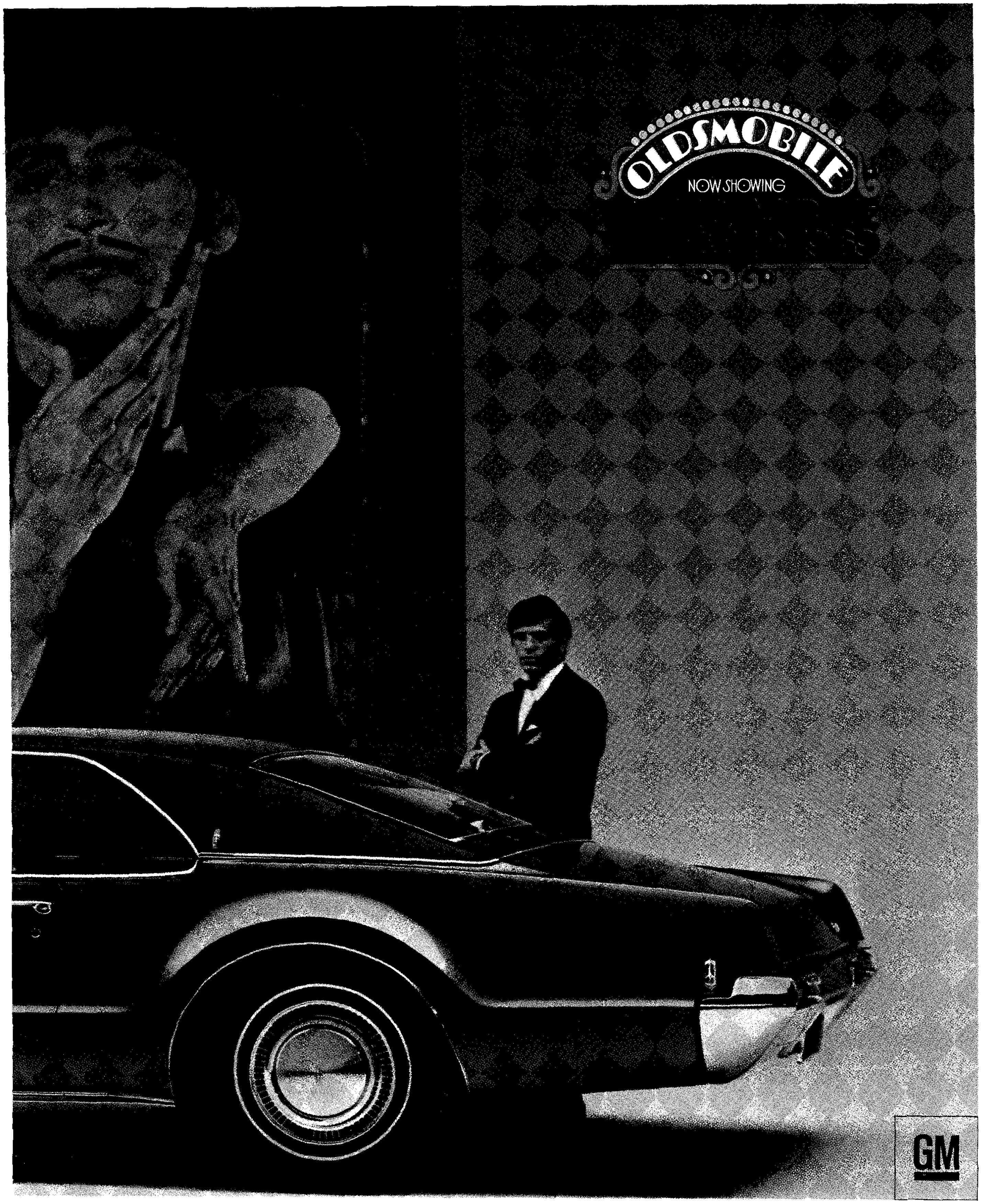

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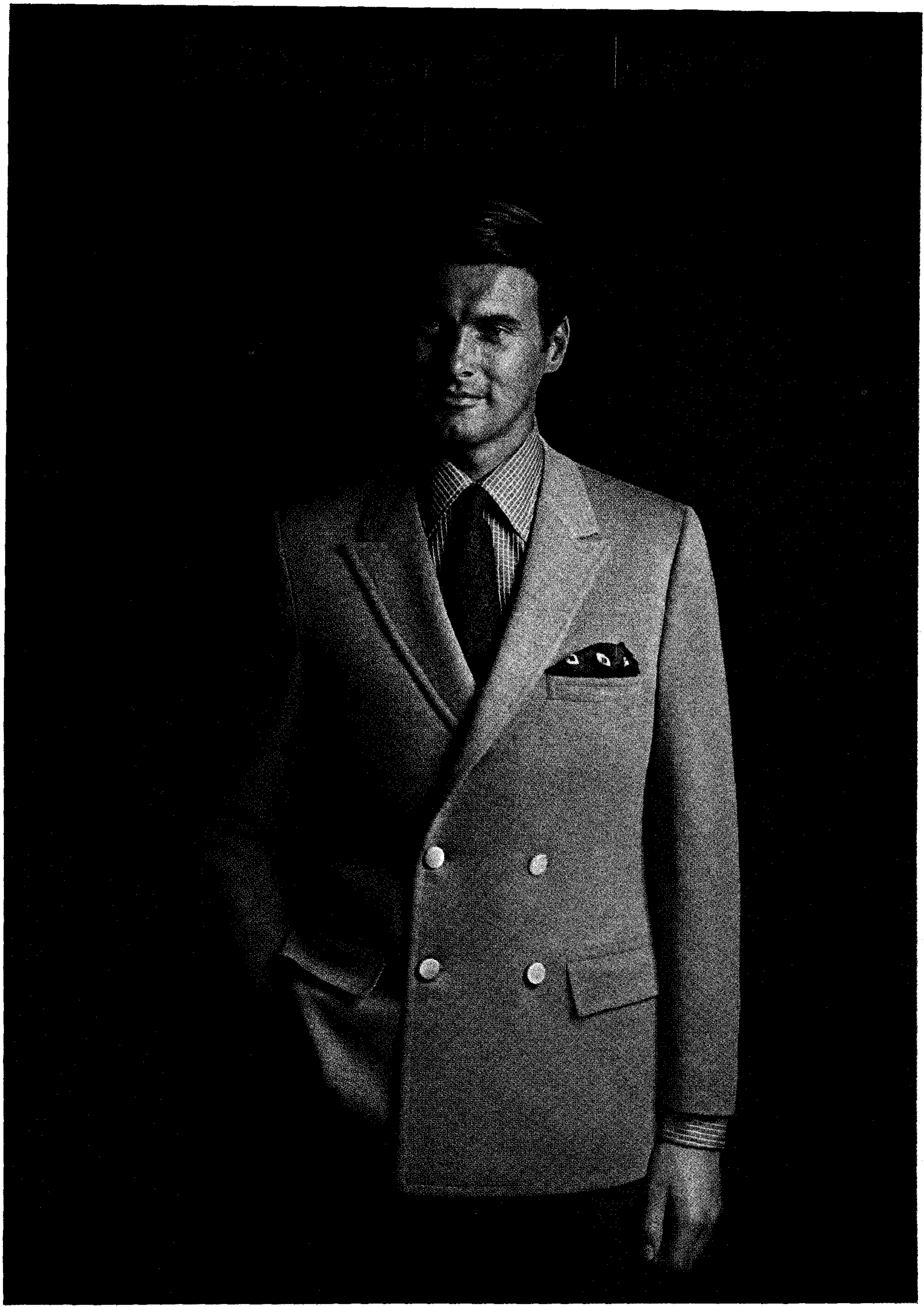
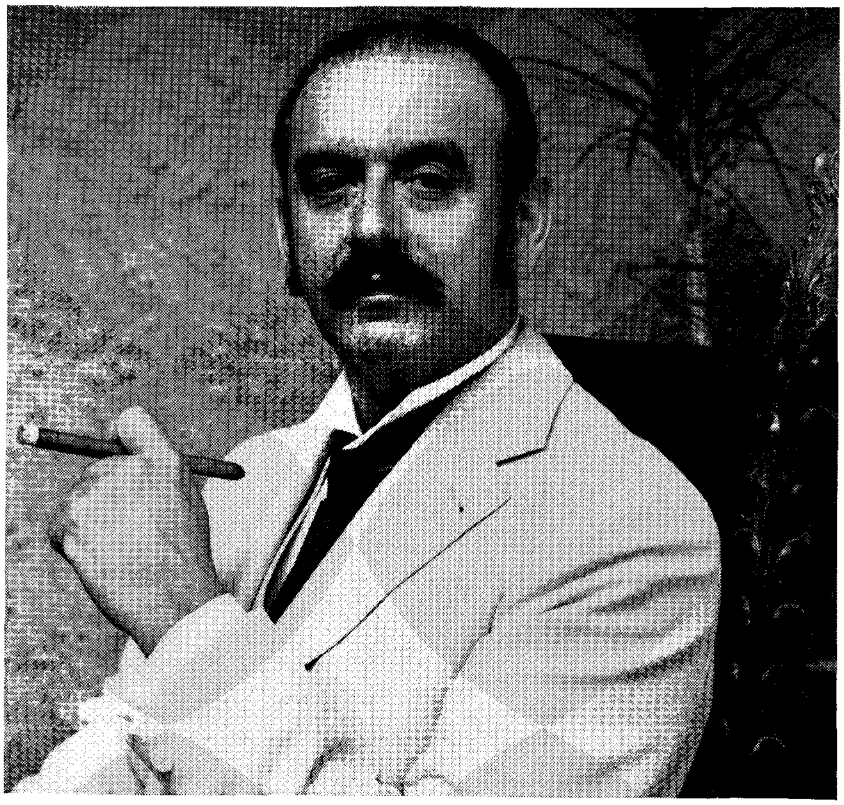


The perfect pack-and-travel sport coat of all wool Italian double knit, about $70 at fine stores everywhere.
Stanley Blacker, 1290 Avenue of the Americas, New York ©1968 Stanley Blacker

the attention and become a bore. (The Living Theatre a *bore*? Yes.) Technique takes over. It must be said that technically the production is remarkable. The lighting, music, sound effects, singing, chanting, intoning over microphones, and calisthenics—the actors (if, indeed, they are actors) are as limber and acrobatic as a passel of monkeys—make for one startling moment after another. There are quotes written on backdrops, or recited in chorus, from Marx and Freud and Shakespeare and Norbert Wiener and, presumably, the late Mrs. Shelley. When the line "Doctor, the heart is weakening" was merely spoken in a girl's clear voice, the audience laughed and applauded with relief. At the close of the first act, and again at the end of the play, the company, in some all but incredible gymnastic feat, forms itself into a giant Frankenstein monster—arms, legs, and torso, all made of people, and two red lights for eyes—that extends the full height of the stage. It makes a striking theatrical effect, and not the only such effect of the show.

On the other hand, there is a great deal of running around the auditorium and crouching at the feet of those of us who are sitting there, or speaking to us or shining flashlights in our faces. This particular trick does not belong to The Living Theatre alone, and it has always given me the pip. It seems to me that direct intrusion on members of the audience by members of the cast in an attempt to involve us all is self-defeating, breaking the mood instead of enhancing it. It is a nuisance and causes nothing but an embarrassment that ranges from the sheepish to, in my own case, the totally paralyzing. Even in The Living Theatre's miraculous production of Jack Gelber's miraculous "The Connection," the actors' panhandling and soliciting of the customers during the intermissions did absolutely nothing for the play. On the evidence of "Frankenstein" alone, the actors in the present company, with the possible exception of Mr. Beck himself, are incompetent. They are an agile and responsive group, drilled to a fare-thee-well, but in the scattered moments when just acting or speaking a line is required, they reveal themselves as next thing to amateurs. Amateurs in both the best and worst senses of the term. Beneath the title, in the program, is a quote by Miss Malina—"It's easy to be a pacifist without being a revolutionary, but when the world is rotten with violence, then pacifism must be active if it's to be worth anything"—that should, I suppose, be considered the



Tueros, the cigar maker, was born in Spain. In the 1890's, he journeyed to Cuba, and later to Canada. Tueros, after perfecting his art, made a cigar he declared to be his masterpiece. Naturally, he named it Tueros.

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epigraph for the production. There is no question of the dedication of the company, yet how pretentious and self-serving this kind of dedication can be! Scripts are not concocted by a group but written, and roles are acted by individuals. Maybe the Becks are right, maybe their cause is indeed more important than art, but non-art does nothing for it. There are other shows to follow, and perhaps further enlightenment along with them. All the above opinions are subject to change without notice.

"THE EMPIRE BUILDERS," by the late Boris Vian, a French dramatist, which folded last week, appeared to be a symbolic work about a man, his wife, their young daughter, and the family maid, in flight from some dreadful, encroaching danger and holed up—for the first two acts, at least—in a small apartment near the top of a house. There was always around them a hulking fellow in bloodstained rags whom the man and wife beat and kicked. I say "appeared to be a symbolic work" because the performance was so overwrought and inept that it was hard to pick up many clues to the playwright's intentions. Nevertheless, there were indications that the man is meant to represent Man—a notion that is always rather unsettling. I thought for a while that the bloodstained wretch was meant to represent the Exploited or the Poor, until someone referred to him as The Schmurz, so I guess he is meant to represent *Schmerz*, or Pain. At any rate, the daughter is rebellious at being cooped up, and terrified of the danger that nobody will define, and her parents keep chattering in a silly, mock-bright fashion to divert her, as if Ionesco were trying to cheer up Anne Frank. I have no idea what the title means or how it applies to the action. Done with some clarity and style, the play might possibly be eerie or funny or disturbing, but it cannot be denied that the dramatist did quite a lot to sink himself with the ghastly whimsey of his lines and business. Among the actors, I enjoyed Connie Keyse, as the maid, whose cool contempt for her master and mistress and the jam they are in is quite funny. Many of the lines she speaks are simply lists of synonyms, and I think she is meant to represent Roget's Thesaurus. —EDITH OLIVER

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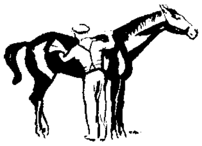
A THOUGHT FOR THIS WEEK

[*Headline in the Dallas News*]

DEEP HOLES
GO HIGHER

THE RACE TRACK

Here Are Ladies



THE easy and obvious thing to say about last Saturday would be that it was Ladies' Day. It's a toss-up, though, whether the victory of Mrs. Richard du Pont's Politely in the Matchmaker Stakes, for fillies and mares, at Atlantic City, or that of Mrs. Whitney Stone's Shuvee in the Frizette Stakes, exclusively for two-year-old fillies, at Belmont Park, was more of a masterpiece. Politely, winner of the event last year, passed the leaders this time with a dozen devastating strides in the stretch and went on to win by nearly five lengths from Paul Mellon's pair, Green Glade and Amerigo Lady. Shuvee came from much farther back in the last half of her mile run to beat King Ranch's Gallant Bloom by a neck on the post.

As I watched the Matchmaker on TV, Queen of the Stage, the star of last season, was quickest away, and she led the ten other runners for three-quarters of the mile and three-sixteenths, but Green Glade went right with her to soften her up for the other Mellon entry, Amerigo Lady. The tactic didn't work out quite the way Elliott Burch, who trains the two, hoped, for although Queen of the Stage tired, Politely came on a lot faster in the stretch than Amerigo Lady did. So in addition to $30,000 first money Mrs. du Pont won the choice of a season for Politely to one of three stallions—Ribot, Hail to Reason, and Intentionally. She chose Ribot, the sire of a number of major stakes winners here and abroad.

Dark Mirage was declared out of the Matchmaker because her workouts had been far from up to par. Now I wish her stable would announce her retirement for the season. In my slightly prejudiced opinion, she is the best three-year-old. After all, she has won nine of her ten starts, seven of them in stakes races, and no colt has done that. I'm sure none of her admirers would care to see her down the course in a race that in her present condition she would have no chance of winning.

GALLANT BLOOM found the distance of the Frizette beyond her powers, and Shuvee caught her in the last few strides. It was the latter's second victory in eleven starts, but since her prize money was $93,250, the rest can be forgotten. Also, she paid an $11 mutuel. If she hadn't been coupled in the betting with Show Off—winner of the Fashion, Astoria, and Astarita Stakes—because both are trained by Mike Freeman, she would have been at least 20–1. A beautifully made light chestnut by Nashua out of Levee, Shuvee was bred by her owner's husband at his Morven Stud in Virginia. Incidentally, she's a half sister to Many Happy Returns, who won at Belmont the day before the Frizette, and for whom Charles Engelhard gave $177,000 as a yearling. Another yearling half sister was sold at Saratoga last August for $130,000 to Peter Fuller, who owns Dancer's Image. Remember that one?

IT would seem that the Long Island Handicap, at a mile and three furlongs on the grass, is one of the more popular races in the $25,000-added bracket. For the third time in a row—and for the fifth time since 1959—there were so many entries it had to be run in two sections. Both were thrillers. In the first division, Ruth's Rullah, a rangy three-year-old, brought off a 15–1 chance by three parts of a length from Ruffled Feathers and Czar Alexander; in the second, Flit-to, a 5–1 shot, won by the same margin from Tobin Bronze, with Advocator third. A few more races like these would bring bigger crowds to Belmont.

KING EMPEROR, who has been idle since he came in second to Strong Strong in the Arlington-Washington Park Futurity, is in top form again. In the seven-furlong Cowdin Stakes, his winding-up gallop for the Champagne at Belmont this weekend, he sauntered into the lead on the turn for home, and the farther he went the farther he increased his lead, to beat Never Confuse by four lengths. Beau Brummel, his stablemate, was third. The Wheatley Stable-Ogden Phipps establishment has won the last four runnings of the Champagne. What price it makes it five?

—AUDAX MINOR

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Today the county sanitation department announced that two contracts have been let that will bring sewage to every home in Chesterbrook Woods.—*Arlington (Va.) Northern Virginia Sun.*

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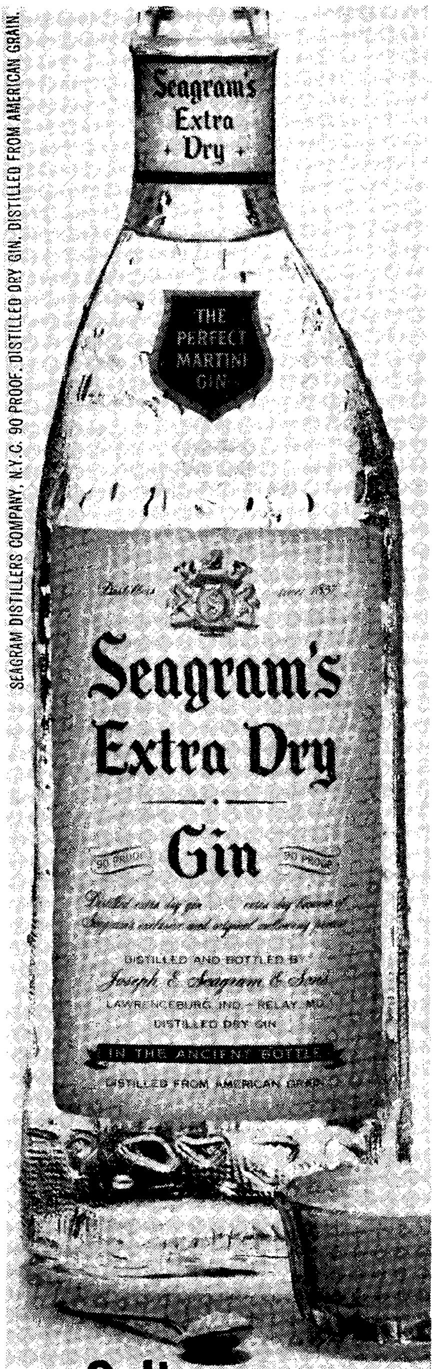

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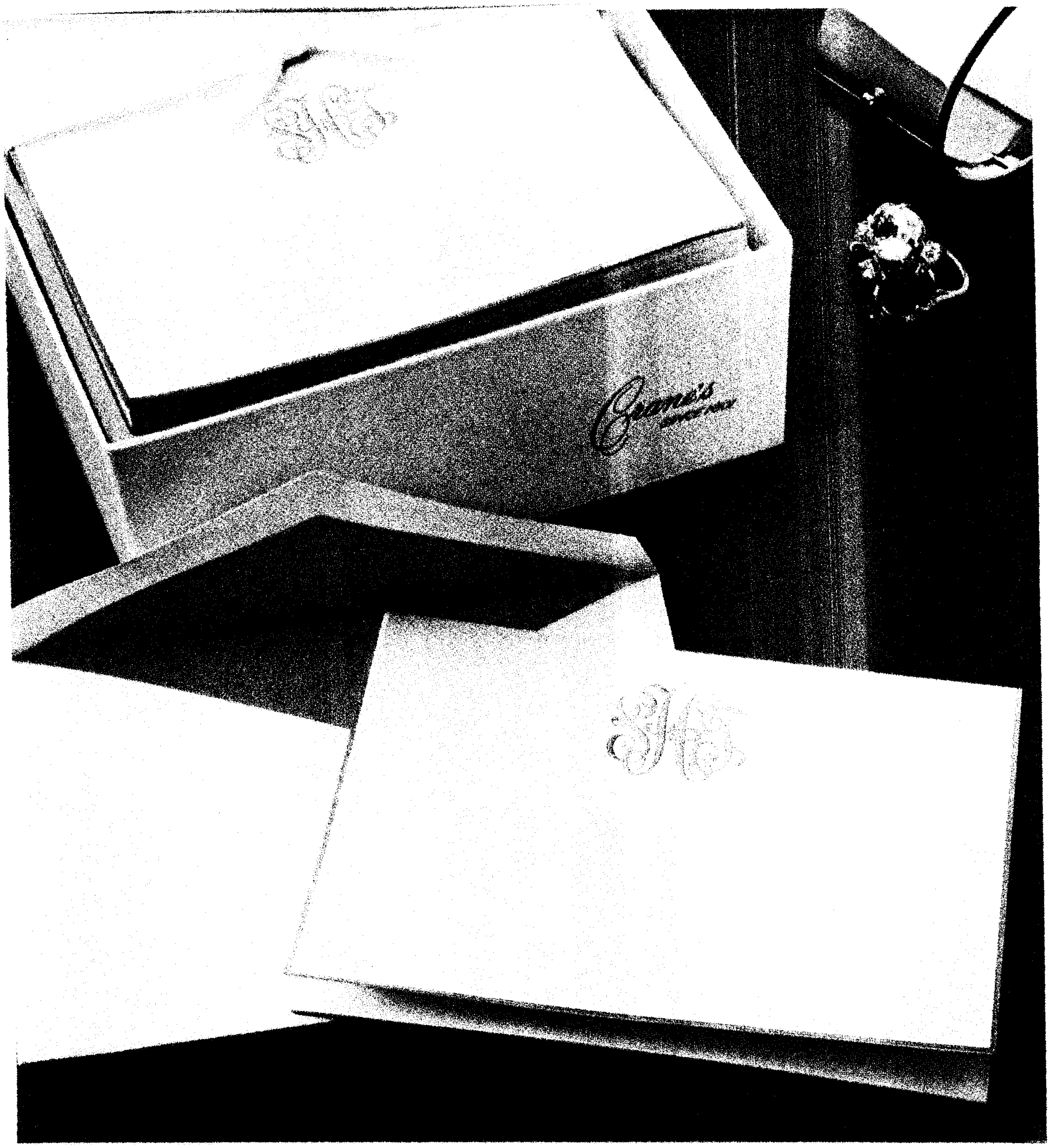
FOOTBALL

The Numbers Game

THE more records one can think of to keep, the more chances there are that new ones will be set, and so the statisticians are engaged in a self-perpetuating profession. A fortnight ago, they tell us, Grambling and Morgan State set an attendance record at Yankee Stadium, and last Saturday night the Jets, going against the Chargers, set an attendance record at Shea Stadium. Columbia's Marty Domres set an Ivy League record the same day by throwing passes worth three hundred and seventy-three yards against Princeton, and Princeton's Ellis Moore set a League record by running two hundred and thirty-eight yards. Columbia set a record by losing for the eighteenth time in a row to Princeton, 44–16, and both teams set a record (I have to make some of these up myself, because the statisticians haven't been inventing fast enough) by playing to only twelve thousand adorers at Palmer Stadium. Yale, beating a stubborn but insufficient Colgate, 49–14, set a record—ten straight—that no one else in the East can claim at the moment, and Princeton set a record, the most astounding of them all, by throwing a first-down pass at eight yards and goal to go instead of banging through the center of the line. (It went through flat-footed Columbia for a touchdown.) Princeton *tried* to set a record for speedy recovery after an enemy touchdown by running off one of its own in seventeen seconds, only to learn that Syracuse had done the same thing the same day in seven seconds while knocking off U.C.L.A., 20–7. Yale damn near set a record by using seventy-one men, a bunch of them off the junior varsity, which in the very last minutes the day before lost to the Army j.v., always a hot potato, 28–26. Calvin Hill, the Yale back, wanting to set a personal record by showing up in every match during his senior year, was permitted one play, in which he was a wide flanker, well away from the possibility of further damage; a week before, in a midair collision with two Connecticut defenders, he had badly bumped his head, and the Yale rule is ten days on the sidelines after a bad head-bumping. (Another record gone to seed.) Yale's Dowling, the only quarterback around here who can possibly match up to Domres, did his thing with consummate, offhand skill before he was laid off early in the second half, and the Yale defense did its thing most excellently; one of Colgate's touchdowns happened only because a Dowling lateral was batted by one participant in a mob scene into the Yale end zone. Wheelwright, the new coach for Colgate, ruefully remarked after the match that Dowling had all the attributes of Columbia's memorable Archie Roberts, *plus*, he added, a good team in front of him. Behind the current Yale, Domres would be even more impressive. Big, solid, durable, tall, fast, full of evasive wriggles, and cooler than any cucumber you could wish, he studies the whole pattern of offense and defense before making his wise decisions. Decisions were forced upon him Saturday, for Columbia's running game smashed through for a whopping two yards in the first half; he surely had to throw more than he wanted to, and that produced five expensive interceptions. But it does seem likely that before long he will be carrying a fat contract and a mink coat as he walks the sidelines at Shea Stadium. It seems likely, too, that MacBean, a Princeton junior, and McCullough, a Princeton sophomore, are going to throw and run the ball like fury this year, *if* their team finally lays aside its bumbling habits. For Domres, Columbia must do the same.

Dartmouth stoutly defended its record of having supreme trouble with Holy Cross by losing, 29–17, in a match in which it did as much bumbling as Columbia and Princeton combined. The Jets maintained their record of scaring their supporters into shards before they finally overcame the Chargers, 23–20, and Namath, throwing for the Jets, kept on being in-and-out. (His choices on third down are not to be compared to, say, the Domres choices.) Rutgers continued its career as tough nut to crack, losing to Cornell, 17–16, only because it chose to run for the point after touchdown instead of using the safe-and-sane kick. Until Domres set another Ivy League record last Saturday by throwing fifty-three passes, Pennsylvania's Creeden was the titleholder (forty-eight). His successor at quarterback for Penn made it two in a row for Penn this fall by beating Brown, 17–13. The chap is Bernie Zuhbreznee (spelled Zbrzeznj), and all he needs to do better, like Domres, et al., is a stronger team up front. —J. W. L.



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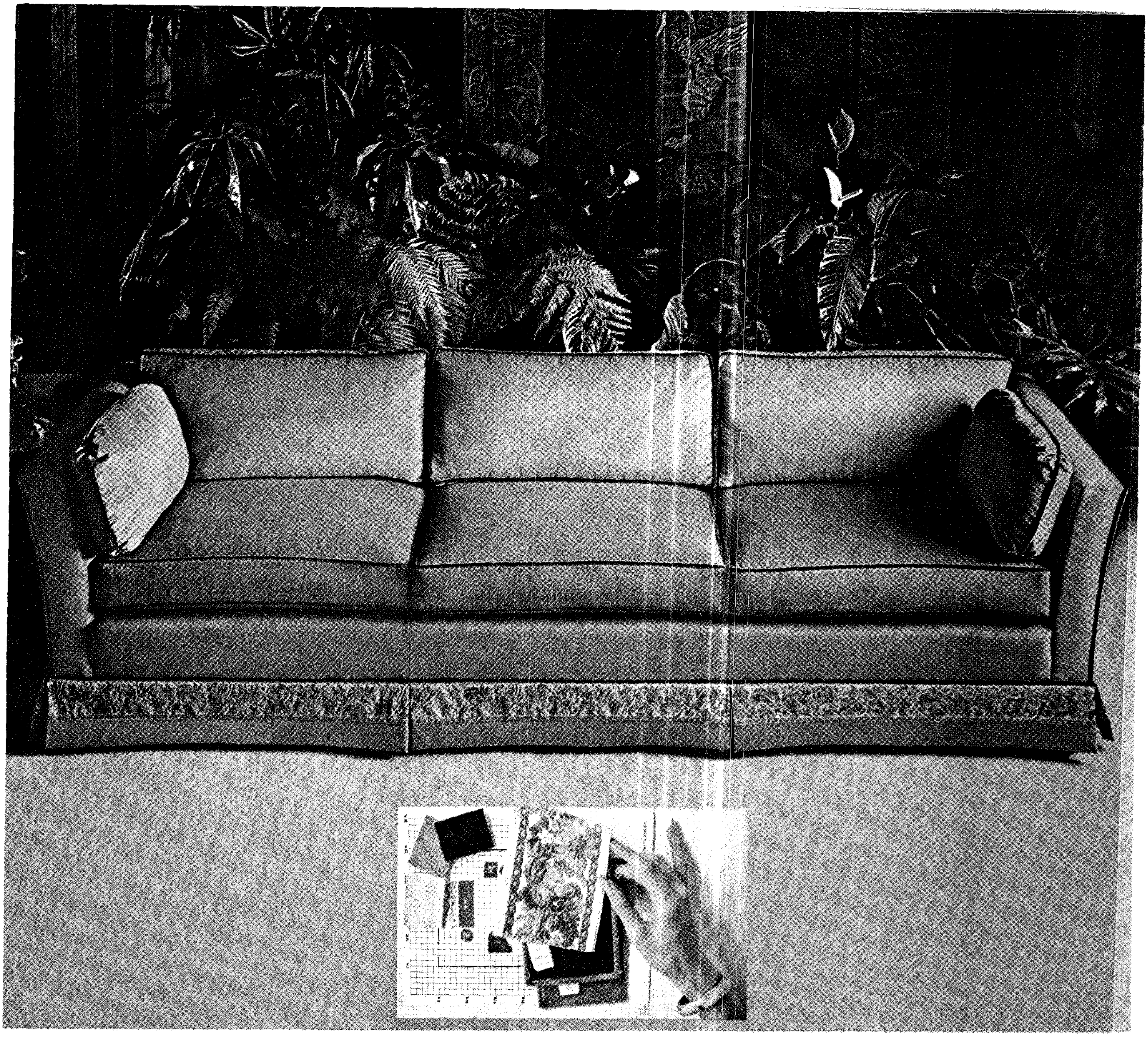

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THE MAGIC MINERAL

BACK in the nineteen-twenties, when the word "ASBESTOS" frequently appeared in large block letters on the fireproof drop curtains that closed off the proscenium openings of theatre stages, it was customary in certain parts of the country for youngsters attending Saturday-matinée performances of "Charley's Aunt" or "The Vagabond King" or "Mrs. Wiggs of the Cabbage Patch" to greet the raising of the asbestos curtain with the chant "All school boys eat stewed tomatoes on Saturday!" This was not, of course, an exercise in mnemonics but an expression of youthful exuberance, and, to a lesser extent, perhaps, a reflection of the tendency in an era celebrated for parochialism and flippancy to dismiss strange and exotic substances with jokes. Among older people, it was certainly common knowledge that asbestos was noncombustible, for when "Joe and Asbestos"—the syndicated comic strip about horse racing—first appeared in the Baltimore *Sun*, in 1925, the stableboy named Asbestos explained to the readership that he had acquired his odd moniker because "no matter how hot my tips are, they'll never burn a hole in your pocketbook." Such knowledge was hardly universal, however, for it was also true that a popular put-on of the flapper age consisted of solemnly assuring a susceptible theatre companion that the funny-looking word on the curtain meant "Welcome" in Latin. The fact of the matter is that although asbestos was linked one way or another in the public mind with fireproof theatre curtains, many people thought its name was a trademark, few people knew that it was being utilized in a wide variety of industrial products, only a handful of medical researchers were just then beginning to suspect that it was affecting the health of the workers who handled it, and virtually no one had any idea that it would one day prove to be one of the most important industrial causes of cancer in the world.

ASBESTOS, which comes from the Greek adjective ἄσβεστος, meaning inextinguishable or unquenchable, is a broad term embracing a number of fibrous silicate minerals that are found in practically every country in the world. According to geologists, chrysotile asbestos—a variety of the mineral that accounts for ninety-five per cent of the world's production—had its origin millions of years ago, when subterranean upheavals provided fractures in serpentine rock which were penetrated by water heated in the earth's interior. Subsequently, these waters dissolved some of the serpentine, and as the solutions cooled, fibrous silicate crystals began to grow within the fractures. The two other major varieties of asbestos—crocidolite and amosite—originated through somewhat different dynamic and thermal processes in metamorphic rock, and their fibres, though similar to chrysotile, possess different structural and chemical properties. Although known to man as early as the Stone Age, when it was used in pottery, asbestos was considered a novelty until the late eighteen-seventies, when it began to be mined on a commercial basis. Since then, it has achieved enormous industrial importance because of its unique and astonishing physical properties. It appears to be highly combustible, yet it can withstand the fiercest heat. It seems as perishable as grass, but by virtue of being almost immune to the forces of corrosion and decay under almost every condition of temperature and moisture (and of being resistant as well to the action of most acids, alkalies, and other chemicals) it is just about indestructible. It looks extremely fragile, yet its fibres have a tensile strength equal to that of piano wire. Apparently as light and feathery as thistle- or eiderdown, it is actually as heavy and dense as the rock from which it is extracted. In one sense, then, it is a fibre of stone. In another sense, however, it is a mineralogical vegetable whose fibres are so soft and flexible that they can be carded, spun, and woven as easily as fibres of cotton or flax.

Asbestos is the only mineral that can be woven into cloth, and its fibrous structure is, if anything, even more amazing than its remarkable ability to withstand heat. In fact, if it were not for the electron microscope, the extent to which asbestos is fibrous would be difficult to believe, for there are approximately a million individual fibrils lying side by side in a linear inch of chrysotile asbestos, whereas only thirty-eight hundred glass fibrils, such as those found in various insulation materials, or six hundred and thirty human hairs can be aligned along the same distance. Moreover, in addition to their extreme fineness, high tensile strength, unusual flexibility, spinnability, and resistance to heat and the elements, asbestos fibres possess great powers to adsorb and to

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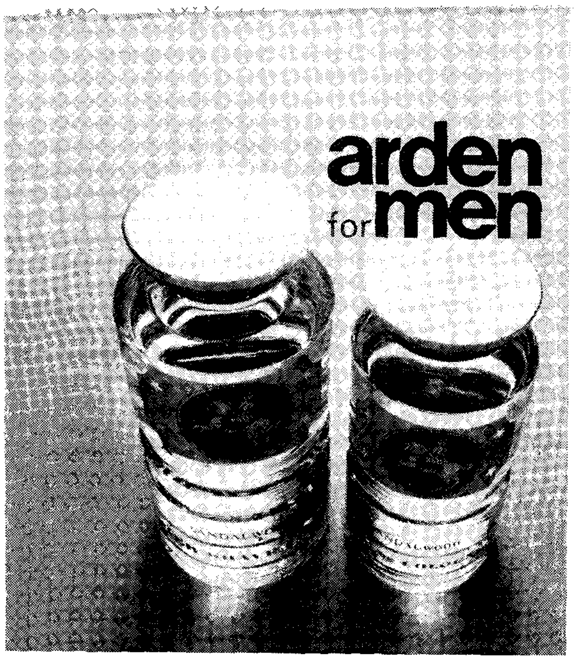
filter. Small wonder, then, that when asbestos, which had been known to the ancients as "the magic mineral," was, in effect, rediscovered less than a hundred years ago in the age of industrial expansion, it was put to work.

Since that time, the demand for asbestos has risen almost as fast as the stuff could be mined from the earth and milled from its host rock. In 1879, when the world's first commercial asbestos mine was opened at Thetford, in the Province of Quebec, only three hundred tons of the mineral was produced. By 1910, annual world production had jumped to thirty thousand tons; by the middle thirties, it had increased to five hundred thousand tons; and today the total output is more than four million tons a year. Up until a few years ago, asbestos was often called "the mineral of a thousand uses" by those who sold it, but this label has become obsolete, especially in the United States, where it is estimated that asbestos may have as many as three thousand different industrial applications. The United States is the largest consumer of asbestos in the world, importing nearly a million tons a year, mostly chrysotile from Canada, and since fully ninety-five per cent of this amount is used in combination with other raw materials—such as Portland cement, asphalt, and vinyl and other plastics—asbestos is present as an invisible and anonymous ingredient in a myriad of industrial products, many of which are never identified as containing asbestos even though it may constitute up to fifty per cent of their content.

The asbestos-cement industry, which is the principal consumer of the mineral, makes shingles for roofing and siding, sheets for exterior and interior walls, insulation board, clapboard, casings for electric motors, pipes to carry water, sewage, and gas, and numerous other products. Asbestos textiles are used not only in fireproof theatre curtains but also in lagging and other insulating wrapping, in conveyor belting and safety clothing, in pot holders, ironing-board covers, draperies, rugs, and motion-picture screens, as filters in gas masks and in the processing of fruit juices, acids, beer, and medicines, and in mailbags, prison-cell padding, airplane fittings, stove and lamp wicks, sparkplugs, and fire hose. The electrical-equipment industry has depended for years on asbestos yarn and tape for insulating conductors ranging from fine-gauge wire to heavy cable, and woven asbestos friction materials—such as brake linings and clutch fac-



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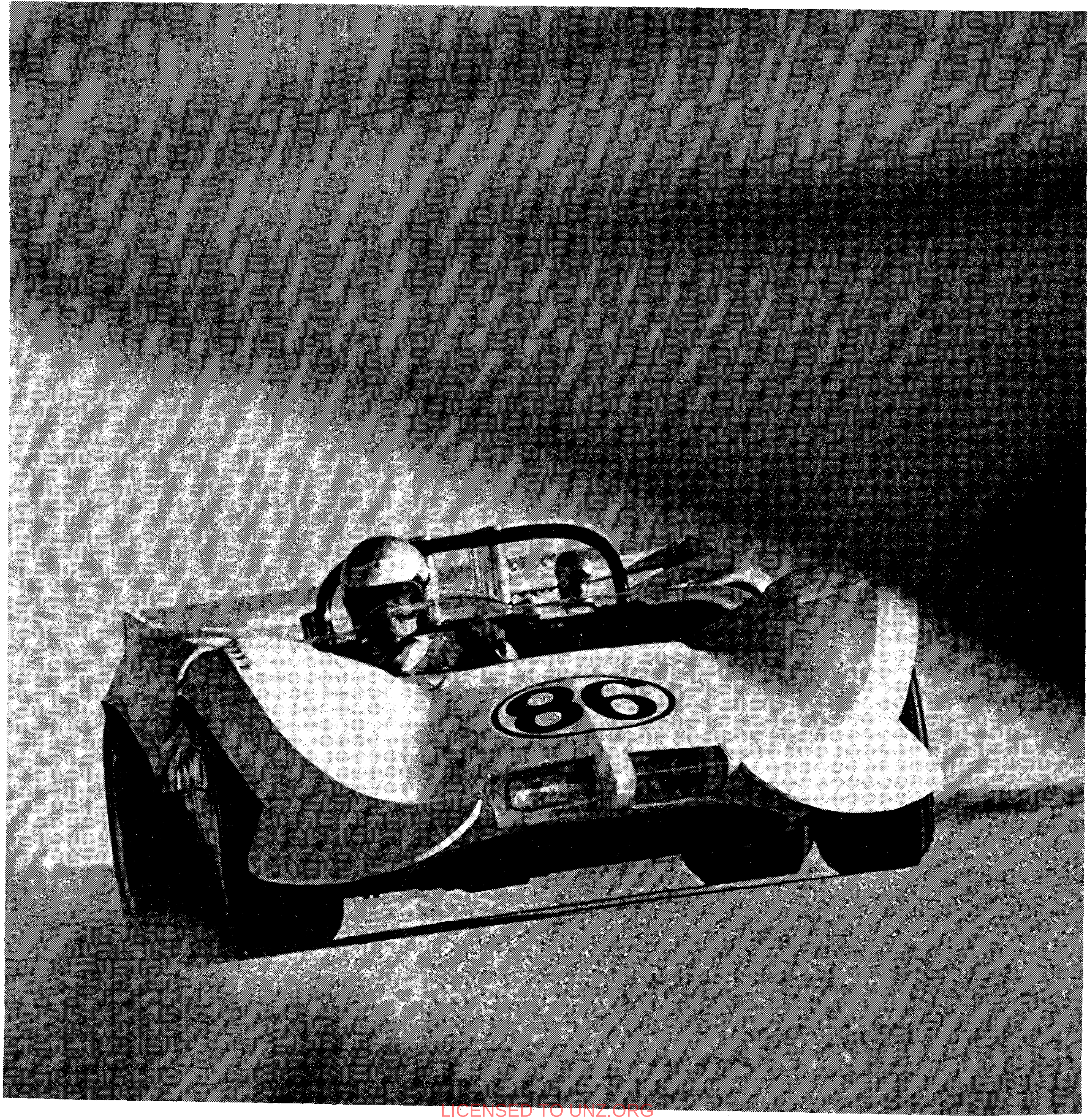

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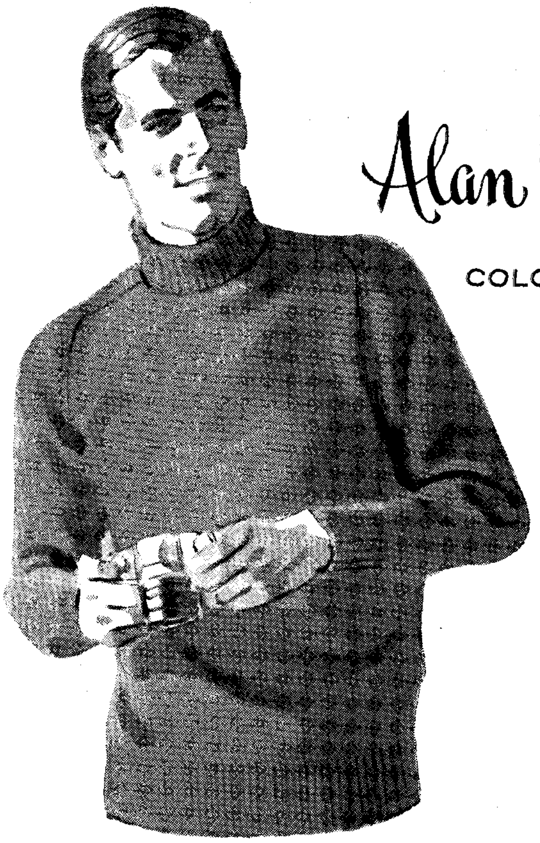

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ings—are found in cars, trucks, tractors, power shovels, hoists, and other industrial machines, as are asbestos-cloth packings, seals, and gaskets. Asbestos papers and felts are used for roofing, for piano padding, for lining stoves, heaters, filing cabinets, military helmets, and the mufflers and hoods of automobiles, and they also are found in armored cars, carpets, and cartridges, and as boiler jackets and radiator covers. Asbestos millboard, which is a heavier version of asbestos paper, is used for acoustical ceilings, as plasterboard and fireproof wallboard, and in electric switch boxes, safes, table pads, stove mats, ovens, and dry kilns. Vinyl and asphalt floor tiles contain anywhere from thirty to fifty per cent, by weight, of short asbestos fibres, and the floor-tile industry has become the second-largest user of the mineral. Since the development of phenol-formaldehyde resins in 1909, asbestos has been used in large quantities as a reinforcement and filler by the plastics industry, and today there are countless plastic products that contain asbestos, ranging from frying-pan handles to rocket nose cones. Asbestos is also an ingredient of many paints and sealants, of compounds used for roof coating and road building, of putties, caulking, and other crack fillers, of clays used for pottery and sculpture, of artificial snow, of plaster and stucco, of fireproof insulation sprayed on structural steel, and of undercoating sprayed on automobile bodies.

As a result of these multiple and miscellaneous applications, asbestos has become practically ubiquitous in modern society. There is not an automobile, airplane, train, ship, missile, or engine of any sort that does not contain asbestos in some form or other, and it has found its way into literally every building, factory, home, and farm across the land. And, because its minuscule fibres are eminently respirable, asbestos has also found its way into the lungs of man, where, by remaining as indestructible as it does in nature, it can wreak terrible havoc.

THE adverse biological effects of asbestos were observed as early as the first century by the Greek geographer Strabo and by the Roman naturalist Pliny the Elder, both of whom mentioned in passing a sickness of the lungs in slaves whose occupation was to weave asbestos into cloth. Strabo and Pliny were calling attention for the first time in history to a disease that would one day be known as asbestosis—a form of pneumoconiosis (the

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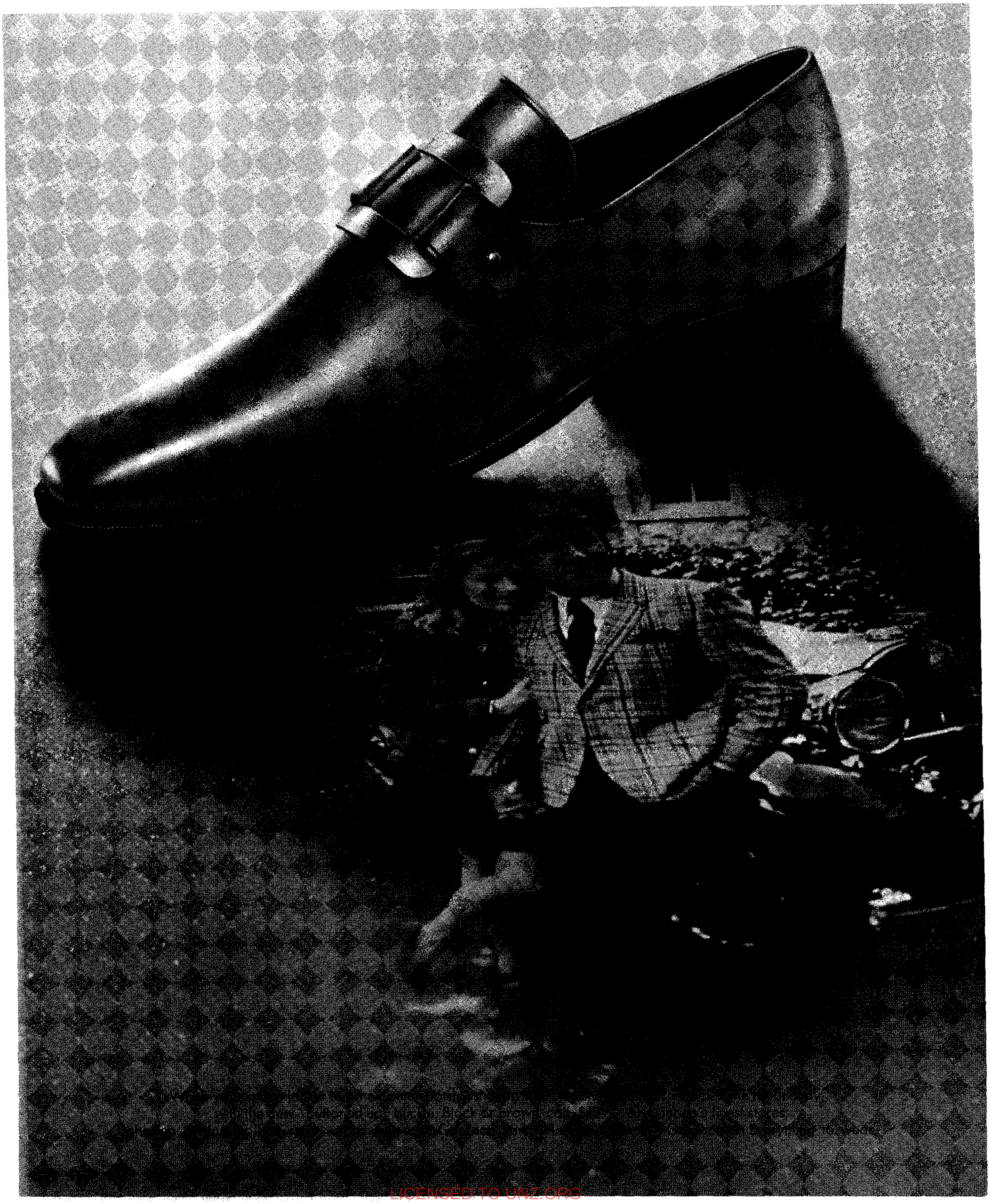

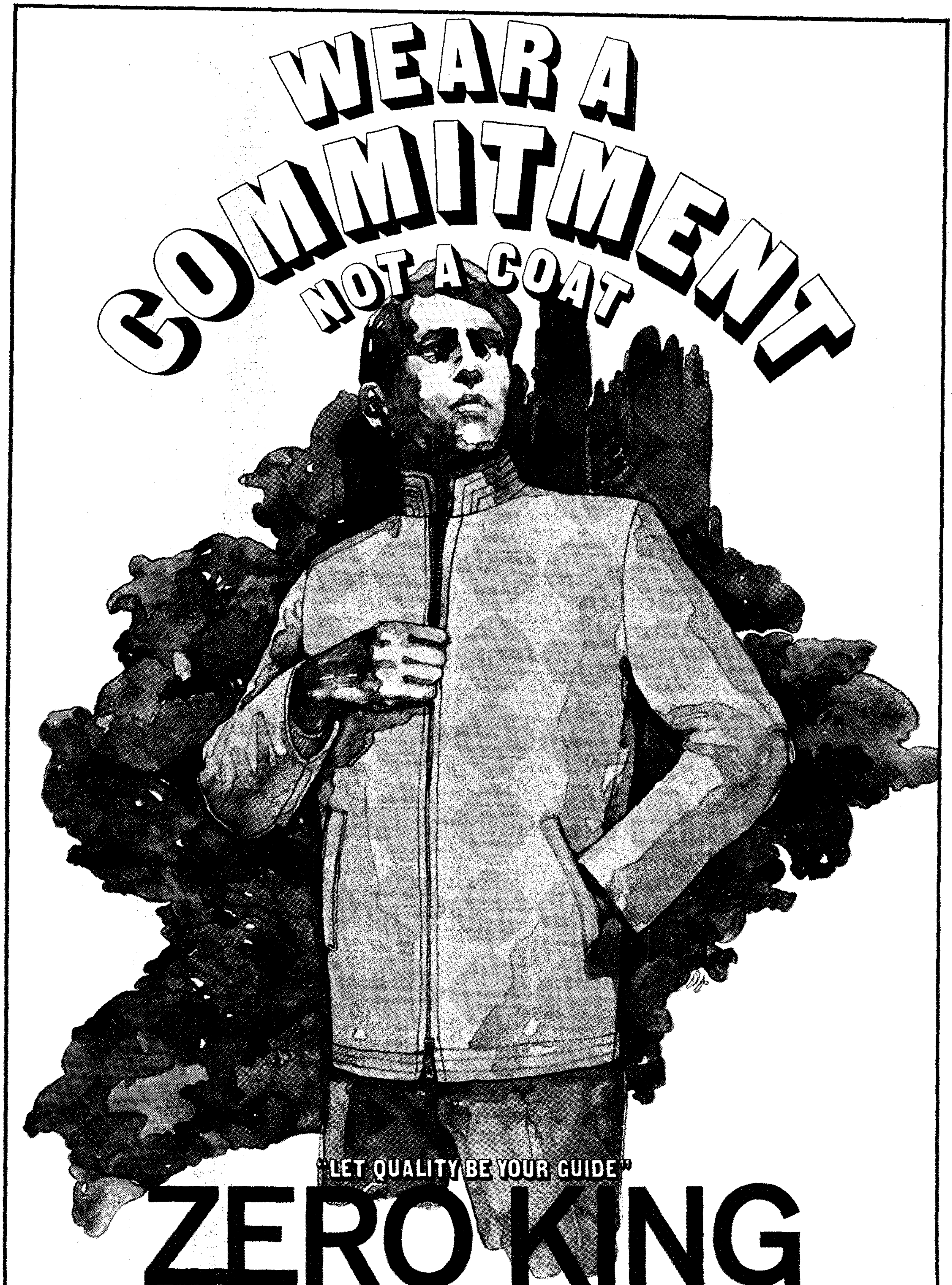

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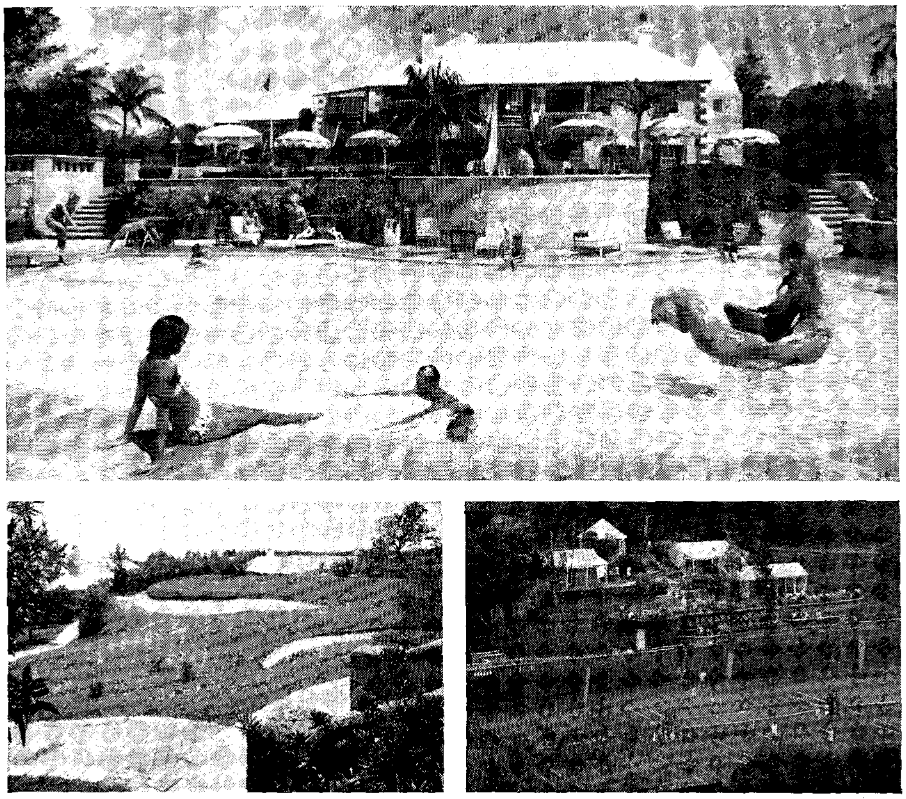
general term for all dust diseases of the lungs) caused by the inhalation of fine fibres and particles of asbestos—but the ancients were much too awed by the magic of the mineral to be concerned with the possibility that it might constitute a health hazard. Indeed, their attitude toward asbestos sometimes bordered on veneration. Strabo and Plutarch noted that the "perpetual" wicks used in the sacred and inextinguishable lamps of the vestal virgins were made of asbestos, and Pliny described asbestos cloth, which had been used for centuries in cremations, as the rare and costly "funeral dress of kings." It was generally assumed in ancient times that asbestos was of vegetable origin—Pliny called it "*linum vivum*," and the second-century Greek topographer Pausanias referred to it as "the only linen that is not consumed by fire"—and this misconception endured for centuries. (Only a few years ago, a major shareholder of an English asbestos company who was visiting the source of its supplies in South Africa asked the resident manager where the plantations were.) The Romans were especially impressed by the fact that when cloth made of asbestos was exposed to flame it always came out whiter than before—hence the Latin word for asbestos, *amiantus*, meaning unpolluted or undefiled—and they are said to have cleaned asbestos dinner napkins by tossing them into the fire.

The use of asbestos in Europe appears to have diminished greatly during the Dark Ages, although it is said that the Emperor Charlemagne convinced some warrior guests from a rival kingdom that he possessed magic powers by throwing an asbestos tablecloth into the fire and then withdrawing it, unscathed, from the flames. In the latter part of the thirteenth century, when the indefatigable Venetian traveller Marco Polo was traversing a part of Siberia then known as the Great Empire of Tartary, he was shown some cloth that would not burn, and was told by his Tartar hosts that it was made from salamander's wool. Too wily to be taken in by a story like that, Marco examined the material carefully and, after making some inquiries, learned that there was a mineral in the mountains of the district that contained threads like those of wool. In 1720, asbestos deposits were discovered in the Ural Mountains, and forty years later a factory was built to manufacture asbestos products. Because the known uses of the mineral were few and the demand was limited, this first commercial attempt to revive the long-



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dormant asbestos industry was a failure, but the second attempt, which took place slightly more than a century later, succeeded beyond the wildest dreams of its backers. As a result, the fact that asbestos could produce lung disease, which had been forgotten since Strabo and Pliny first recorded it around the time of Christ, soon manifested itself again.

Modern knowledge of asbestosis dates from the year 1900, when a post-mortem examination was performed by Dr. H. Montague Murray, a physician in London's Charing Cross Hospital, on the body of a thirty-three-year-old man who had worked for fourteen years in an asbestos-textile factory. The patient, found to have been suffering from severe pulmonary fibrosis, which is scarring of the lungs, had been the last survivor of a group of ten men who were working in the carding room of the factory in 1886, and since Dr. Murray found spicules of asbestos in the lung tissues at autopsy, he was able to establish a presumptive connection between the man's occupation and the disease that killed him. A few years later, an inspector in the Department of Labor at Caen, whose name was Auribault, reported the results of what was undoubtedly the first study of mortality among asbestos workers. According to Auribault, whose account appeared in the *Bulletin de l'Inspection du Travail et de l'Hygiène Industrielle*, an asbestos-weaving mill had been established in 1890 at Condé-sur-Noireau, in Calvados, and during its first five years of operation, when there was no artificial ventilation and the employees were heavily exposed to dust from the looms, fifty of them died. Moreover, the director of the factory, who had previously owned a cotton mill at Gonneville, in Manche, had recruited seventeen workers from his former staff, of whom sixteen were wiped out by what Auribault, who was not a physician, mistakenly described as chalicosis—a pneumoconiosis common among stonecutters.

Unfortunately, neither Murray nor Auribault realized the importance of their findings. Testifying before a Departmental Committee on Compensation for Industrial Diseases, in 1906, Murray said, "One hears, generally speaking, that considerable trouble is now taken to prevent the inhalation of dust, and so the disease is not so likely to occur as heretofore," and the concluding recommendation of Auribault's report was simply that people under eighteen years of age should not be allowed to work in dusty conditions. Be-

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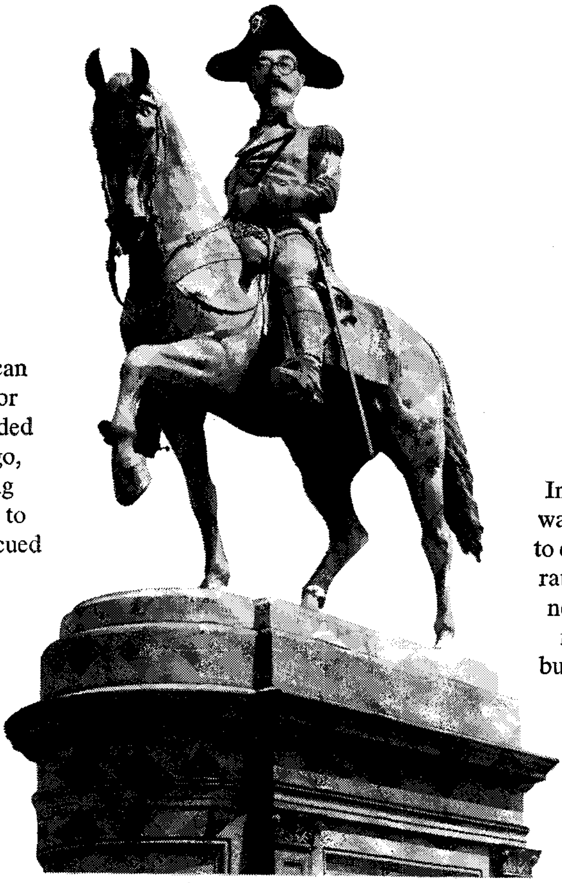

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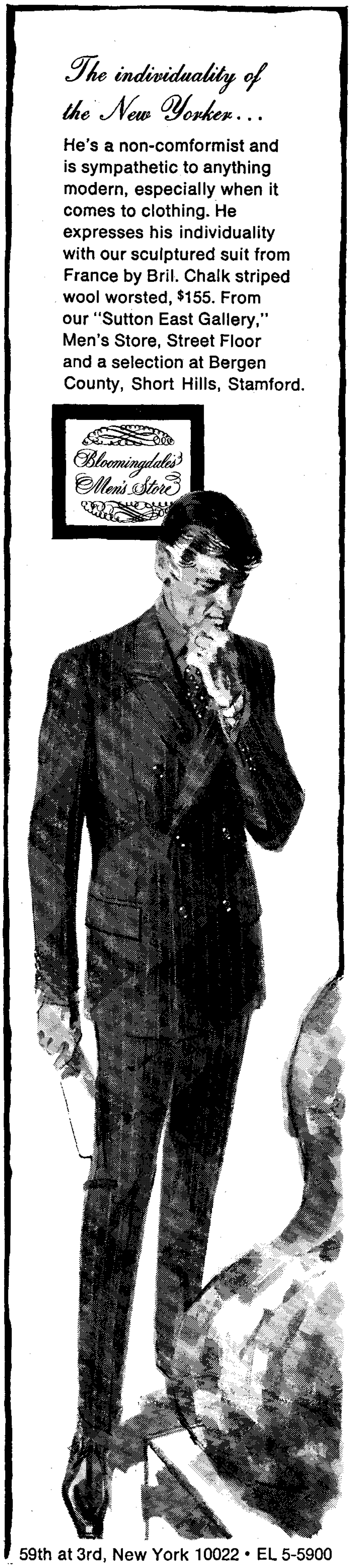
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cause of ignorance about the cause of the disease, and because it manifested itself slowly and insidiously over a period of from ten to twenty years or more, asbestosis was probably more often than not misdiagnosed in the early part of the century as pulmonary tuberculosis, silicosis, or fibrosing pneumonia. In addition, coyness on the part of industry, timidity on the part of labor, and obtuseness on the part of the medical profession often combined to make early investigations into the health of asbestos workers meaningless. As a result, even though the asbestos industry was growing very rapidly in all the industrialized countries of the world, almost nothing was done to control dust levels in asbestos factories, and almost no medical information on asbestosis was gathered during the quarter of a century that followed the disclosures of Murray and Auribault—although asbestos workers were probably dying like flies of it.

It was 1924 before the first clear case of death due to asbestosis appeared in medical literature. In that year, Dr. W. E. Cooke, an English physician, who gave the disease its name, performed a post-mortem examination on a thirty-three-year-old woman patient who had started working at the age of thirteen in an asbestos-textile factory in which there was no provision for the removal of dust. By 1917, after thirteen years of exposure, she had been coughing and in bad health, and from then on her attendance at work had been intermittent because of shortness of breath and lassitude. The autopsy showed extensive pulmonary fibrosis and dense strands of abnormal fibrous tissue connecting the lungs and the pleural membranes surrounding them. In addition, Cooke noted the presence of solid yellowish-brown particles, which he called "curious bodies," in the areas of fibrosis. "We have never seen anything parallel to this in pneumoconiosis due to other dusts, nor have we been able to find such occurrence in literature," he declared, and he added, "We cannot think there is any reasonable doubt that the particles in the lung are the heavy, brittle, iron-containing fragments of asbestos fibre."

Cooke's discovery, which was published in the *British Medical Journal* of July 26, 1924, and republished in 1927, provided the point of departure for a scientific journey that started on an apparently straightforward path of occupational hygiene and that has since branched out into epidemiology, oncology, physical chemistry, physiology, and experimental pathology. As a result of studies made between 1927 and 1931, a whole literature relating to asbestosis appeared in Great Britain, which included clinical and X-ray findings, descriptions of the histology of the disease, and the hypothesis (soon widely accepted) that the strange-looking yellowish-brown bodies noticed by Cooke were asbestos fibres that had been altered by the reaction of lung tissue, and coated with a colloidal substance rich in iron. In fact, Cooke's "curious bodies" proved to be so abundant in the lungs of autopsied asbestos workers, many of which contained literally billions of them, that they quickly came to be called "asbestos bodies."

The most important investigation of this period was conducted by Dr. E. R. A. Merewether, a medical inspector for the Factory Department of the British Home Office. Between 1928 and 1929, he examined three hundred and sixty-three asbestos-textile workers out of an estimated total of twenty-two hundred asbestos workers employed in Great Britain at the time, and found that ninety-five, or slightly more than twenty-five per cent, showed evidence of suffering from pulmonary fibrosis. He also demonstrated that the incidence of fibrosis increased in direct proportion to the number of years of exposure, reaching eighty-one per cent in the group of workers who had been employed in the industry for twenty years or more. As a result of Merewether's report, Parliament passed legislation in 1931 that made asbestosis a compensable disease, required improved methods of exhaust ventilation and dust suppression in asbestos-textile factories, and instituted periodical medical examinations for workers engaged in particularly dusty processes in the asbestos-textile industry.

After this promising burst of activity, however, progress in the field of asbestosis was depressingly slow, for, as things turned out, the doctors had only begun to scratch the surface of a problem of bewildering complexity. Many investigators assumed that the new regulations would prove effective in controlling the disease, thus failing to appreciate the fact that, once inhaled,

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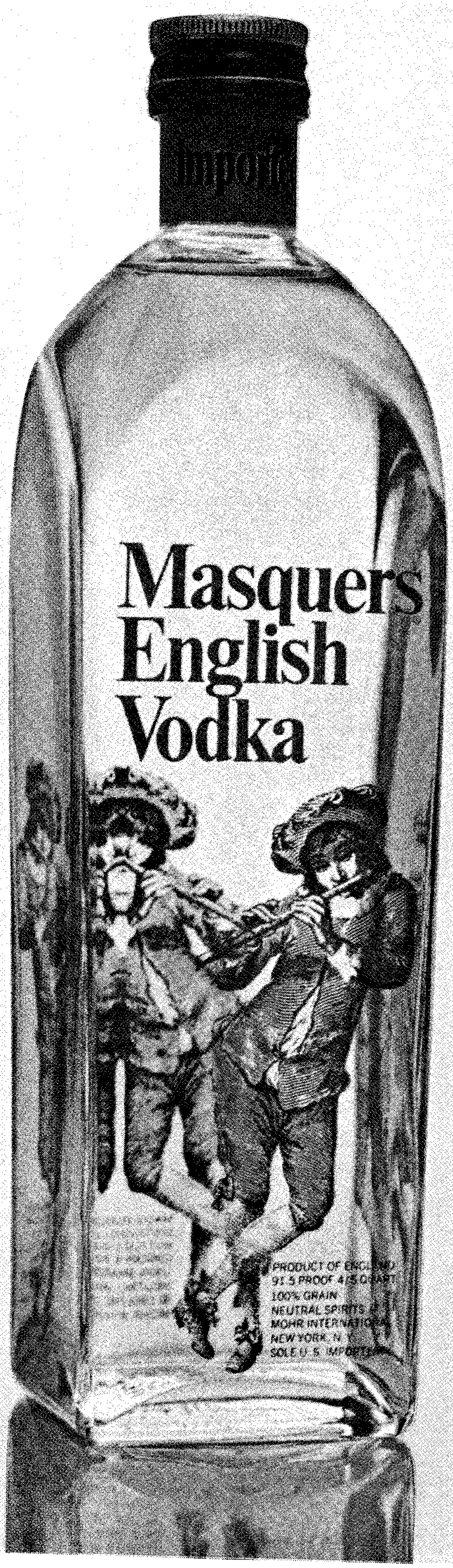
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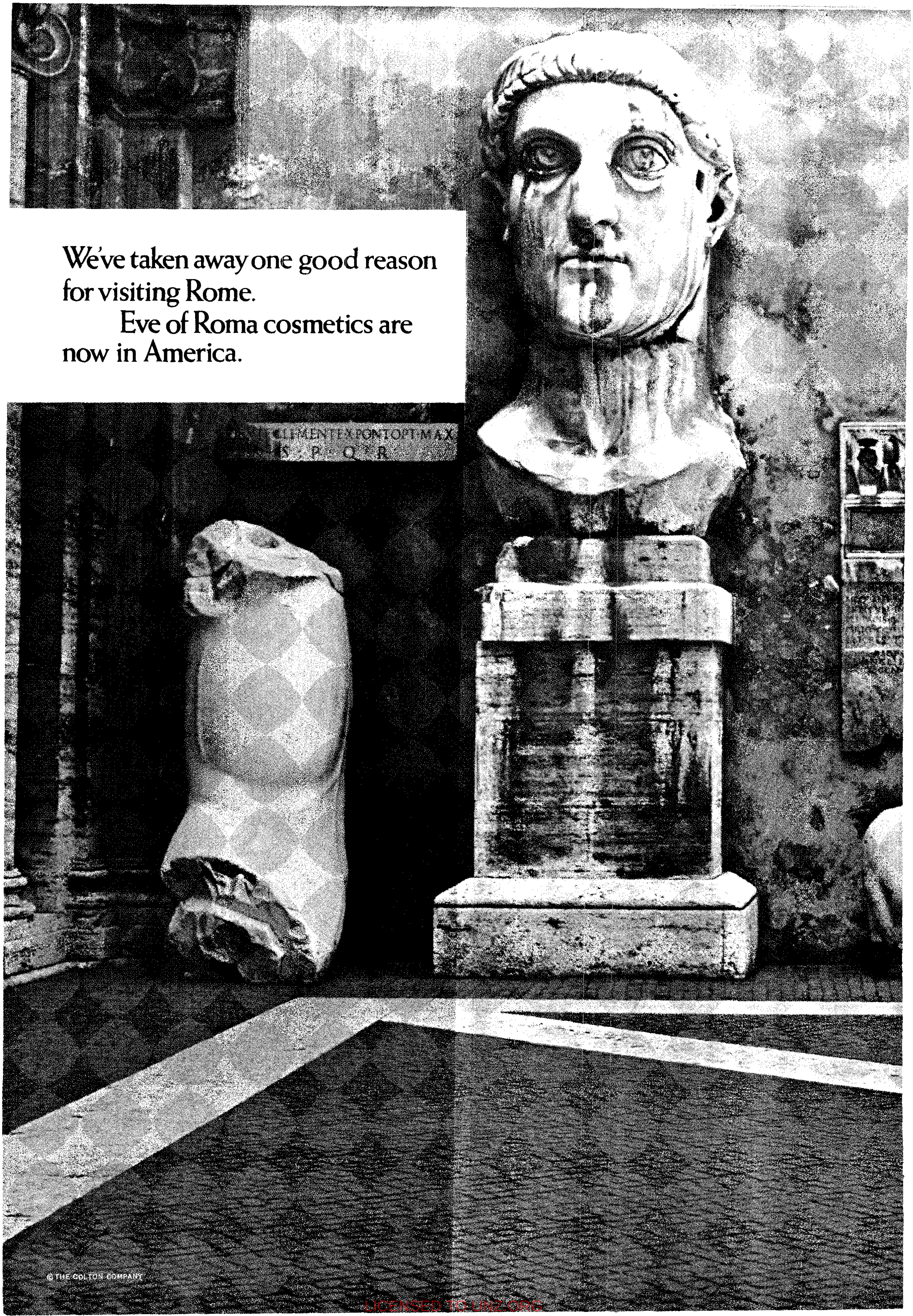
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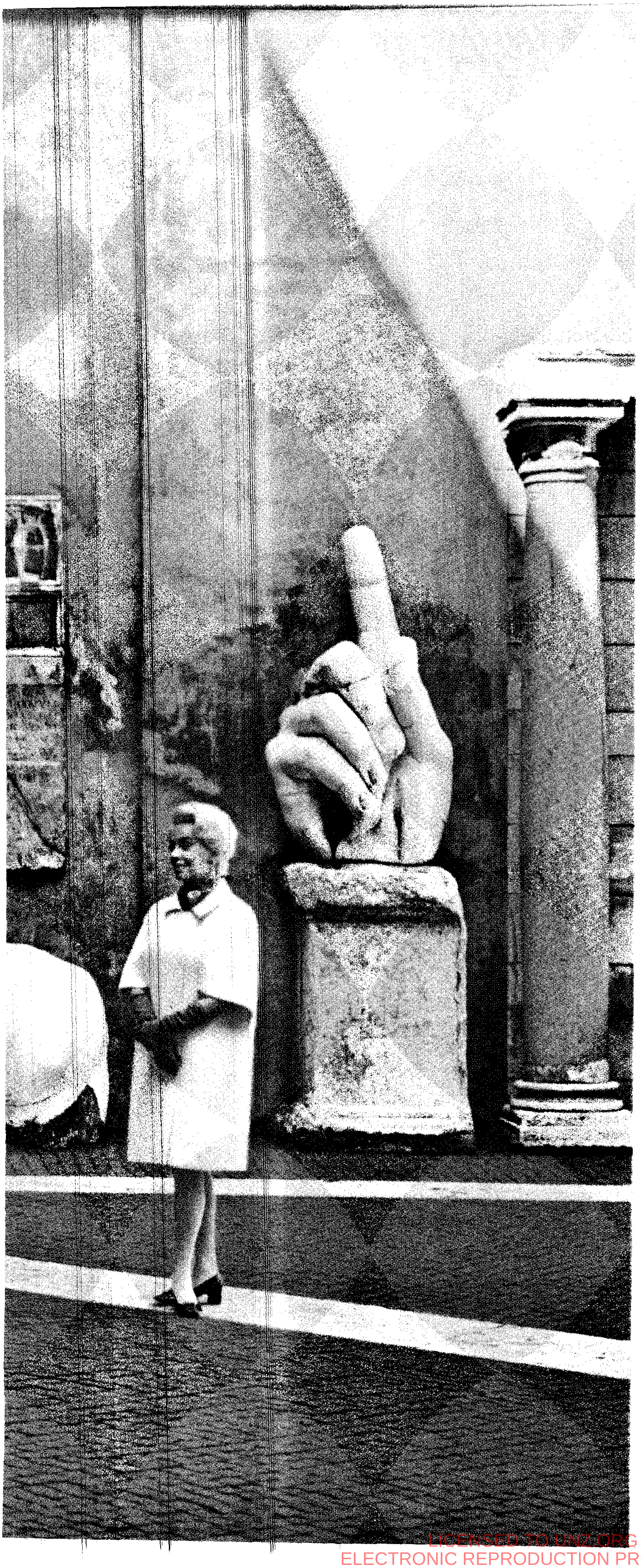

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asbestos, which is virtually indestructible, continues to react within the lungs for a lifetime, and to heed the warning of Merewether, who, when asked if two years of exposure was sufficient to cause asbestosis in a young girl, replied, "Yes, if she lives long enough." Moreover, techniques of dust sampling were primitive and inaccurate, and dust levels varied so greatly—not only from factory to factory but from area to area within a given factory—that it would have been almost impossible to establish criteria upon which to recommend a safe level of exposure. But as time went by, the generally lowered dust levels that did result from the regulations of 1931 appeared to be slowing down the attack rate of the disease, at least in Great Britain, and the life expectancy of the average asbestos-textile worker was further increased by the advent of antibiotics, which drastically reduced the death rate from infectious pulmonary diseases that often had to be feared as a complication of asbestosis. The totally unforeseeable consequence of all this was that asbestos workers, instead of dying of asbestosis, began living long enough to develop asbestos-induced cancer.

The first published suggestion of an association between asbestosis and malignant disease was made in 1935 by Dr. Kenneth M. Lynch, professor of pathology at the Medical College of South Carolina, who described the case of a fifty-seven-year-old asbestos weaver who died of asbestosis and in whose lungs cancer was also found. Because the regulations of 1931 required British coroners to conduct autopsies on men who had been suspended from work with asbestos on account of pulmonary disability or when their length of service rendered it likely that their occupation was a contributory cause of death, pathologists in Britain were able to investigate the suggested link between asbestosis and lung cancer much more easily than their counterparts in the United States, where few states had workmen's compensation laws covering dust diseases, and where there were no specific regulations requiring post-mortem examinations of asbestos workers. The British investigations were not made the subject of official comment until 1949, however, when Dr. Merewether, who was then Chief Inspector of Factories, published a review of data that had been accumulated from 1924 to 1946, which revealed that lung cancer was present in thirty-one out of two hundred and thirty-five deaths that were caused by asbestosis or in which asbestosis was

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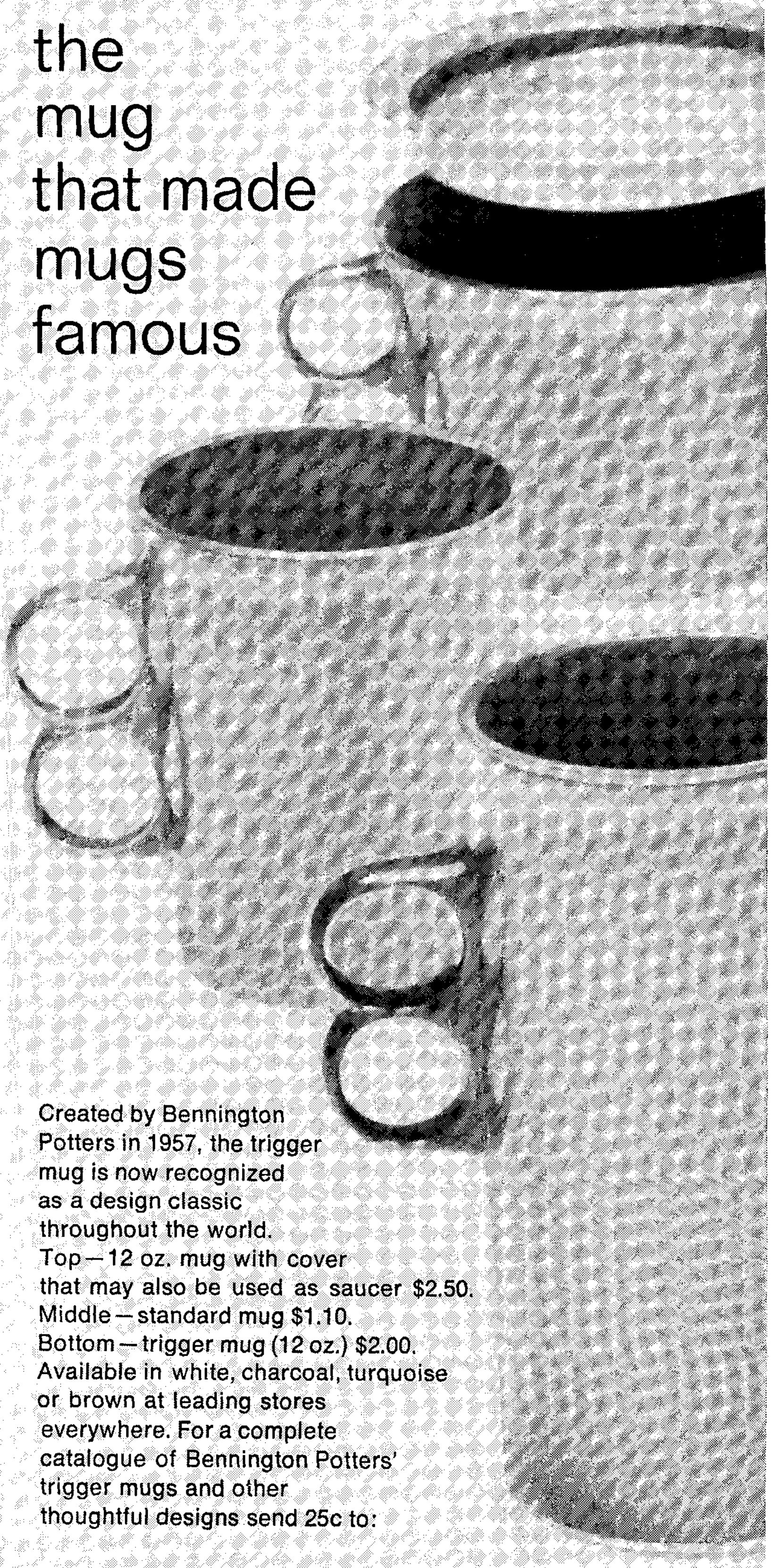

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found at autopsy. This was an incidence of slightly more than thirteen per cent, and Merewether found it highly significant, for lung cancer, according to its incidence in the general population, should only have been present in approximately one per cent of the cases. At the time, no formal claim of an association between the two diseases was made, but during the next few years an increasing amount of evidence began to establish one. Then, in 1955, Dr. Richard S. Doll, director of the Statistical Research Unit of the British Medical Research Council, completed a study of a hundred and thirteen consecutive autopsies of men with more than twenty years of exposure in a large asbestos-textile factory, which showed that the extent to which they had risked lung cancer over the whole period was eleven times as great as that of men in the general population of England and Wales. From then on, many doctors were convinced that a causal relationship between asbestos exposure and lung cancer had been demonstrated, although almost no part of the vast asbestos industry either acknowledged the relationship or found it advisable to aid the independent researchers who were investigating it.

At this point, many epidemiologists had concluded that the hazards to human health presented by asbestos were limited to the relatively small group of heavily exposed workers engaged in making asbestos textiles. The trouble was that very few studies had been made of the tens of thousands of workers engaged in other branches of the industry, which was then expanding at an enormous rate all over the world, so that no one really had any way of knowing whether there was any danger from moderate or light occupational exposure—or, for that matter, from indirect, non-occupational exposure. Such studies were under way in a number of countries, however, and when the results began to appear, in the late fifties, it became evident that the hazard posed to man by asbestos had once again been underestimated.

The most dramatic development was the discovery of an association between exposure to asbestos and mesothelioma, an almost always malignant tumor of the pleura, which is the delicate membrane that encases the lungs, or of the peritoneum, a similar membrane that lines the abdominal cavity. Previously, mesothelioma had been so rare that it was considered a pathological curiosity. It was found in only one out of every ten thousand autopsies, it was

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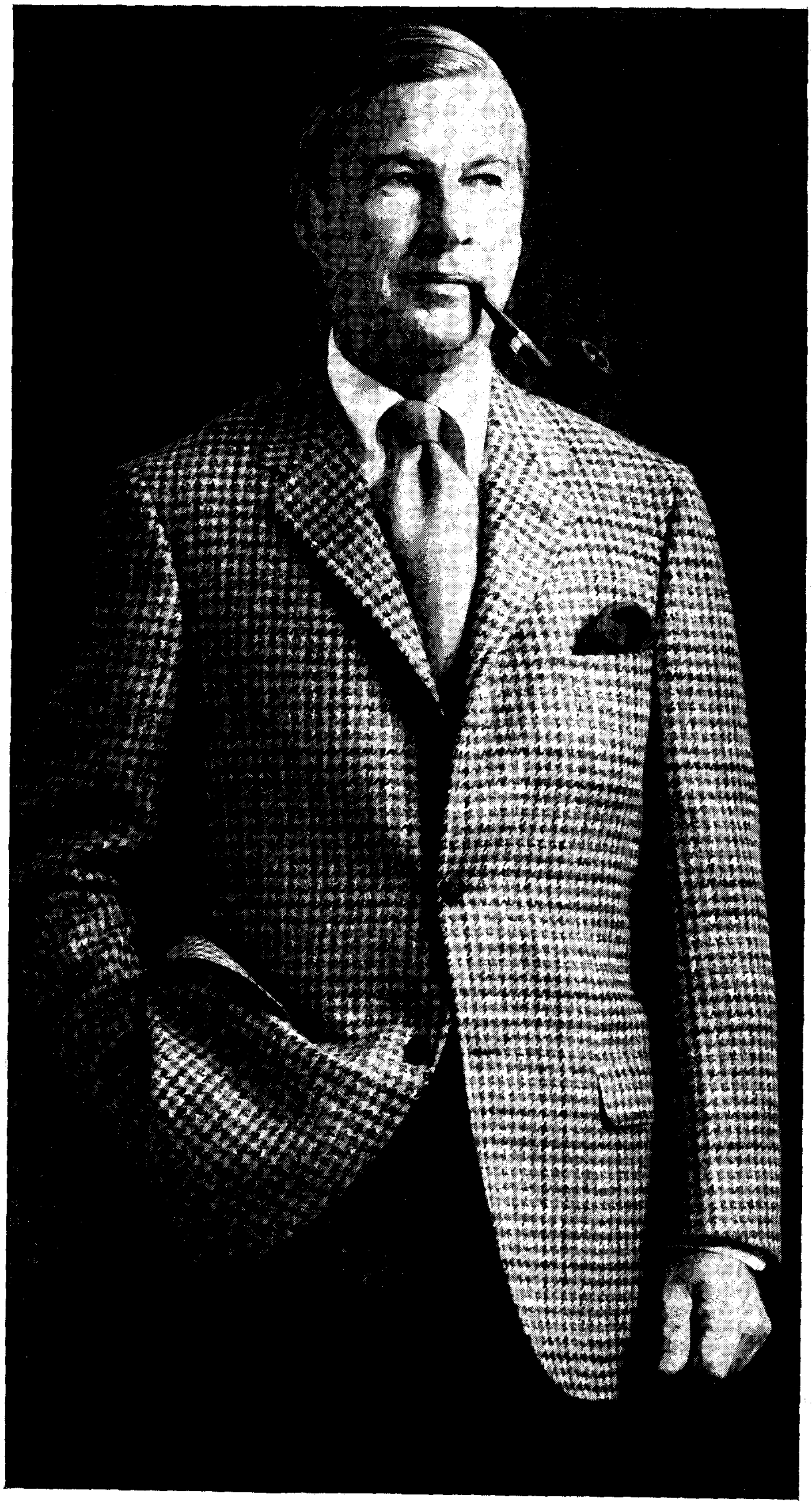

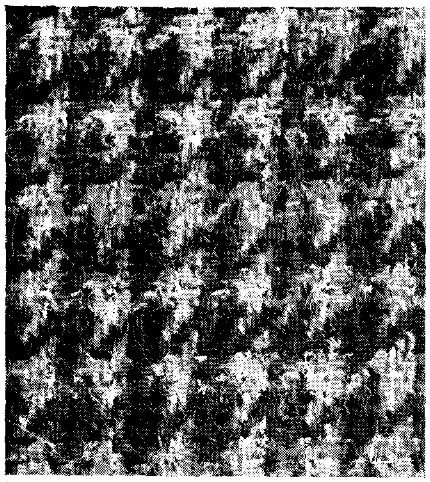

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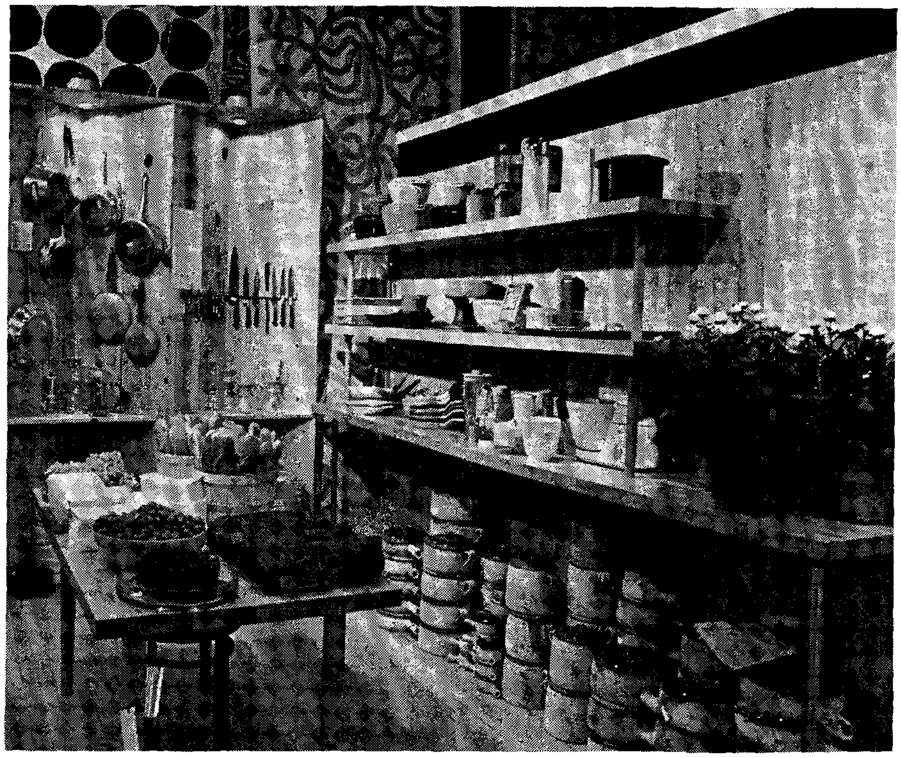

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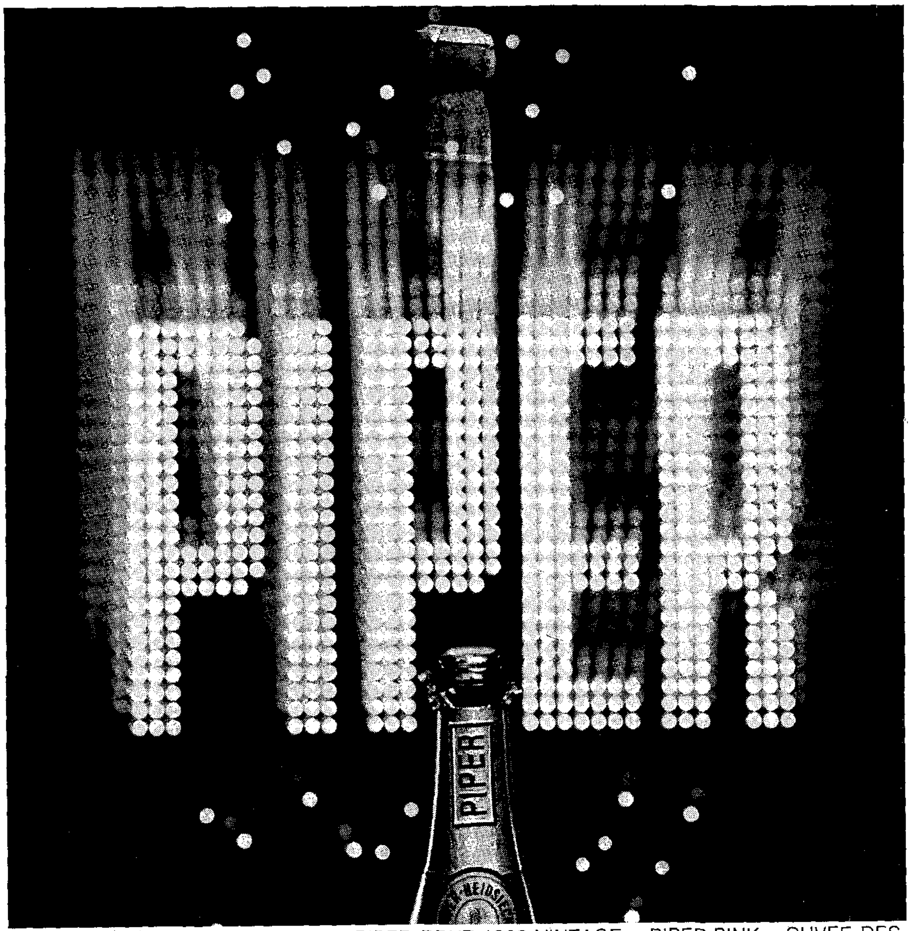

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not listed in most medical books, and it was not even coded separately in the World Health Organization's International Classification of Diseases. In 1956 and 1957, however, sixteen cases of this rare tumor—tantamount to an epidemic—were diagnosed at the Pneumoconiosis Research Unit in Johannesburg, South Africa, by a pathologist named J. Christopher Wagner. Two circumstances led Dr. Wagner and his associates to suggest that asbestos might play some part in the mysterious outbreak: asbestos bodies had been found at autopsy in the lungs of the very first case, and ten of the cases had come from a hospital to which patients suspected of suffering from tuberculosis were referred from a large crocidolite-asbestos mining area.

At the beginning, this hypothesis seemed rather tenuous, for none of the sixteen patients who suffered from mesothelioma had ever worked in asbestos mines or mills. Within a short period, however, cases of mesothelioma began to crop up elsewhere in South Africa, and when Wagner and his associates discovered that the father of one of their new mesothelioma patients had been the manager of an asbestos mine, and that the patient had played around the mine and on the adjacent dumps as a child, they undertook to reinvestigate the sixteen original cases and to obtain detailed life histories in all future cases. By the end of 1961, they had diagnosed a total of eighty-seven mesotheliomas of the pleura and two mesotheliomas of the peritoneum. Only twelve of the cases proved to have had industrial exposure to asbestos, but all the rest came from the arid, windswept region of the Cape asbestos fields, where they could easily have sustained exposure simply by living in the vicinity of asbestos mills and dumps. A particularly striking case was that of a woman who was born in a town on the asbestos fields, left the region at the age of five, and died of a pleural mesothelioma at the age of fifty-seven. Detailed questioning about her childhood revealed that she had attended a kindergarten near an asbestos dump and that she and her playmates (two of whom also died of mesothelioma) used to enjoy sliding down the dump on their way home from school. Another example was provided by the youngest patient of the series—a man who died at the age of twenty-one. He had been exposed to asbestos from the age of six weeks until he was weaned—a period during which his mother took him along with her when she went to work at a cobbing site, which is a place where

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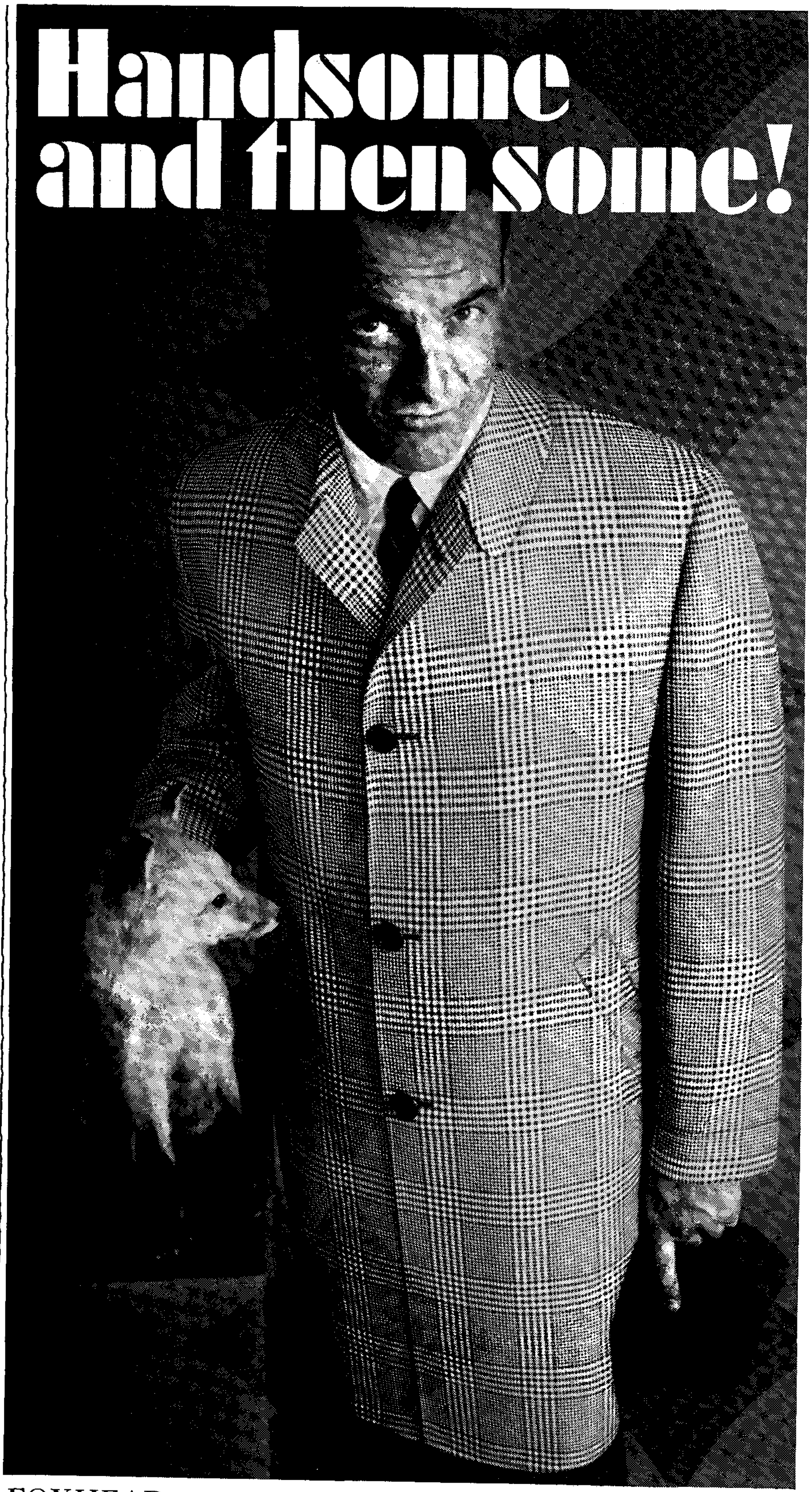
THE FLEISCHMANN DIST. CORP. NYC 90 PROOF DISTILLED FROM AMERICAN GRAIN asbestos is separated from its host rock. Even among those patients who had worked in asbestos mines, the actual exposure appeared to have been slight, for in most cases the lungs showed no evidence of asbestosis but only a few asbestos bodies and fibres in the air spaces. From this, Wagner drew the chilling conclusion that mesothelioma might result from an exposure to asbestos dust that was considerably less than that needed to produce fibrosis—the condition that had always been considered essential for the development of asbestos lung cancer. (In some areas of South Africa, occupational exposure to asbestos dust was so heavy, however, that fibrosis of the lungs was almost certainly killing people before cancer could develop. According to Dr. G. W. H. Schepers, a native of South Africa who is now director of the Bureau of Laboratories in the Department of Health in Washington, D.C., conditions of industrial hygiene in the asbestos mines and factories were often "deplorable." In 1949, when Schepers was sent into the northeastern Transvaal to make the first official radiological and clinical survey of the asbestos industry for the South African government, he found barefoot Bantu children spending their days inside large jute shipping bags, where they were forced by overseers armed with whips to trample down fluffy amosite asbestos as it came cascading over their heads into the bags. Schepers found that a number of these children had developed asbestosis with cor pulmonale—right-sided heart failure, which often accompanies the disease—before the age of twelve, and he has said that he would be very surprised if any of them had lived long enough to develop either lung cancer or mesothelioma.)

In 1960, the year that Wagner published the first of his disturbing reports about mesothelioma, there were two additional developments that caused grave concern among scientists investigating the asbestos problem. One of them occurred in Finland, where Dr. Raimo Kiviluoto, a radiologist, had been surveying the general population for tuberculosis; he detected deposits of calcium on the pleura, which had previously been seen almost exclusively in asbestos workers, in four hundred and ninety-nine out of sixty-three hundred and twelve people (mostly farmers and their wives) who lived in a county where asbestos had been mined and milled for many years, and no pleural calcifications in seventy-one hundred and one people who lived in a neighboring county where there was no as-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bestos industry. The other development took place back in South Africa, where Dr. J. G. Thomson, professor of pathology at the Medical School of the University of Cape Town, was examining lung-fluid smears from five hundred consecutive autopsies to determine the extent to which the ordinary urban dweller was exposed to the inhalation of asbestos; he found asbestos bodies in twenty-five per cent of the total. Thomson's discovery astonished the medical world, for up until that time no one suspected that asbestos bodies might be present in the lungs of people who did not work in asbestos mines or factories. He pointed out, however, that there had been a tremendous increase in the use of asbestos throughout the world over the previous twenty years—three million tons were marketed in 1960—and that asbestos was being incorporated into an increasing number and variety of industrial products with which the ordinary urban dweller came into intimate daily contact. He also suggested that the air of city streets was a likely source of asbestos exposure, and that the average motor vehicle, which wears out three or four sets of asbestos brake linings and one or two asbestos clutch facings in its lifetime, might well be a major cause of the liberation of asbestos dust. Thomson reminded his colleagues that, compared to a half-life of twenty-eight years for strontium 90, the half-life of asbestos fibre was an infinity of years, and he concluded that, because of the continuous disintegration of asbestos products such as brake linings, floor tiles, and roofing materials, as well as the demolition of buildings containing numerous other asbestos products, asbestos was constantly finding its way into the atmosphere as an everlasting contaminant. He even went so far as to predict that in future decades, as the accumulation of asbestos in urban areas led inexorably to higher concentrations of asbestos fibres in the lungs of urban dwellers, asbestos-induced neoplasms would rival cigarette-induced lung cancer as a cause of death.

As might be expected, the disclosures made by Wagner, Kiviluoto, and Thomson provided a powerful stimulus for further investigation of the problem of asbestos exposure. During the next few years, a hunt for mesotheliomas and asbestos bodies was undertaken by pathologists all over the world. Thomson's observations were confirmed by studies made in Miami, in London, and in Belfast, while in Pittsburgh asbestos bodies were found in the lungs of forty-six of a hundred consecutive autopsies at Presbyterian-University Hospital. And Wagner's findings were corroborated by investigations that associated mesothelioma with exposure to asbestos in half a dozen cities in Europe and the United States. Perhaps the most striking confirmation of Wagner's data came from London, where Dr. Muriel L. Newhouse and Dr. Hilda Thompson, of the Department of Occupational Health at the London School of Hygiene and Tropical Medicine, investigated the life histories of seventy-six cases of mesothelioma that had been confirmed by autopsy or biopsy in London Hospital. To no one's surprise, thirty-one of the seventy-six patients had worked with asbestos, but eleven of those who had died had simply lived within half a mile of an asbestos factory, and nine others—seven women and two men—were relatives of asbestos workers. Most of these women had washed their husbands' work clothes regularly. The investigators learned that one of the husbands, a docker, had come home "white with asbestos" every evening for three or four years, and that his wife had brushed him down. Both of the men in this group, when boys of eight or nine years, had had sisters who worked in asbestos-textile factories. One of the sisters had been employed as a spinner from 1925 to 1936, and had died of asbestosis in 1947, at which time it was determined at an inquest that "she used to return home from work with dust on her clothes." Her brother, who had apparently sustained no other exposure to asbestos in his lifetime, died in 1956 of a pleural mesothelioma.

Further corroboration of Wagner's findings came from southeastern Pennsylvania, where Dr. Jan Lieben, then head of the Division of Occupational Health at the State Department of Health, in Harrisburg, investigated the backgrounds of forty-two people who had died of mesothelioma between 1958 and 1963. Of the forty-two patients, ten proved to have had definite occupational exposure to asbestos, three were relatives of asbestos workers, eight either lived or were employed in the vicinity of an asbestos factory, and ten

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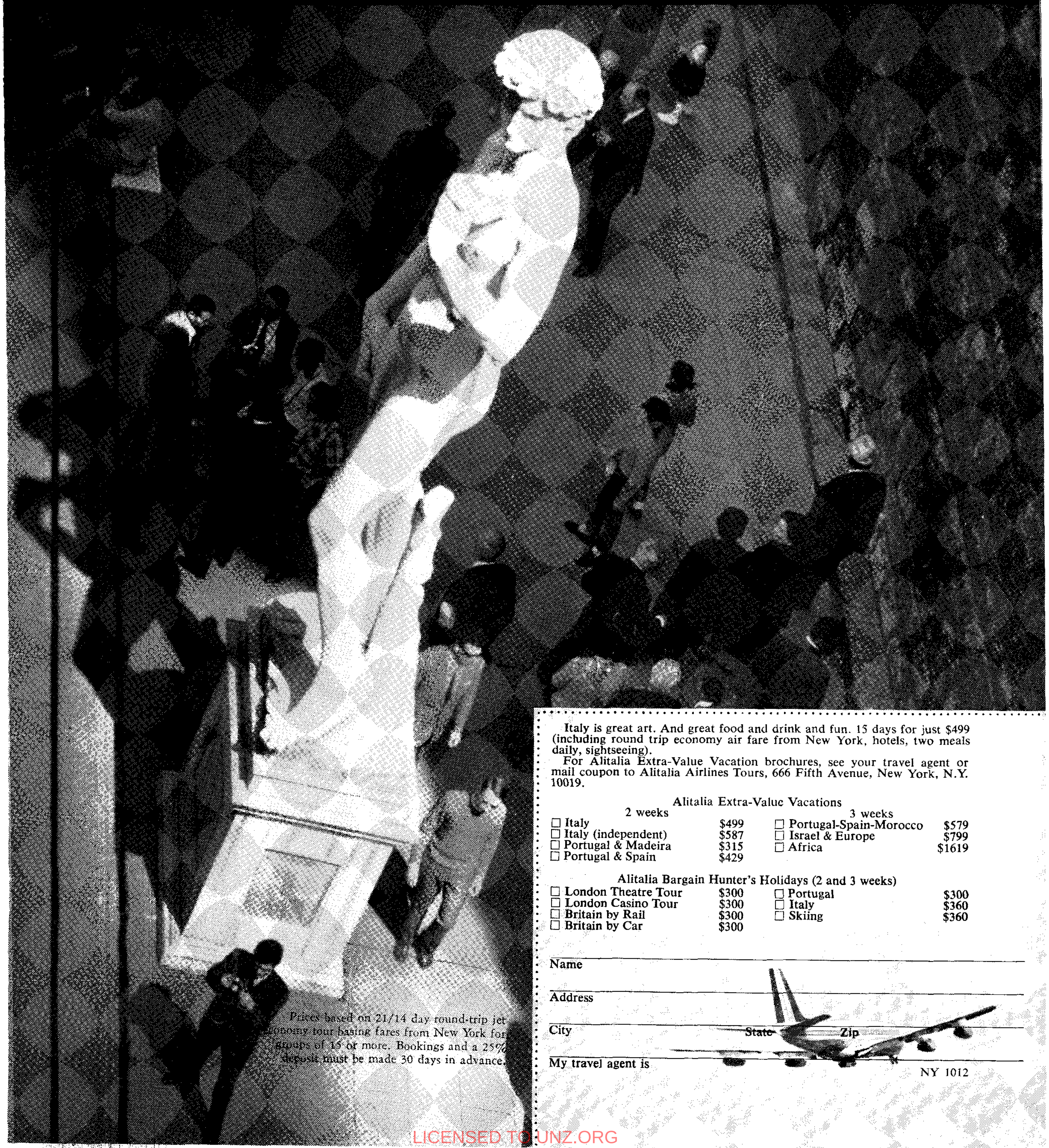

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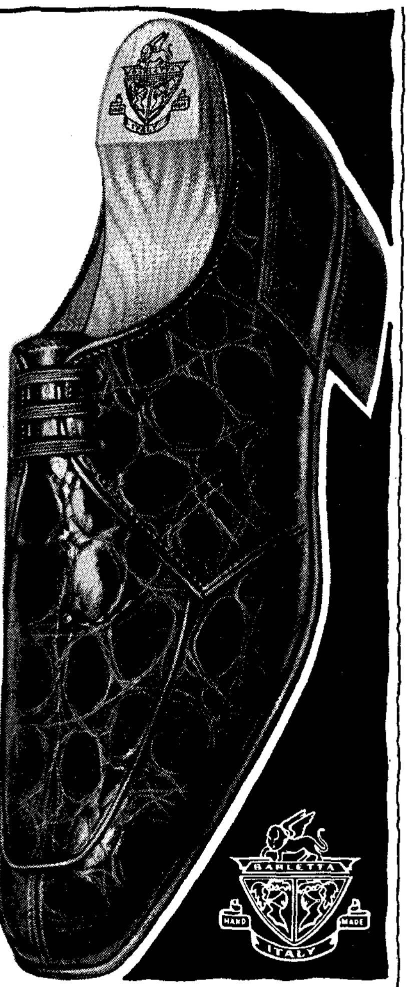

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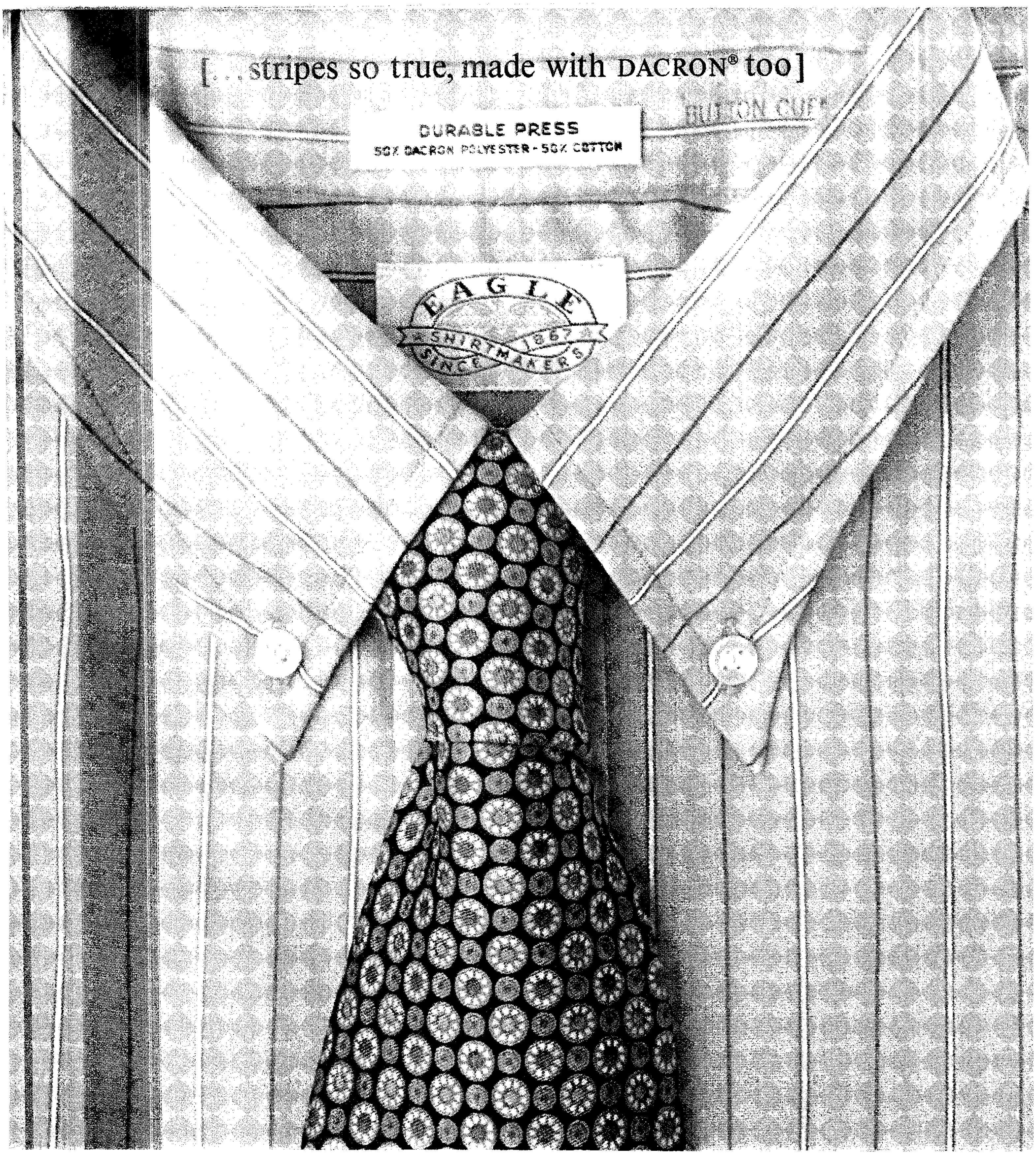
others were discovered to have had at least some minor exposure to the mineral. The ten people with minor exposure included a self-employed maker of Swiss cheese who used a five-hundred-gallon boiler covered with asbestos insulation that flaked off on contact, a salesman who had mixed and applied asbestos-cement insulation to boilers in his home, and a fourteen-year-old boy who at one time had helped his father saw up and install plasterboard during an extensive remodelling of their house.

From an epidemiological point of view, the investigations that tended to support the findings of Wagner and Thomson were weak, because they lacked a defined population as a base against which the data could be measured. On the other hand, the presence of asbestos bodies in the lungs of such a large percentage of consecutive autopsies in so many widely distributed cities of the world was sufficient to indicate that asbestos fibres were probably being inhaled by a majority of urban dwellers everywhere, and the association between asbestos and mesothelioma was striking enough to suggest that a history of exposure to the mineral was likely to be found whenever a positive diagnosis of the tumor was made. As a result, epidemiologists were forced to revise their idea that asbestos was only an industrial hazard, and to give serious consideration to Thomson's prediction that it might prove to be dangerous for untold numbers of unsuspecting people in the general community.

IN October of 1964, in order to review the data collected in the past and to discuss the problems awaiting solution in the future, the New York Academy of Sciences sponsored an international Conference on the Biological Effects of Asbestos, at the Waldorf-Astoria. The conference enabled more than four hundred scientists from all over the world to discuss the immensely complicated epidemiological and clinical problems that had appeared in the forty years since Dr. Cooke described the first clear case of asbestosis, and its planning was largely the work of one of its co-chairmen, Dr. Irving J. Selikoff, who is head of the Division of Environmental Medicine at the City University's Mount Sinai School of Medicine, director of its Environmental Sciences Laboratory, and a pioneer in the field of modern asbestos epidemiology.

Like many of his colleagues at the conference, Dr. Selikoff became inter-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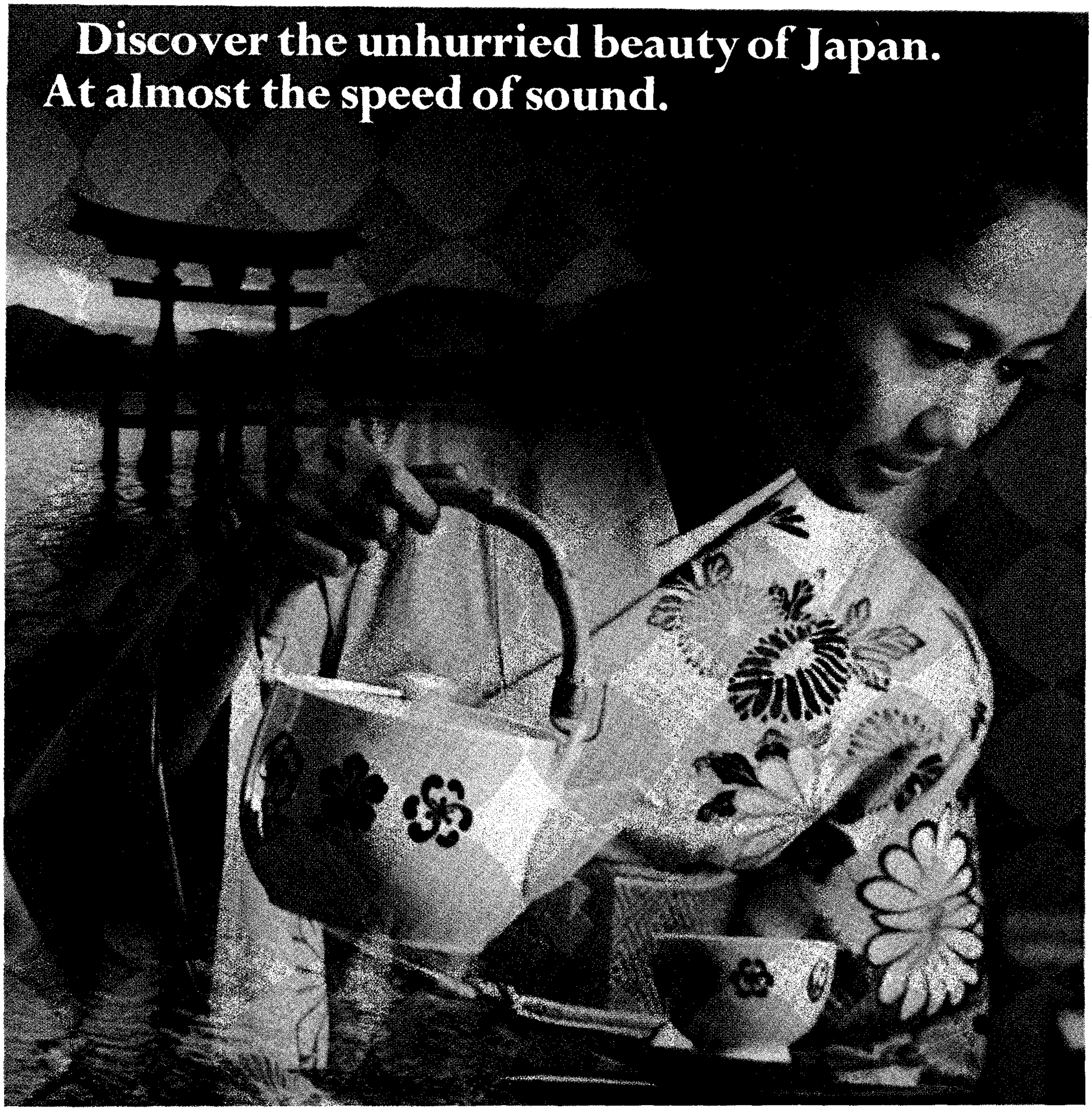

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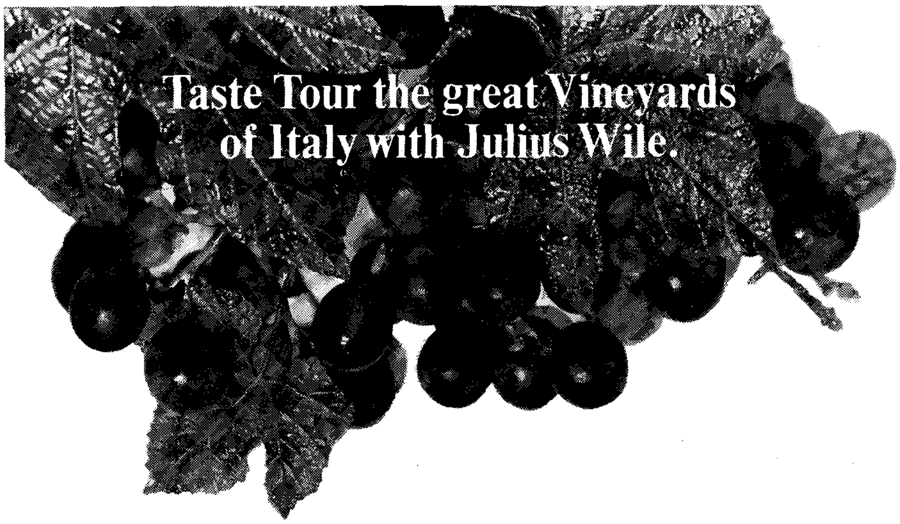
ested in asbestos in a roundabout way. A native of New York City, he interned at Beth Israel Hospital in Newark; did his pathology at Mount Sinai, where he has been a member of the staff since 1947; and became a chest physician at the Sea View Hospital on Staten Island, specializing in tuberculosis. In 1951, he participated in the basic research on isoniazid—the antibiotic drug that, by effectively killing tubercle bacilli, has provided a cure for tuberculosis—for which he received the American Public Health Association's Albert Lasker Award in Medicine. In 1953, Dr. Selikoff founded a medical clinic in Paterson, New Jersey, where, by chance, seventeen of his early patients were men referred for chest-disease consultations who worked in a local factory that had been making asbestos-insulation materials since 1940. When the factory closed down in 1954, the seventeen men went into other work, and at that point Dr. Selikoff decided to continue his observation of these patients with X-ray examinations and pulmonary-function tests in order to determine the history and the natural course of asbestosis in men who would not be subjected to further exposure.

At the time, Dr. Selikoff was chiefly interested in asbestosis because, as he has explained, "I was still unconvinced of the relationship between asbestos and lung cancer. There wasn't much data, and what there was scarcely seemed to indicate that it would prove to be much of a problem." As things turned out, he changed his mind. In 1954, all seventeen men from the Paterson factory were able-bodied and working. By 1961, however, six of them were dead, and today only six of them are alive. Of the eleven who died, four were victims of lung cancer, three of other cancers, one of mesothelioma, and two of asbestosis. Of the six who are still alive, two are disabled because of respiratory insufficiency caused by fibrosis of the lungs, and one has recovered from surgery for cancers of the lung and larynx. Dr. Selikoff shook his head in describing the fate of these patients, but as early as 1961 their ranks had been thinned out so drastically that, as he said, "I was forced to the awful realization of what could happen to men who were occupationally exposed to asbestos." After the company that owned the factory said it was unable to make its employment records available, he wrote to several other large asbestos manufacturers in the United States, inquiring about the health experiences in their



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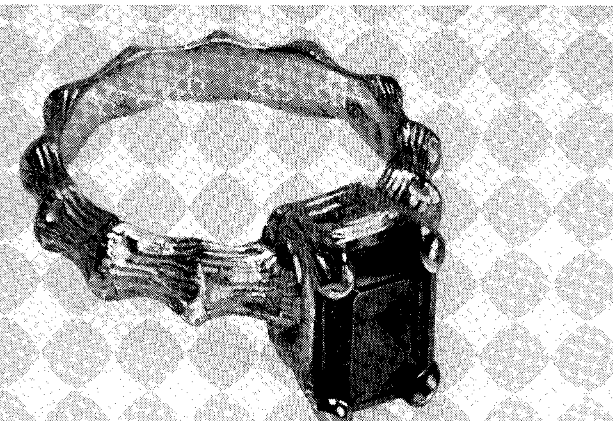

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plants, and was unable to obtain information from any of them. Meanwhile, he and Dr. Jacob Churg, chief pathologist at Barnert Memorial Hospital, in Paterson, who had been finding asbestosis and lung cancer in a large number of workers from the Paterson factory, took their data to Dr. Roscoe P. Kandle, Commissioner of the New Jersey State Department of Health, and Dr. Kandle applied to the United States Public Health Service for funds to undertake a study of the Paterson factory and to make a statewide survey to determine how many people were being occupationally exposed to asbestos. However, the request was denied for lack of resources.

Since Dr. Selikoff already knew that men who had worked in the factory that made insulation materials were dying of asbestosis and lung cancer at an alarming rate, he considered that men who were installing such materials might also risk disease, and early in 1962 he made contact with officials of New York Local 12 and Newark Local 32 of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers. The asbestos insulators had been trying for years to interest doctors and various government agencies in their medical problems, so they were only too glad to coöperate, and urged Dr. Selikoff to make a study in depth of the effects of asbestos exposure among their members.

During the next six months, Dr. Selikoff and his administrative assistant, Mrs. Janet S. Kaffenburgh, pored through the unions' records and compiled a list of the names and addresses of the six hundred and thirty-two men who had been members of either of the metropolitan locals on December 31, 1942, and of the eight hundred and ninety men who had joined between then and December 31, 1962. From the unions' employment records, they obtained detailed work histories of the total membership of fifteen hundred and twenty-two men, including data on their withdrawal from work for other employment, war service, retirement, or illness. This enabled them to calculate the onset and duration of exposure to asbestos for each worker. Records of the unions' health and welfare funds provided them with the dates and places of death of the two hundred and sixty-two workers who had died between 1942 and 1962, and copies of the death certificates of all but one of them were obtained. In addition, autopsy protocols, histological specimens, and hospital records were reviewed by Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Churg in those

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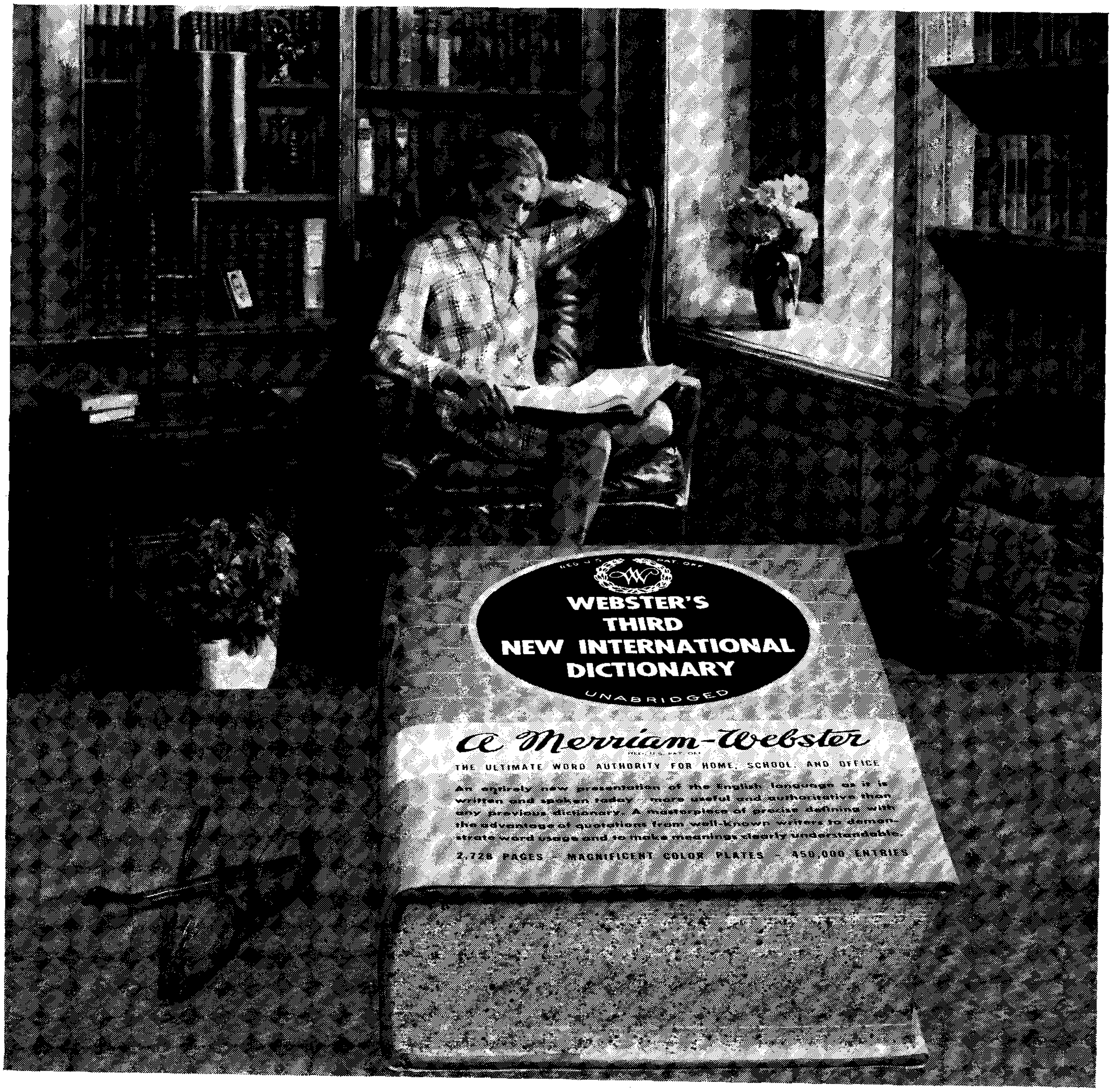
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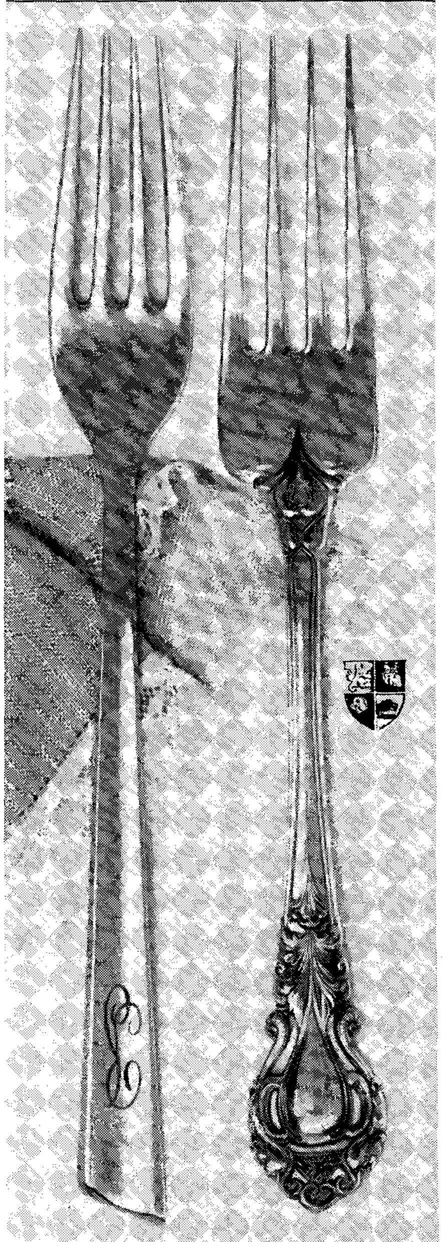

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deaths (approximately one-half of the total) which occurred in hospitals.

In the next phase of the study, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Churg were joined by Dr. E. Cuyler Hammond, Vice-President for Epidemiology and Statistics of the American Cancer Society, who had participated in an analysis of the medical effects of the atomic explosions that devastated Hiroshima and Nagasaki, in 1945, and whose large-scale epidemiological studies of more than a million men and women provided a major basis for the conclusions drawn in the 1964 Surgeon General's report on the effects of cigarette smoking. Since previous studies had suggested that lung cancer associated with asbestosis seldom develops until twenty years after initial exposure to asbestos dust, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond decided to limit their first report to the six hundred and thirty-two men who were on the union rolls as of December 31, 1942. Taking the men's ages into consideration, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond then set about comparing the number and causes of death among them with those of the general male population in the United States. The results were depressing. According to the standard mortality tables, two hundred and three deaths could have been expected among the six hundred and thirty-two workers. Instead, there were two hundred and fifty-five, not counting seven men who had died before incurring twenty years of exposure—an excess of twenty-five per cent. The reason for the excess was not hard to find. The fact that twelve of the deaths were attributed to asbestosis was not particularly surprising, but only six or seven deaths from cancer of the lung, pleura, or trachea were to be expected, whereas there were forty-five. And where nine or ten gastro-intestinal cancers were to be expected there were actually twenty-nine. Since the lung-cancer death rate was known to be more than ten times as high among cigarette smokers as among non-smokers, Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond realized that they would have to take the smoking habits of the asbestos-insulation workers into account if their findings were to have any validity. It was, of course, impossible for them to ascertain this with accuracy in the cases of the two hundred and fifty-five men who had died, so, for purposes of calculation, they assumed that all six hundred and thirty-two men had smoked a pack or more of cigarettes each day, and they demonstrated that even if this had been the case it would have produced a lung-cancer death rate

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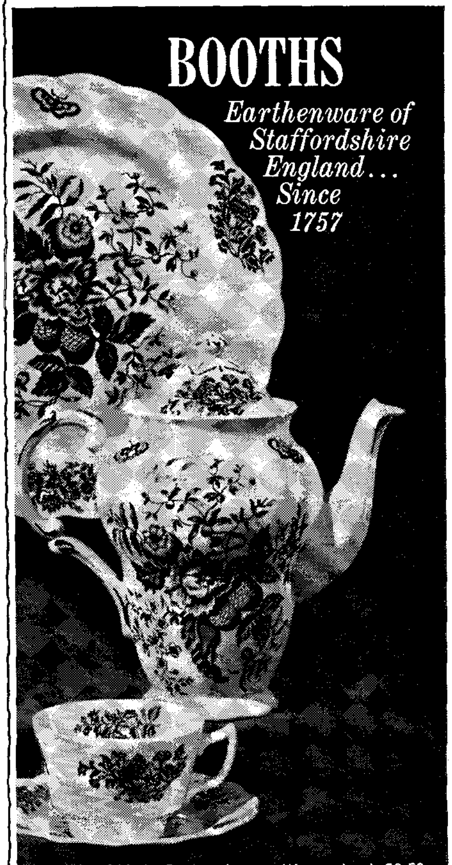

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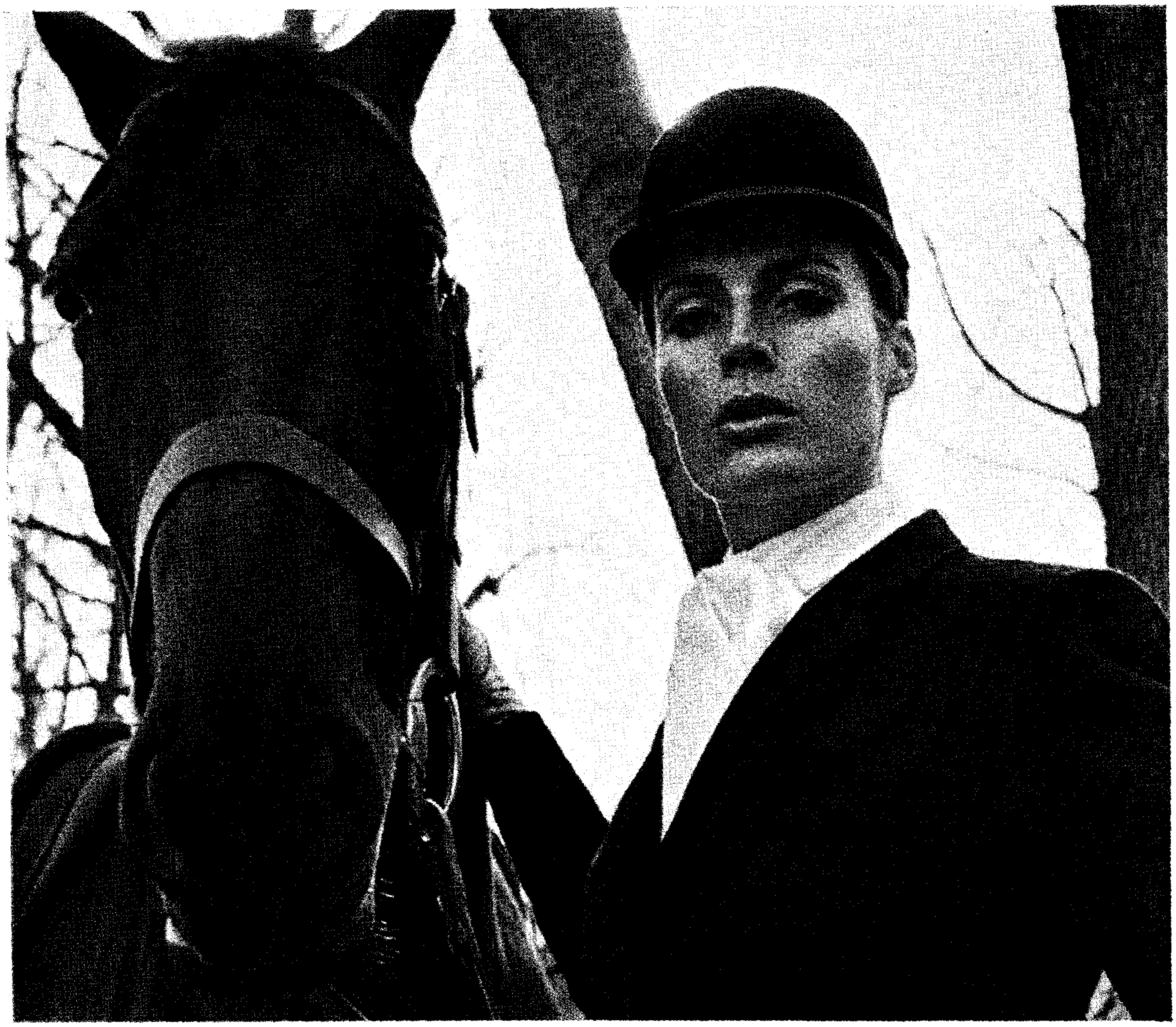

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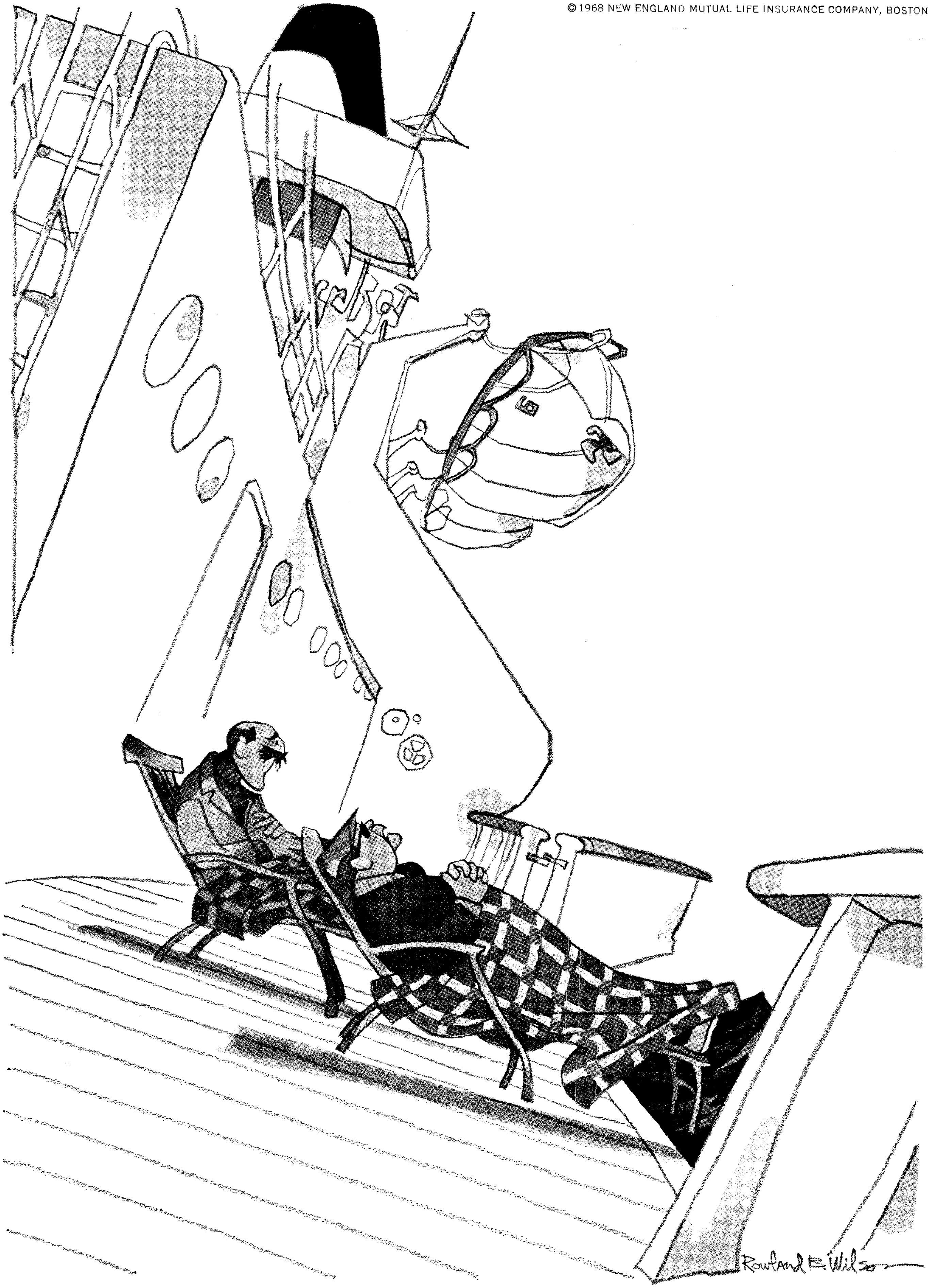
Rowland B. Wilson

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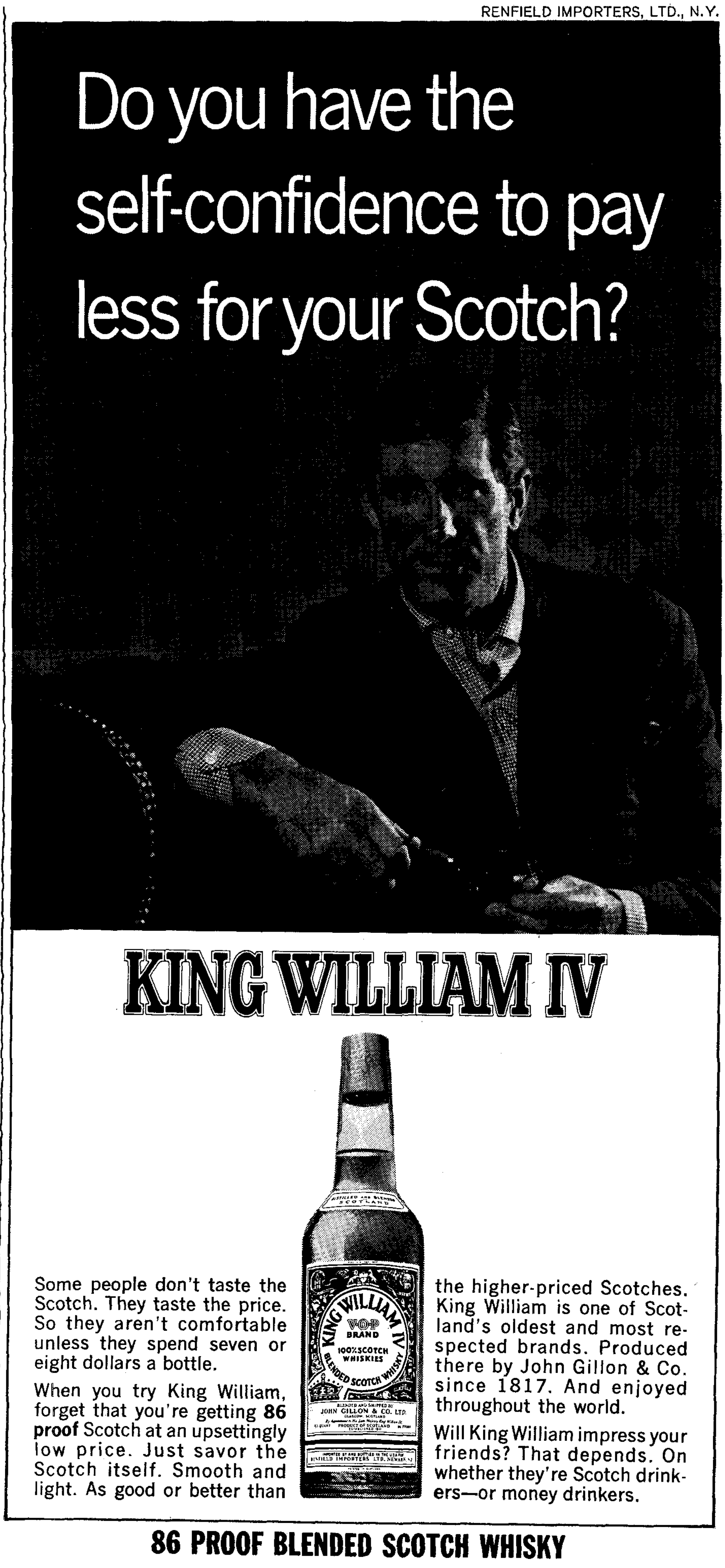
only three and a half times that of the general male population. Cigarette smoking, therefore, could not explain the fact that in this group of asbestos-insulation workers the rate of death from lung cancer was seven times the expected rate.

Because of its objectivity, its scope, and its thoroughness, this study conducted by Drs. Selikoff, Churg, and Hammond had a great impact on the medical community when it was published, in the spring of 1964, in the *Journal of the American Medical Association*, and when it was delivered before the Conference on the Biological Effects of Asbestos that October. It was the first study ever made that had taken a large enough group of asbestos workers from a point far enough back in time and followed them long enough to determine unequivocally what their health experience had been. Unlike almost all the previous investigations, which simply indicated that there was an association between asbestos and various kinds of cancer, it was based upon the incidence of disease within a defined population, and thus answered a fundamental epidemiological question of how many cancers had developed out of how many persons exposed. In doing so, it furnished the first incontrovertible evidence that industrial exposure to asbestos was hazardous; it established sound methodology for future studies; and it marked a turning point in the views held by doctors and health officials around the world.

IN the autumn of 1962, Dr. Selikoff—using donations from private sources and a grant awarded by the Health Research Council of New York City, headed by Dr. George S. Mirick—had set up informal clinics at union halls in New York and Newark and started giving X-ray examinations, pulmonary-function tests, and blood tests to the members of the two asbestos workers' locals. During the next year, he examined eleven hundred and seventeen workers, and he also questioned them closely about their smoking habits, the kinds of materials they used, and the conditions under which they worked. "The insulation workers, an intelligent and highly skilled group of craftsmen, patiently educated me concerning their trade," he once said. "I learned that they had had comparatively light and intermittent exposure as asbestos workers go, because they often worked out-of-doors on construction projects, and because most of the materials they used had an asbestos content of less than fif-



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teen per cent. I also found out how their problems had been neglected. Most of them had never seen a labor inspector in their lives, and only a handful could remember seeing anyone make a dust-level count in the areas where they were at work." Dr. Selikoff also learned that although some of the workers knew they ran a risk of developing asbestosis (which they usually referred to as silicosis) almost none of them had any idea that they also risked cancer because of their occupation. As things turned out, he found radiological evidence of asbestosis in fully half of the eleven hundred and seventeen men. The extent of the fibrosis varied directly with the duration of exposure. Of three hundred and forty-six men whose exposure had begun less than ten years before, only ten per cent showed any abnormality, and of three hundred and seventy-nine men who had been exposed for between ten and nineteen years more than half still had normal X-rays; in neither group was there any discernible evidence of cancer. On the other hand, Dr. Selikoff found that among three hundred and ninety-two men with more than twenty years of exposure three hundred and thirty-nine had developed asbestosis, which had by that time become moderate or extensive in more than fifty per cent of the cases; he also found that eleven of the men had developed cancers of the lung or pleura.

Aided by yearly grants from the Health Research Council, Dr. Selikoff has maintained a close watch on the asbestos workers' health, paying particular attention to those men with more than twenty years of exposure by examining them once or twice a year. As a result, he has been able to detect symptoms of illness in many of the men much earlier than they might have been detected and to observe with great accuracy the mortality experience of the three hundred and seventy whom he found in 1963 to be survivors of the original six hundred and thirty-two members of the union in 1942. It continues to be disastrous. Between January of 1963 and March of 1968, fifty deaths would normally have been expected to occur among these men. Instead, there were a hundred and thirteen. Fifteen of them were caused by asbestosis, and, as with the earlier study, the rest of the excess turned out to be caused by cancer of various kinds. Two or three bronchogenic cancers would have been normal, but twenty-eight occurred, and where the actuarial tables predicted only two gastro-intestinal cancers there were eight. An un-

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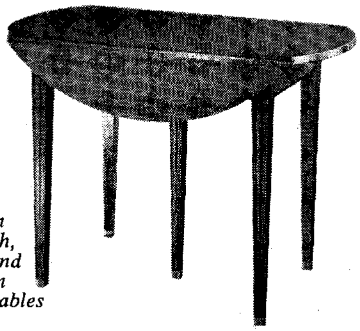

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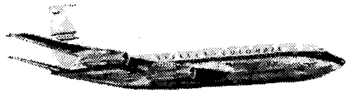

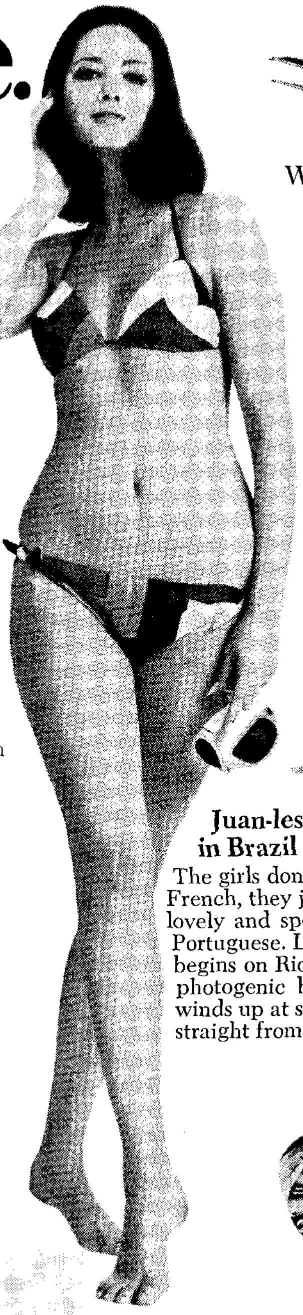

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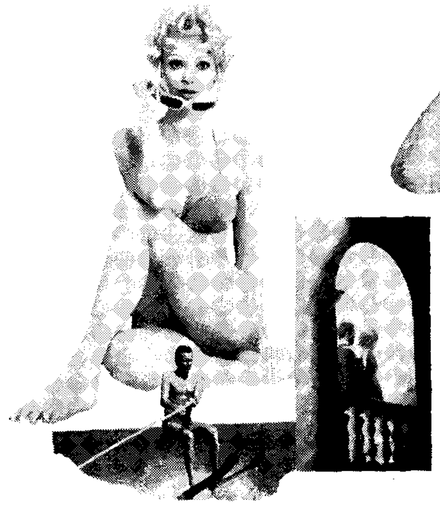

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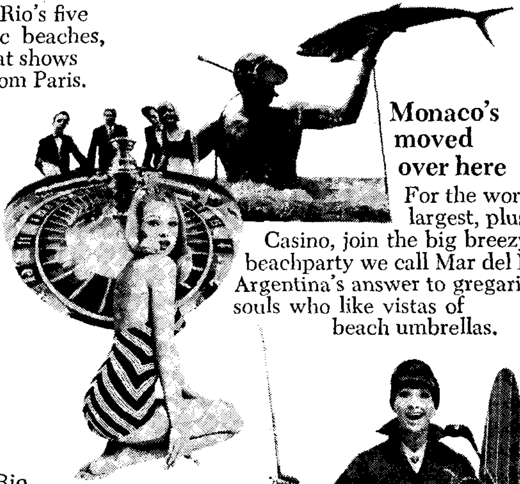

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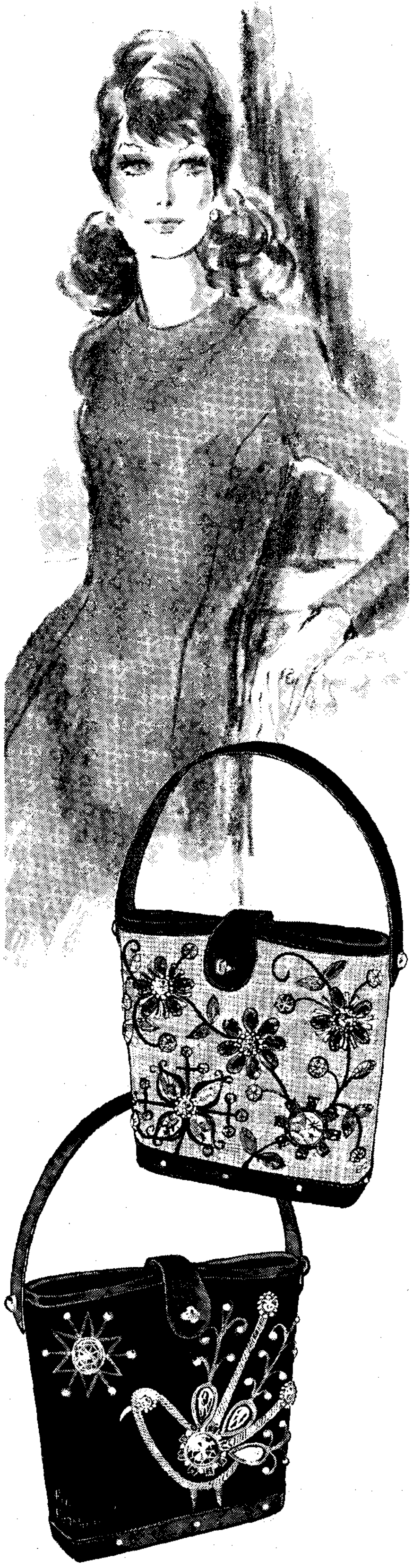

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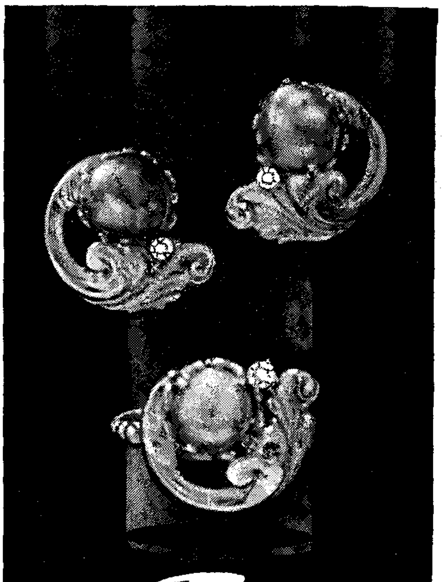
expectedly sharp rise in the number of mesotheliomas was observed. In the earlier study, there had been only four in two hundred and fifty-five deaths; between 1963 and 1968, however, thirteen of these rare tumors were found in a hundred and thirteen deaths. Dr. Selikoff suspects that the latent period for mesothelioma may be longer than that for either asbestosis or lung cancer, but so far he regards the heavy increase of mesothelioma among the insulation workers as something of a mystery.

Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond found special significance in the fact that all twenty-eight bronchogenic carcinomas occurred among asbestos workers who smoked cigarettes regularly. None were found among eighty-seven men who never smoked cigarettes. Dr. Selikoff and Dr. Hammond have reservations about these data, which suggest that asbestos workers who smoke cigarettes are ninety times more likely to die of lung cancer than men who neither work with asbestos nor smoke, because they are based upon the experience of a relatively small number of people. They do conclude from it, however, that an important co-carcinogenic effect exists between asbestos exposure and cigarette smoking, and in a recent article published in the *Journal of the American Medical Association* they recommend "that asbestos exposure be minimized, that asbestos workers who do not smoke should never start, and that those now smoking should stop immediately." It has been suggested in some quarters that asbestos fibres, which are known to be highly adsorbent as well as virtually indestructible, may retain the substance known as benzo [a] pyrene from cigarette smoke for long periods of time in lung tissue, thus tending to produce lung cancer by a synergistic effect. No one knows for sure, however, and Dr. Selikoff will not hazard a guess about the matter until more information is gathered. He expresses certainty about the effects of asbestos exposure only when he has epidemiological proof. He knows, for example, that one out of every five asbestos-insulation workers who die in the New York-New Jersey metropolitan area dies of lung cancer, and that almost half of the three hundred and sixty-eight deaths he has recorded among these men in the past twenty-five years have been caused by cancer of one type or another. Last March, citing these figures before a House subcommittee on labor, he warned that "if they are projected to the country as a whole, and if no im-



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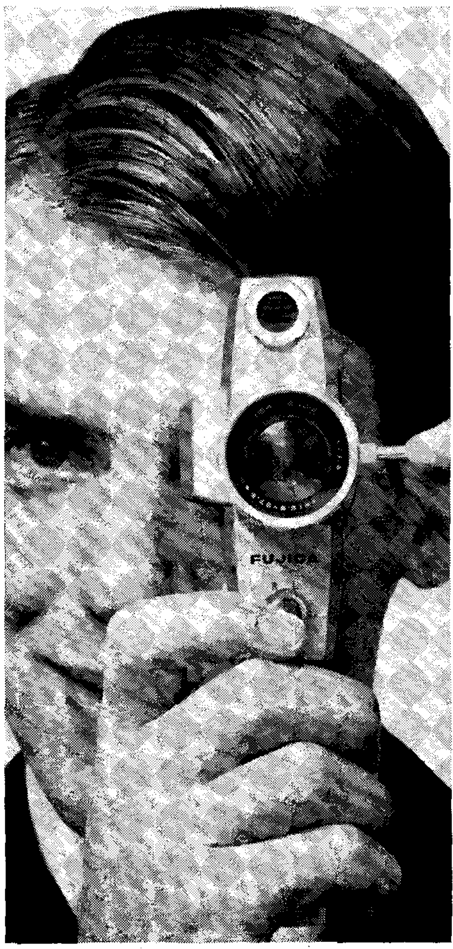

provement in the health hazards these men face is achieved, we may look forward to perhaps six thousand deaths from lung cancer and to perhaps fifteen thousand deaths from cancer in general among men in this single asbestos trade alone." Considering that the total membership of the International Association of Heat and Frost Insulators and Asbestos Workers is only eighteen thousand men, and that there are about the same number of non-union asbestos workers, his prediction has staggering implications.

I RECENTLY spent several days with Dr. Selikoff in the Environmental Sciences Laboratory at Mount Sinai, where he has assembled a team of thirty men and women to work on various aspects of the asbestos problem. The rooms include laboratories for histology, pathology, electron microscopy, chemistry, and mineralogy, and among the imposing array of equipment they contain is an electron microprobe that is capable of identifying particles of infinitesimal size. Dr. Selikoff's office is large and modern. Its walls are lined with shelves and cabinets containing hundreds of bound volumes of research papers and reports on asbestos, and at one end are a large conference table and a blackboard. The place gives an immediate impression of rather cold efficiency, but this is tempered to a great degree by the affability of the director. As we talked, Dr. Selikoff, a large, soft-spoken man in his early fifties, was frequently interrupted by telephone calls and by questions from staff members, but he generally resumed—often with an enthusiastic "Where were we?"—and rattled off statistics about asbestos disease the way some baseball fanatics recite the batting averages of big-league ballplayers. On the day of my first visit, however, he received a call from a doctor in New Jersey who informed him that a lung cancer had just been diagnosed in another of the insulation workers. Dr. Selikoff told the physician that the patient's last X-rays showed moderate asbestosis, that he had had more than twenty years of exposure, and that he smoked a pack of cigarettes a day. When he hung up the phone, he was visibly upset, and fell silent. A few moments later, he told me that he had taken more calls like that than he cared to remember. "I don't relish the role of Cassandra, but I feel we've got to forge ahead on this problem as quickly as possible," he said. "There are about thirty-six thousand insulation workers—union and non-union—in the

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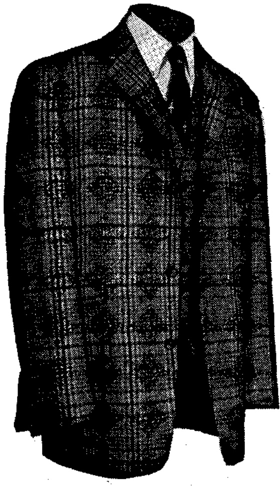

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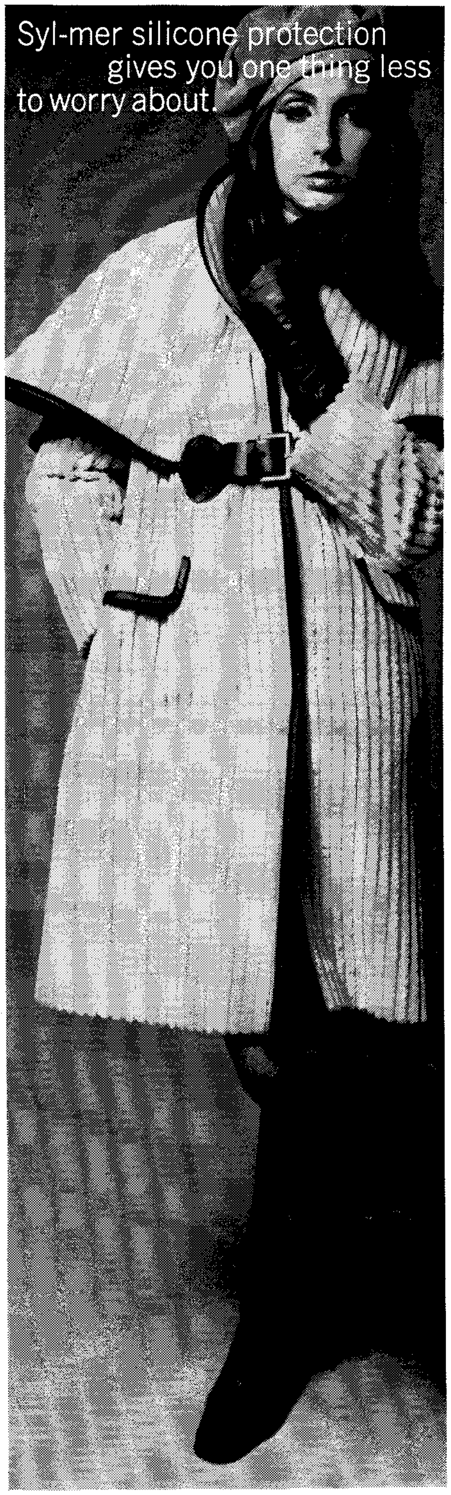
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United States. All in all, including asbestos-textile workers and people engaged in manufacturing other asbestos products, there are probably more than a hundred thousand workers who are regularly and directly exposed. The hazard would be serious enough if this were the only group at risk, but it's obvious that the problem extends further, simply because floating asbestos fibres do not respect job classifications. Dr. William H. Stewart, who is the Surgeon General of the United States, told the House subcommittee that the asbestos-insulation workers are probably sharing their exposure to some extent with more than three and a half million other construction workers—steam fitters, electricians, welders, carpenters, ironworkers, plumbers, masons, tile setters, and the like—who are employed on the same projects, often in the same room or general area, and who therefore must be inhaling the same dusts."

Because of their concern with the possible effects of such indirect occupational exposure, Dr. Selikoff and his assistants have spent months compiling the names, addresses, and work histories of twelve hundred tile setters, three thousand roofing workers, and three thousand tunnel, foundation, and caisson workers in the New York metropolitan area. They plan to examine these men for possible health problems as they did the insulation workers, and to determine whether they have significant indirect occupational exposure, and, if they do, whether it is associated with risk of asbestos disease. "We will study defined populations that have been selected in terms of what appear to be diminishing levels of exposure to a known risk," Dr. Selikoff told me. "It's as if a rock had been thrown into a pond and we're watching how far the ripples extend. Since the pond in our case is the general community, you can see how difficult the epidemiological detective work will be. If we discover, for example, that the tile setters run a significant risk of developing asbestos disease—and there are some preliminary indications that they might—then we must look into the question of fibre fallout from the construction sites where they're employed. We're not going to wait for the results of the tile-setter study, however, because the problem is too urgent. We're initiating a whole cluster of studies designed to provide information on whether environmental asbestos pollution carries a risk for the general population. At the same time, by analyzing the ripples, we can determine which rocks thrown into the pond

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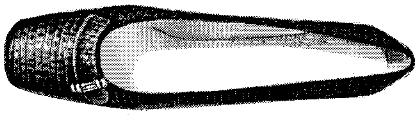

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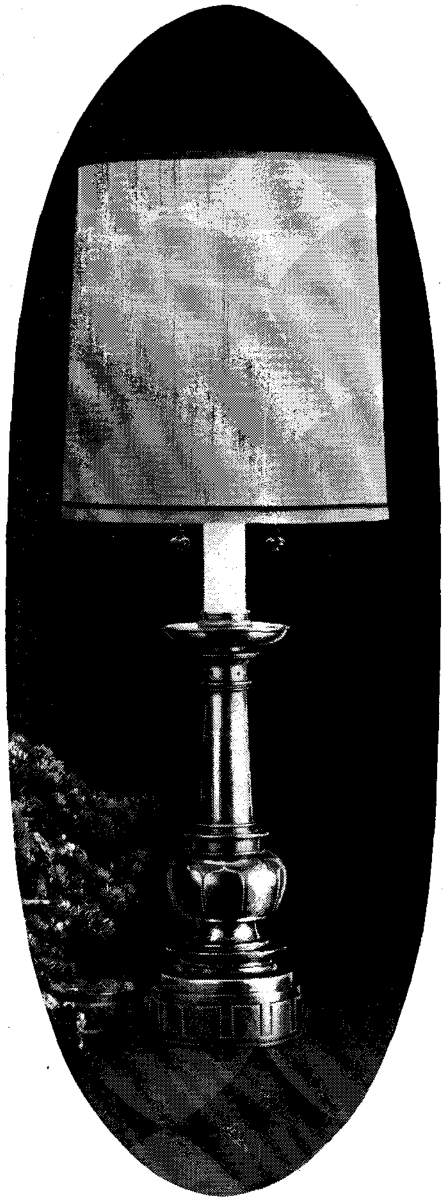

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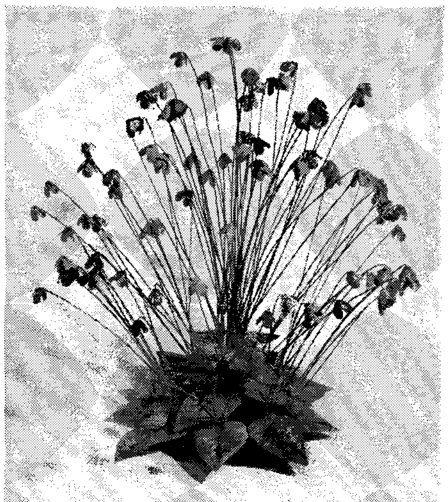
make the biggest splash. By thus identifying the sources of contamination, appropriate control measures will become feasible. Our plan of attack is to discover where asbestos-associated diseases may occur, and to control the sources in such a way as to eliminate them as a hazard. It must be a team effort, of course, including epidemiologists, basic scientists, engineers, public-health officials, and industry and labor."

One of Dr. Selikoff's studies will examine the possible health problems arising from interrupted exposure by tracing thirteen hundred and sixty-seven men who worked at the asbestos-insulation plant in Paterson—closed down in 1954—where Dr. Selikoff's first seventeen patients were employed. Another will look into the matter of neighborhood exposure by tracing and investigating the health experience of seventy-five hundred people who lived within a half-mile radius of the plant in 1942. "The question of neighborhood exposure was emphasized as a result of the mesotheliomas discovered by Christopher Wagner in South Africa, and later by Molly Newhouse and Hilda Thompson in London and by Jan Lieben in Pennsylvania," Dr. Selikoff told me. "Since current evidence suggests that the tumor rarely occurs without a history of exposure to asbestos, epidemiologists consider it a 'marker' disease, and we'll be looking for it when we trace the medical history of the people in Paterson. Incidentally, there's one preliminary indication that leads us to suspect we may find it. In 1955, the proprietor of a junk yard next to the Paterson insulation plant died of a pleural tumor." A third study in Dr. Selikoff's cluster will aim at the protection of relatives of asbestos workers. As in the case of neighborhood exposure, previous investigators of this group had no population base against which to measure the occurrence of the disease they discovered. Dr. Selikoff, however, has a definitely established group to work with. It is composed of the wives and children of all the insulation workers, and their health problems will be carefully scrutinized, especially for evidence of mesothelioma. In Dr. Selikoff's opinion, this study will be of tremendous importance, because its subjects have been far removed from direct exposure. "If the families of insulation workers turn out to be in trouble, the implications will be very serious indeed," he said. "On the other hand, if we find no trouble among them—and this is my hope—we'll be on safer ground. Our observations will also enable us



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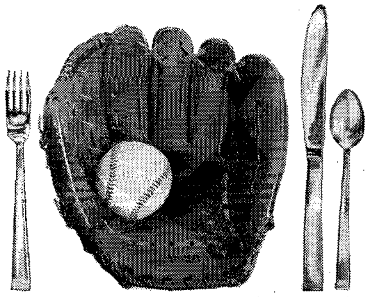

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to recommend whether special facilities should be provided so that insulation workers can change their work clothes before going home to their families."

With the aid of a grant from the United States Public Health Service, Dr. Selikoff and his associates are currently conducting an investigation that covers an even wider range, by studying samples of lung tissue from three thousand consecutive autopsies that have been performed at three different hospitals in New York City and tracing the work histories of each of the dead people. So far, they have examined two thousand lung samples, and have found asbestos bodies in nearly half of them. According to Dr. Victor Baden, a histologist at the Environmental Sciences Laboratory, from one to five or more asbestos bodies are found in fifty per cent of the tissue slides he examines. Since each slide is composed of seven sections that together represent less than one half-millionth of an entire lung, and since it is widely assumed that asbestos bodies are evenly distributed throughout a lung, the finding of just one of them can be projected to mean that half a million may be present.

Dr. Selikoff and his fellow-epidemiologists do not know whether the relatively small amount of asbestos now being inhaled by the general public carries a risk of inducing mesothelioma, or whether the presence of what appear to be asbestos bodies in the lungs of many people in the general population represents a serious public-health problem. Nor do they know whether relatively light inhalation of asbestos is associated with a special lung-cancer risk in cigarette smokers. "At present, we simply have no way of telling what the dose-disease relationships are," Dr. Selikoff said. "Is it better to have breathed in only fifty asbestos fibres than fifty thousand or fifty million? Does each fibre have the potential of causing a cell with which it comes in contact to turn cancerous? The answers to these immensely complicated questions will have to come from epidemiology over a long period of time. An eightfold increase in asbestos production over the last thirty years would appear to make it likely that asbestos cancers will increase, but only the future will tell. Remember that current cases of mesothelioma must be associated with inhalation that took place twenty, thirty, or more years ago, when world consumption of asbestos was only about five hundred thousand tons a year, and that the neoplasms associated with today's production of over four million tons a

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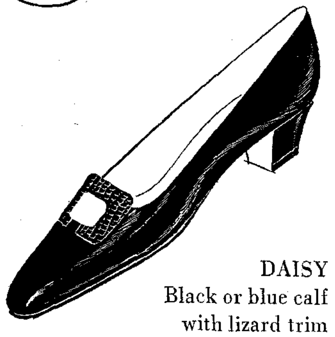

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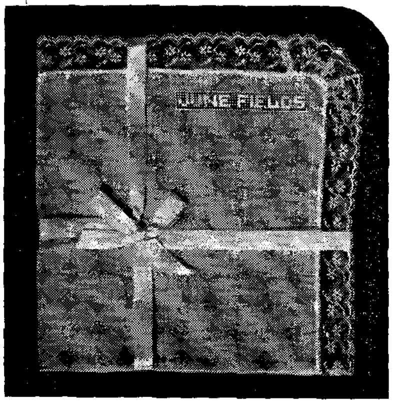

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year will not be evident until the nineteen-nineties. Moreover, we have found that all varieties of asbestos fibres appear to be implicated in mesothelioma, and not just crocidolite, as some of us had hoped following Wagner's observations in South Africa. The problem would have been simple if only one variety of asbestos had been related to this tumor. Control procedures could have been narrowly focussed. As it is, however, a control program will have to be concerned with asbestos in general."

I asked Dr. Selikoff if he thought that asbestos air pollution was responsible for the occurrence of asbestos bodies in the lungs of people in the general population, and he replied that although there was relatively little direct confirmation, he felt it was at least partly responsible. Pointing out again that direct and indirect occupational exposure were much more common than had been suspected, especially in the construction and shipbuilding industries, he went on to say, "The possible sources of environmental contamination are numerous. Mining and milling operations, manufacturing processes, and the delivery and storage of finished products constitute just one part of it. The constant use of asbestos materials in the construction industry is another, and the destruction and deterioration of asbestos products in the community at large constitutes a third. There's no question in my mind that unsuspecting people are being exposed to small quantities of fibres from such sources as torn ironing-board covers and pot holders, and who knows how much asbestos is inhaled by hobbyists engaged in do-it-yourself projects around the house—like sawing up wallboard, mixing crack-filler compounds, insulating pipes with asbestos materials, and repairing furnaces and boilers with asbestos cements? I agree with those who suggest that small numbers of fibres may be liberated from many products in widespread use, such as asbestos-cement pipe and asbestos filters, which are employed in the food and pharmaceutical industries, but we have no information that this carries a disease potential. What troubles me is that relatively few people are aware of the fact that it can be dangerous to inhale asbestos. Not long ago, we discovered that children in a number of kindergartens in New York, California, and other states were being allowed to mix raw asbestos with water to make a cheap form of play dough. We have also learned that the powders in some children's cosmetics kits and in certain

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powder-water-mix jewelry kits contain asbestos. In addition, within the past couple of years two different thoracic surgeons have published articles in leading medical journals which advocate the sprinkling of asbestos on surgical incisions in order to promote the adhesion and healing of tissue. This is very bad advice. Why, Dr. William E. Smith, who conducts animal studies at Fairleigh Dickinson University, has readily induced mesotheliomas in hamsters by injections of asbestos fibres into their pleural cavities!"

Dr. Selikoff went on to say that he understands full well that asbestos is an extremely valuable material, and that it has become essential in modern industrial society. "We epidemiologists recognize and study its dangers so that we may devise ways of minimizing or avoiding them," he said. "Improvements in the practice of industrial hygiene are needed to eliminate unnecessary exposure among asbestos workers and men in other building trades, and awareness of the potential risks of environmental contamination is needed until our studies indicate just how far out into the general population the problem extends. All I can say is that the public should be made aware of the problem, and that no one, particularly children and young people, should be unduly exposed. After all, today's children are almost certainly inhaling more asbestos than their parents did, and we now know that if a person inhales significant amounts of asbestos dust, he carries a burden that will provide a latent potential for the development of cancer for the rest of his life. Here's an example I'll never forget. A couple of years ago, just after Cuyler Hammond, Jack Churg, and I published an article about asbestos and mesothelioma in the *New England Journal of Medicine*, I received a phone call from a doctor in Massachusetts who said that when he read the piece he immediately told his forty-three-year-old wife about it, because her sister had died of mesothelioma the year before. 'Imagine my horror,' this physician went on, 'when my wife proceeded to tell me that in 1943, while she and her sister were students in college, they had responded to a patriotic appeal and spent six weeks in a shipyard insulating pipes in destroyer escorts.'" Dr. Selikoff paused. "Two sisters with six weeks of exposure in 1943," he murmured. "Twenty-three years later, one of them dies of mesothelioma. And today, the other one—the doctor's wife—is being examined every few months to keep track of

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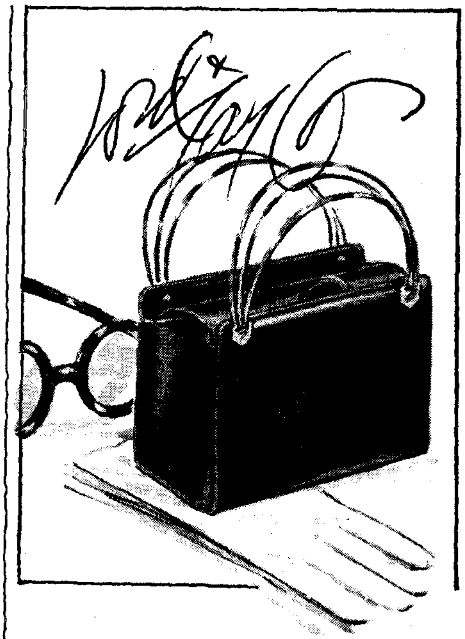

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some suspicious-looking shadows on her X-rays."

As I was arriving at the Environmental Sciences Laboratory one day, I happened to notice a newspaper clipping tacked up on a bulletin board near the entrance. The story, which was from the *Times* of September 2, 1967, started out as follows: "The scene looked wintry on Madison Avenue, between 57th and 58th Streets, yesterday. Flurries of what seemed to be snowflakes fell on the area from between the 25th and 30th floors of the General Motors Building, which is nearing completion on the site of the former Savoy Plaza Hotel." The article went on to say that residents of the neighborhood had complained to the contractor, and that one of the project engineers had explained that the white flakes were fallout from fireproofing material that was being sprayed on the structural steel girders, beams, and decks of the fifty-story skyscraper. According to the *Times*, the engineer would not identify the insulating material, which was being applied with spray guns, "because I don't want to read newspaper stories about how we are messing up city streets." He was also quoted as saying, "This is a job condition all over the city." The last paragraph of the article read, "The city's Buildings Department said that it had not received any complaints about the Madison Avenue 'snowfall.' The department said the use of tarpaulins was required for spraying operations in construction work to prevent inconvenience to neighborhoods."

Beneath the article was this typed notation: "Examined in our laboratory, the material was found to contain amorphous glass fibres (presumably 'rock wool'), and chrysotile asbestos. It is known that other sprayed insulation materials contain amosite asbestos plus rock wool, while still others contain asbestos fibres alone."

When I asked Dr. Selikoff about the bulletin-board items, he said that the mineralogist in the laboratory, Dr. Arthur M. Langer, had collected a sample of the material and identified its contents by means of electron diffraction and electron microscopy, and with the aid of the electron microprobe. Then he went to a shelf and took down a small glass jar that contained a grayish wad of fibrous-looking stuff, about the size of a half dollar. "This is the sample Dr. Langer brought back and analyzed," he told me. "It comes from a type of insulation material that is about twenty-five per cent asbestos,

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and in this tiny wad alone there are literally billions of fibres. Of course, the 'snowfall' those people saw and complained about was not what may have been hazardous. What may have been hazardous was what they couldn't see—an untold number of sub-microscopic and highly respirable particles. The 'snowfall' was a perfect example of how asbestos gets into the ambient air, and that engineer was right when he said it's a job condition all over the city. You'll see the same material floating down from many other building projects in town. It's sprayed on by men in the Plasterers and Cement Masons Union. Incidentally, as far as I know, no one has ever made a study of *their* health."

It was a blustery day, filled with intimations of the season's changing, and when I left the hospital I took a Fifth Avenue bus downtown. I sat by a window, and was looking idly out at people strolling along the sidewalks when the bus came to a stop in the upper Forties beside a dump truck parked in front of a small office building that was being gutted. Several workmen were carrying canvas sacks of refuse across the sidewalk and heaving them up to a tall, well-built Negro who stood in the rear of the truck, emptying the sacks at his feet. As he did, clouds of dust rose into the air around him. Some of it showered the window beside me. It appeared to be ordinary cement dust, but then I saw that the pile of debris on which the man was standing contained broken pieces of acoustical panelling and wallboard, both of which often contain asbestos, and lengths of pipe coated with crumbling white insulation material that looked very much like asbestos.

When I got off the bus, I walked west along Forty-fourth Street. Halfway down the block, I saw two workmen slide a large rectangular container from a pickup truck and carry it into a building. The container was full of white powder, some of which was being blown away by the wind, and the men's clothes were covered with white dust. When I looked into the truck, I saw half a dozen large paper sacks labelled "Fireproof Plaster." One of the workmen returned for his tools, and I asked him if the plaster contained asbestos. "Sure," he replied. "That's what makes it fireproof."

I walked on to the corner of Sixth Avenue, where a forty-four-story office building had been under construction for several months. During that period, I had passed the building nearly every day, but now, for the first time, I

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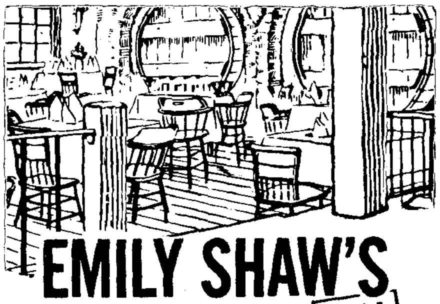

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looked up and scrutinized it carefully. About halfway up its side, I saw some tarpaulins billowing in the wind. Above the tarpaulins, the steel girders and beams were reddish brown; between the tarpaulins and the ground, however, they had been sprayed with asbestos insulation, which clung to them like gray frosting. Then, all at once, I saw wads of the same gray stuff falling out of the area that had been curtained off by the tarpaulins. Some of the pieces were carried away on the wind; others that were heavier came tumbling down around me. One fell on the sidewalk at my feet. I picked it up, crumbled it between my fingers, and saw dozens of tiny fibres float away. It was the same color and texture as the material that Dr. Selikoff had shown me half an hour before. The sidewalk was covered with it, and even as I stood there more of it came showering down. A woman hurrying to make the light with a friend brushed some off the sleeve of her coat, and said, "What the devil is this stuff?" I watched her cross the avenue, and saw asbestos insulation blowing over the pavement like thistledown across a field. The wind was southerly, and most of the asbestos was travelling north, in the direction of Mount Sinai Hospital, where Dr. Selikoff and his associates are still following the trail Dr. Cooke set out on in 1924. But I was not thinking about Dr. Selikoff or the difficulties of epidemiology just then. I was thinking about the children who play in Central Park every day, and about all the other children who live in this city and breathe its air. —PAUL BRODEUR

•

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[*From the St. Moritz Courier*]

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•

Western observers believed Brezhnev's remarks would aid anti-American propaganda abroad while leaving the Kremlin free to deal with almost any future American President, except possibly Richard Nivox.—*Washington Post.*

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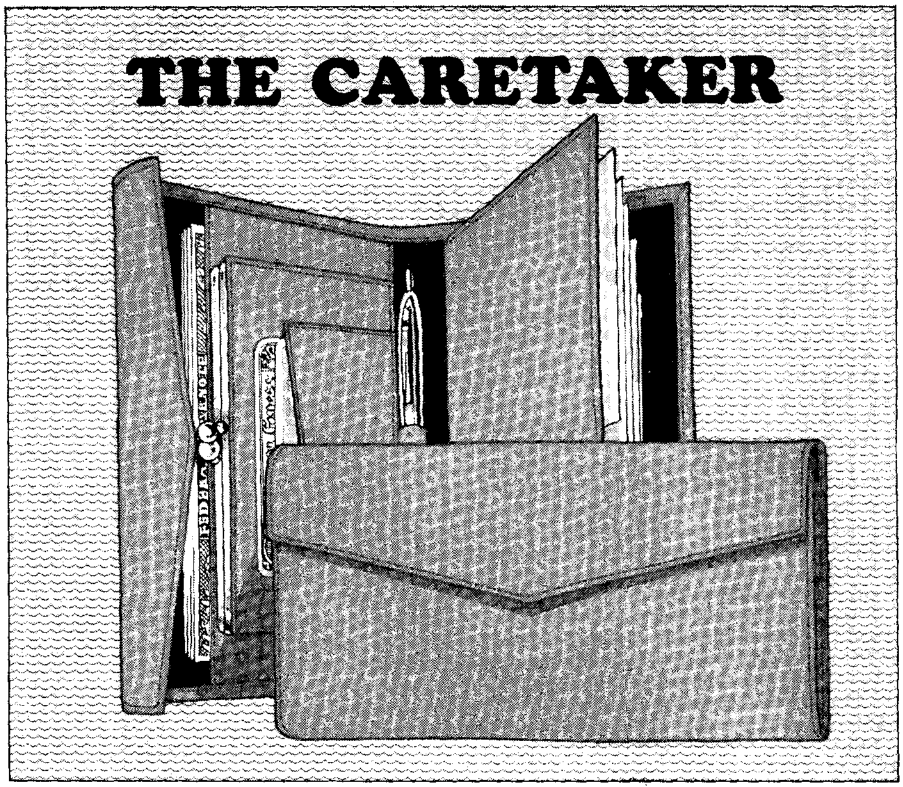

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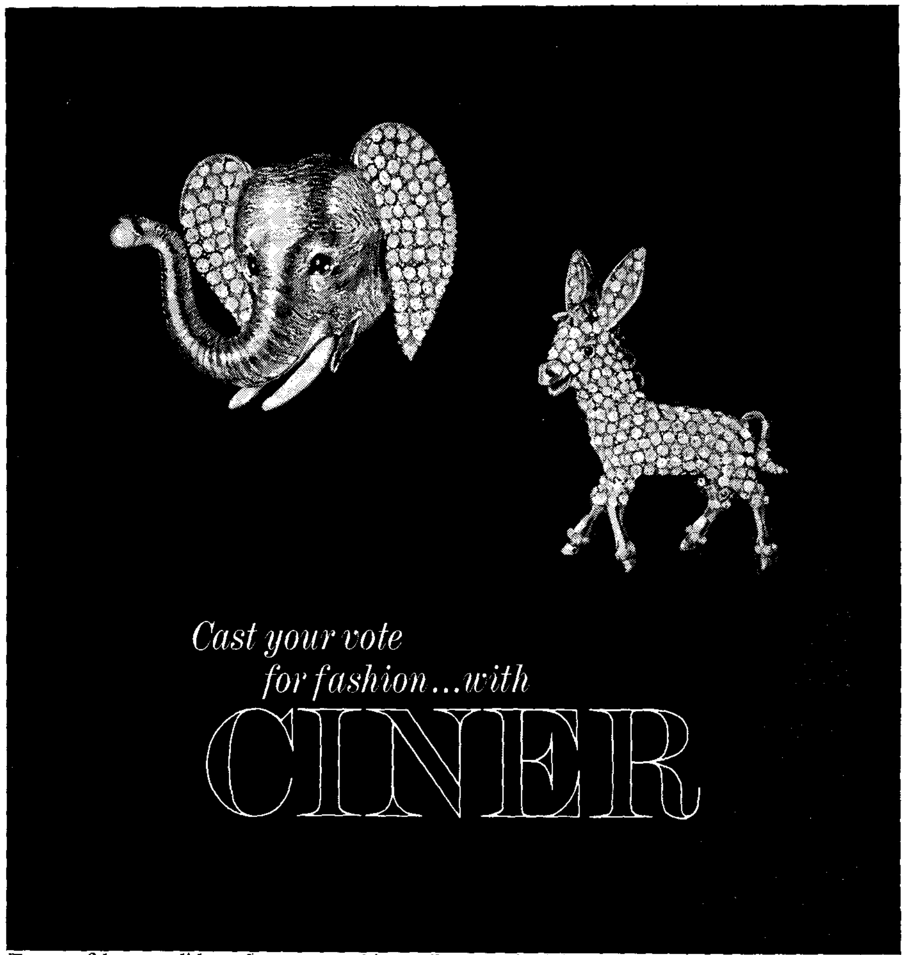

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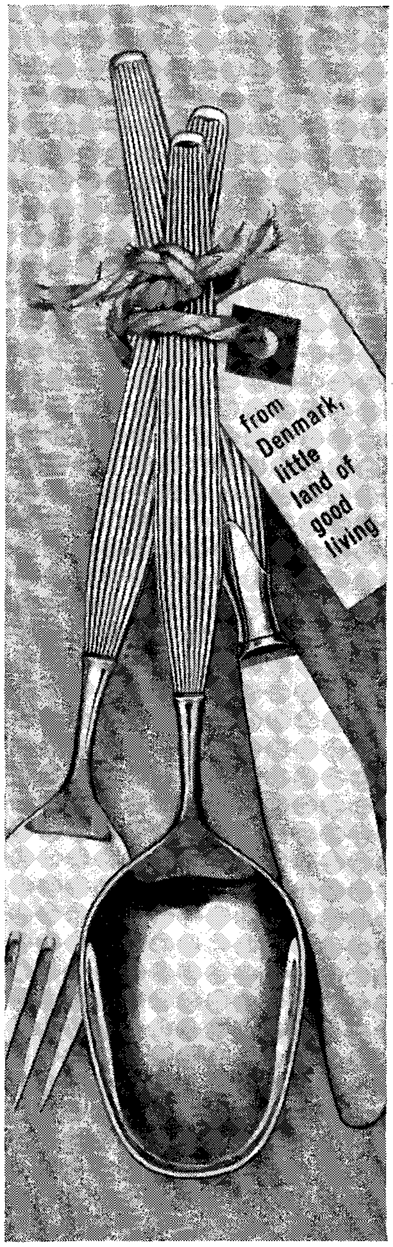
THE CURRENT CINEMA

War as Vaudeville

TONY RICHARDSON's movies often look as if he had shot bits and sequences without any conception of the final structure, and Charles Wood's scripts (for Richard Lester's "The Knack" and "How I Won the War") are like the captions a bright kid might put on photographs. With these two disjointed but in some ways brilliant talents combined, the rather spectacular snafu of "The Charge of the Light Brigade" was predictable. It's a strange epic: a quasi-absurdist, theatre-of-cruelty epic with modern revue humor. It's composed of fearfully expensive Victorian vignettes, with fragments of dialogue, mostly a few lines leading to a snapper. There's a dissociation between what we see and what we hear that is only partly intentional; the other part comes from poor post-synchronization, plus lines that one suspects *were* afterthoughts thrown onto the sound track like captions. Most of it is extravagantly pretty (David Watkin shot it); some of it is very funny (especially John Gielgud as the whimsical, doddering supreme commander of the British forces, and an undressing sequence with Trevor Howard and Jill Bennett). But the sequences don't grow out of each other; they hardly appear related to each other at all. As the pieces could be shuffled around without making much difference, it all seems on the same level—like "The Knack," and from moment to moment just as forgettable. The many intended epiphanies cancel each other out. The movie is about class distinctions and about oppressors and oppressed in the military, much like the script Wood did for "How I Won the War," but here set back a century. This distancing helps to make it considerably funnier—at times the satire of patriotic platitudes is excruciatingly entertaining. But while the generals and other officers are being introduced as imbecilic snobs and amateurs we develop expectations of seeing how their characters are related to what happens in the actual charge. We wait for the bits—all those fanciful, satirical, and "realistic" incidents preceding and during the Crimean War that seem to be establishing the background—to come together in the military debacle. But, as it turns out, Richardson is hardly in a position to satirize the blunders of the military strategists; after preparing us with characters and actions and charts and maps and explanations for a couple of hours, he stages the climax so confusingly that we can't figure out what went wrong or who was responsible. Richardson's charge is an epic debacle of staging.

It's an ambitious, desperate, flashy movie that can't seem to find an appropriate emotional tone. Trying for Goyalike scenes of the miseries of the poor and the floggings and humiliations of the common soldiers, Richardson achieves careful clichés—the illustrated suffering of that age. In his own way, he keeps the poor in their place. The rich are out of Lewis Carroll; they're the caricatures of authority of a pamphleteer's cartoons. The rulers and military leaders actually blend into interpolated animation (by Richard Williams) that is remarkably witty and effective in itself. The animation provides the only clear exposition we get of what's going on in the movie. It's too bad Richardson didn't leave the Charge itself to Williams. From the beginning, we are tipped off that this is to be a sophisticated modern view of the stupidity and inhumanity of the past; it turns out to be a rather smug and narrow view. David Hemmings as the "humane" officer Nolan is also the softly romantic voice of youth, and he has an Indian manservant whom he can defend against the racists. (But Hemmings, miscast, and looking like a tiny Mod popinjay, is more absurd than the rest, only unintentionally so.) The older characters are amusing grotesques, but the young ones are just sticks programmed to represent conventional ideas and conflicts, and the author and director can apparently think of no way to make a Victorian lady (Vanessa Redgrave) interesting except to present her as a picturesque pre-Raphaelite adulteress.

Though the specific error that led to the massacre of the British troops seems, in the literature on the film, to have been made by Nolan, this fact is so obscure in the movie itself that one would think only stupidity in high places was responsible. Richardson and Wood miss out on the marvellous complexity of history, that history in which "humane" men make rash mistakes; Nolan



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was a Wrong-Way Corrigan on a tragic scale, while Lord Cardigan (Trevor Howard), who was indeed the arrogant monster they make him, was so much *more* than their monster—a man so vain that, as the program for the film informs us, he paid "his men a shilling each to line the London streets on Sundays and salute him as he passed." Yet vanity can be carried to grandeur: "He was to display one of the most futile gestures of bravery in the history of the British Army—after being first over the Russian line, he turned and rode back across the bloody field to celebrate with a bottle of champagne aboard his private yacht." What a great mock-hero he could have been—almost a Victorian Ubu—if this movie had taken a more generous interest in English character.

Richardson has the idea of compassion for the poor and suffering, without the emotion. And his and Wood's ridicule of the rich and powerful comes too easy, is too superior and small-minded for an epic. Compared to most movies, "The Charge of the Light Brigade" is remarkably intelligent, yet it's a cold film that seems to shrink everything it touches. It really is rather degrading to the audience for Richardson and Wood to show the commanders quarrelling like giggly schoolboys while horses and men are falling around them. They hit too many sour, insulting notes. This epic has so little feeling for the glory that went with the idiocies of the past that it diminishes itself along with its targets.

CLAUDE CHABROL'S "Les Biches" is set in St. Tropez in December, and it's about a sexually ambiguous idle-class threesome: a mope (Jacqueline Sassard), a dope (Jean-Louis Trintignant), and a chic lesbian (Stéphane Audran). One knows at once that she's supposed to be a lesbian, because she slinks around like the daughter of Fu Manchu—the only amusement in this empty attempt at classy eroticism. It's all languor, with almost no dialogue (and what there is is poor), though the score, by Pierre Jansen, helps to build up a little tension. The three characters are so ambiguous and idle that they're opaque; they have no spirit, they just seem sleepy and tired, and although that can be explained as somehow being the meaning of it all, how can one explain the sex designed in decorator colors? The movie looks like those imitation Marie Laurencins in hotel powder rooms. This vulgarly "exquisite" style gives the show away: the intentions of

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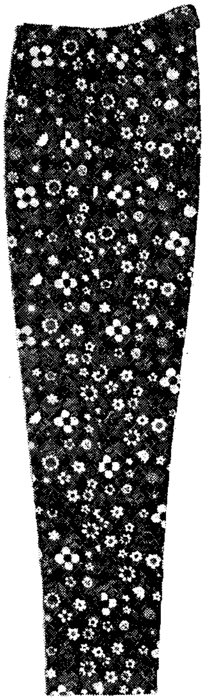

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the movie are as vacuous and enervated as the characters. That doesn't necessarily bother audiences, though. Early in the movie, there's a fancy shot of the lesbian making a pass at the other girl's wet body, and one could hear people drawing in their breath. The theatre was unusually, almost embarrassingly quiet throughout the film—as if the audience were so hopeful that there would be something sexy coming on that they didn't allow themselves to get bored and restless.

"YOU ARE WHAT YOU EAT" is a big, fake, hysterical, put-on orgy, with people jumping up and down and yelling. Distorting lenses frequently make them look like pinheads, and the shots are thrown together from nowhere to nowhere to make everything look frenzied and freaky. Though it was produced by Barry Feinstein and Peter Yarrow (of Peter, Paul, and Mary), this is the kind of movie about youth that one might expect Spiro Agnew or George Wallace to make. It's edited on the same irresponsible basis as "Operation Abolition": Tiny Tim may be singing to an audience lifted from the Beatles. It observes the worst of the new conventions of bad student films: random footage, shaky zoom shots, the inevitable girl with a bubble-gum bubble, and people eating flowers and cutting up for the camera. Up until the end, except for the footage of a cooch dance, there's almost no relation between shots. And the strobe sequence at the end, which develops some editing rhythm, captures none of the charm that looking at dancers under strobes can have. This kind of thing has been done infinitely better by Robert Nelson in the short "The Grateful Dead," and in Peter Whitehead's feature "Tonite Let's All Make Love in London," which showed extraordinary, if rather contemptible, facility. "You Are What You Eat" is

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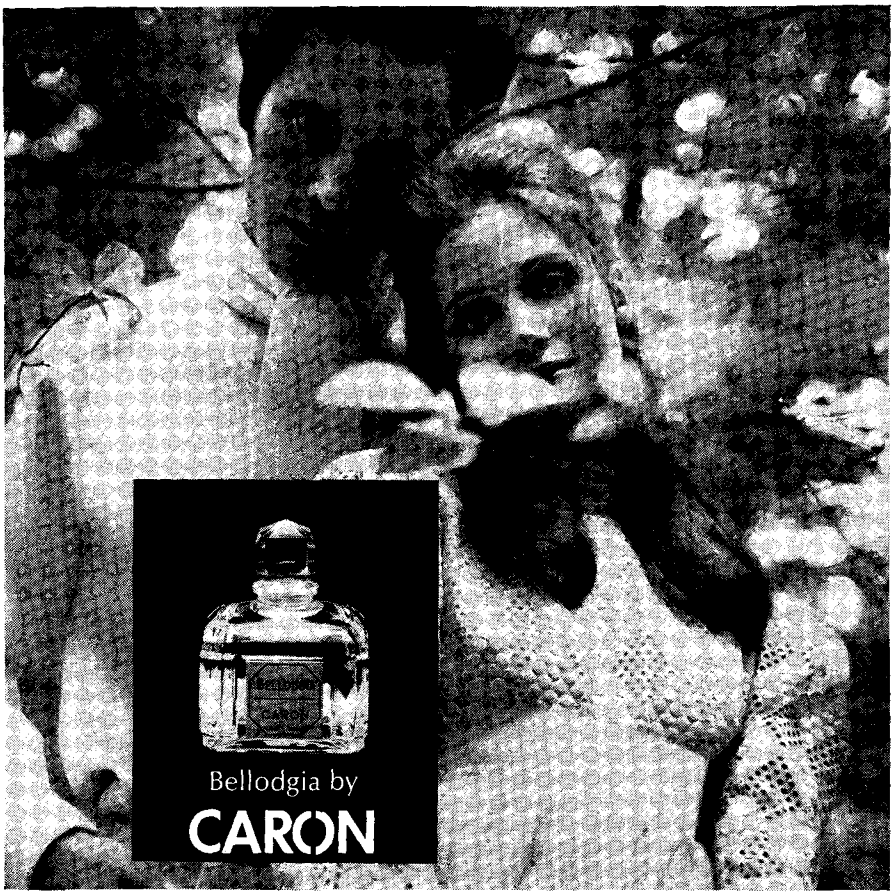

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insensitive and not even facile; it's an ugly, stupid instant movie made by people who substitute promotion for talent and technique. It's the aesthetic equivalent of mugging the audience.

IS there anything more despicable than the incompetence of those who want only to sell and haven't enough talent to do even that? The day after I went to see "Duffy," I couldn't remember whether I'd sat through it or walked out on it. "Duffy" is about a heist, and in this one the comic robbers wear long hair and flowered shirts, talk of meditation, and use terms like "hipster" and "uptight," and there are crude double-entendres emphasized by pauses so long that you wait for the baggy pants to drop. James Coburn the actor has disappeared, and his body is now inhabited by a dimpled, grinning star—a spastic zombie. The movie isn't even technically first-rate; it's a cheat at every level. The foreground action is clear, but the backgrounds and the long shots are blurry. This is the businessman's approach to moviemaking; "Duffy," in one form or another, comes out every week. (At the screening, the press was handed a brochure that said, "Like man, DUFFY is *in*, a gas, it's *with* it, it's like groovy.") As an individual movie, "Duffy" is unimportantly bad, because there are so many others like it. Not even others, really—just so much *of* it. The big, undifferentiated mass of this kind of mediocrity *is* important, because it weighs us all down.

PROBABLY nobody really responds to a "Duffy," but a "Charly" can get to people. Sometimes mawkish pictures catch on with the public and are taken seriously (like "David and Lisa" and "To Sir, with Love"); such pictures are, characteristically, naïve, "sincere," and pitifully clumsy in execution, and are usually based on material of a kind that competent moviemakers are too knowing to attempt. Yet somehow they hit the movie audience smack in its softheaded heart. I suppose one should try to understand what appeals to others, but willful gullibility appears to be its own reward—the audience gets such a big emotional profit from so little investment. I find some quick way to end a conversation as soon as someone asks "What sign were you born under?" and I duck away from people who get that gleam of excitement as they ask "What did you *really* think about 'Rosemary's Baby'?" (Imagine anyone thinking "Rosemary's Baby" gave you anything

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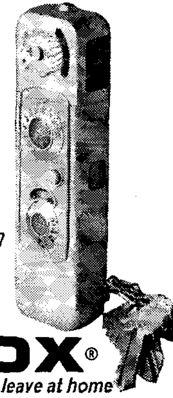

to think about!) And now there's "Charly," with that primitive, garbagey appeal that seems to reach through sophistication and education right to the primordial jerk. College students study Ionesco and Beckett and Artaud and then respond to—"Charly." A surprising number of people seem to be educated beyond their own tastes; despite education and literacy, they still want this guck.

"Charly," which has already been a heavily anthologized short story, a TV play, and a novel, has that kind of terrible idea that makes what is often called "a classic"—really a stunted perennial. In the movie version, adapted by Stirling Silliphant, Charly (Cliff Robertson), the mentally retarded adult whose teacher (Claire Bloom) helps him get brain surgery, tries to rape his teacher as soon as he gets some book learning. Rejected, he becomes a hippie and a Hell's Angel, but he soon goes back to his books and becomes a fantastic, computer-sharp supergenius, and he and the teacher have an affair. But those scheming scientists didn't tell him: his genius is only temporary—he must go back to being a dummy.

There's a possible dramatic idea here. A man who, after great effort, achieves his manhood as an intelligent human being and faces losing it is a man we might all respond to, because his story is a quickening of the processes of life that we all fear. Such a story could be a metaphor for the transiency of our fully conscious lives. Explored that way, "Charly" might conceivably be the theme of an honest piece of work, but it probably wouldn't provide the immediate gratifications of this "Charly," this cheap fantasy with its built-in sobs—from "Marty" to "The Fountainhead" and back again. And this "Charly" provides a popular target, to boot: Charly tells off "the scientific community" with Silliphant's cracker-barrel epigrams about what is wrong with the world—which, somehow, seems to be the scientists' fault. No doubt Silliphant, like so many other people in Hollywood, thinks of himself as an artist. He and the director, Ralph Nelson, are only commercially conscious.

The production does justice to the vulgarity of the script. Selmur Pictures, "a creative production subsidiary of the American Broadcasting Companies," is helping to bring movie craftsmanship to a new low. There has been a lot of bad camera work and grainy laboratory processing since the networks and business conglomerates took over the mov-

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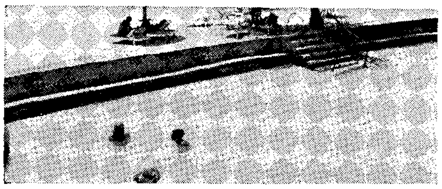

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ies, but, possibly, none worse than this. "Charly" also takes the booby prize for the worst use (yet) of the split screen. Everything in the movie is done in a slovenly way. Claire Bloom, so extraordinarily fine in "Look Back in Anger" and so beautiful in "The Outrage" and "The Chapman Report" that she seemed to be one of those rare, fortunate actresses who become more ravishing with the years, is here undone by lines that no one would say and no actress could speak, and by a bad dye job and terrible makeup, which changes from shot to shot. Even the hems on her dresses are sloppy; there seem to be boa constrictors inside them. The girls in the Run Run Shaw movies that come out of Hong Kong are better served.

And yet the shoddy craftsmanship and the howlers in this movie may work in its favor; the audience may take crudeness and awkwardness as indications of sincerity and "deep," "true" feelings. It may be that the ineptitude of a "Charly" (like the ineptitude of a "David and Lisa" or a "To Sir, with Love") is organic to its popular appeal, and that competence, technique, and polish might destroy it commercially while nothing much could really be gained aesthetically, given its kind of thinking. "Charly" may indeed represent the unity of schlock form and schlock content—true schlock art. —PAULINE KAEL

•

DEAR MRS. MEANS:

Sorry I can't offer a whole lot of help on your strawberries in the pyramid garden.

The leaves being red is not an indication of trouble. That is just caused by the hot weather. It is quite common this time of year. Your leaves do not show any disease trouble at all so I am inclined to believe that the fact that the berries turned brown and dried up while still small is purely a psychological condition.—*Letter received by a woman in St. Joseph, Missouri, from a seed company.*

Anxiety about being picked, probably.

•

Henry W. Gadsen, Merck president, said the firm had moved promptly to correct medical journal advertisements criticized by FDA.

"If we have made errors, they were only minor ones and to the degree that they existed, they were hemmed in by the total emphasis given to the relative effectiveness, safety, and limitations of the drug," Gadsen said. "Language is not a method of communication."—*Journal of the American Medical Association.*

Wonder how *that* canard ever got started.

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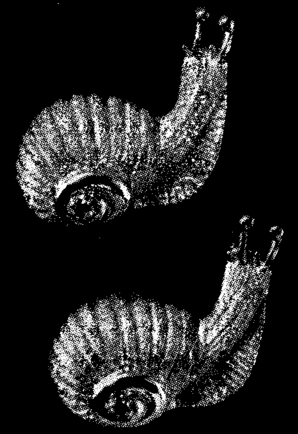

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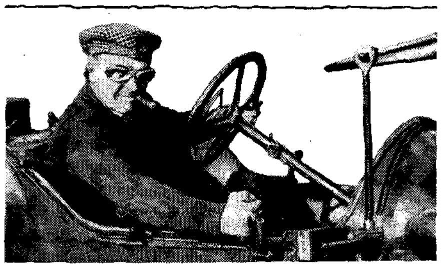

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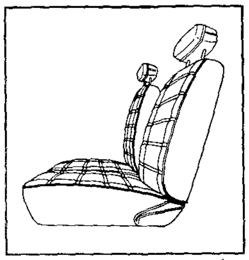

With a 116 inch wheelbase, you can figure how it handles. Nimbly.

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Satellite is newer in many significant ways.

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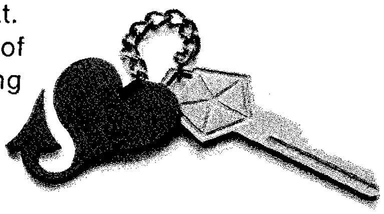
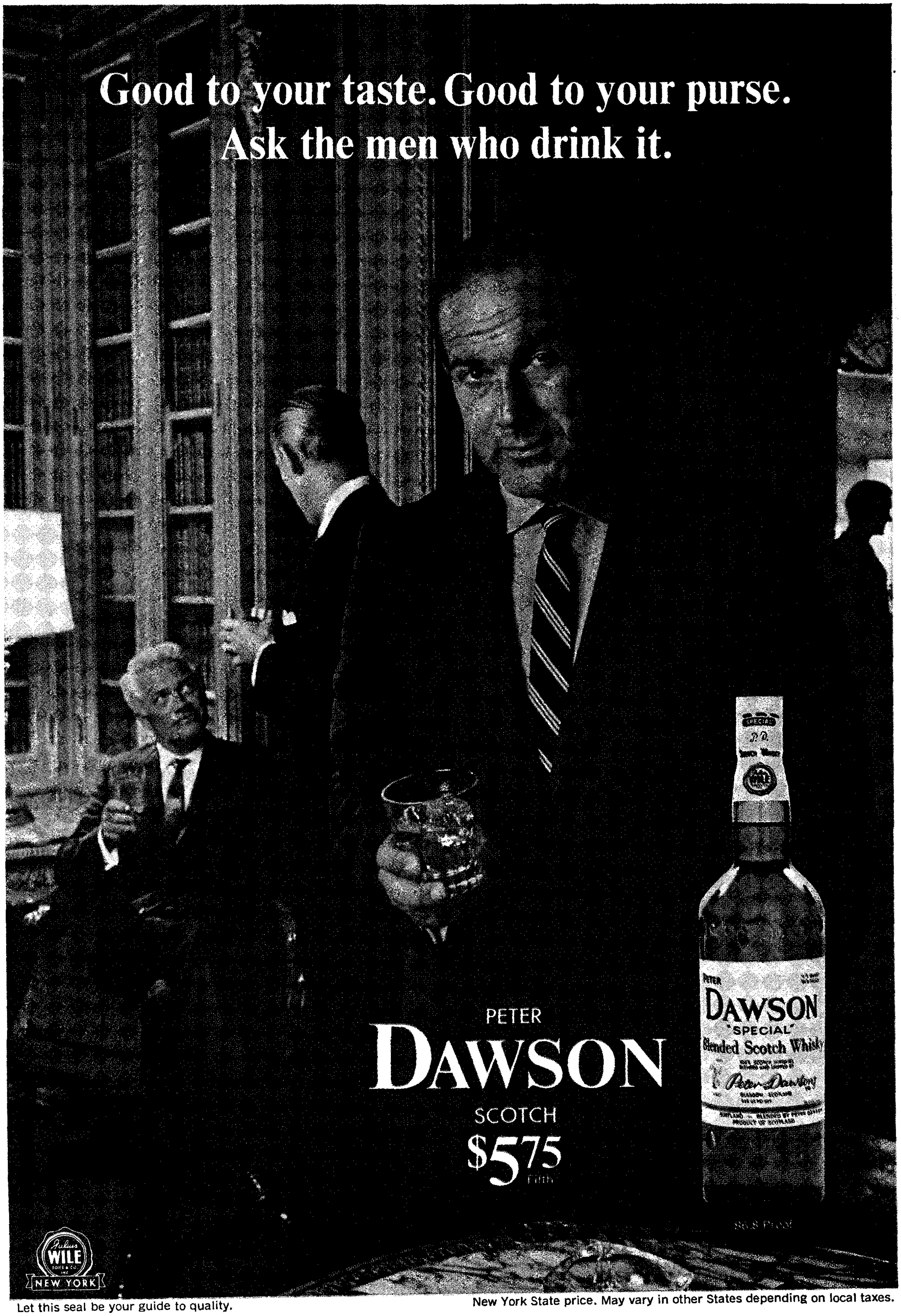
Plymouth has a lot of great new things going for it. So before you make your new-car decision . . .



Look what Plymouth's up to now.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WHEN, after my mother's death, I was clearing out the studio of the stone house by the sea that I inherited from her, the life once lived there seemed to get realer and realer until, when I would come in from a swim or a walk on the moors, on entering the studio I could smell distinctly not only the oil paint and turpentine from my mother's reign but, rising from layers of years upon years, the nitric acid used in solution to bite the etching plates of my old aunt, who had built the studio back in 1911.

I know no occupation that so dislodges one from ordinary life as reading through box after box of old letters; looking over *carte-de-visite* photographs of ladies in bustles and gentlemen in tall silk hats; burrowing through drawers, broken by the weight of copper and zinc plates that have to be held up to the light at an angle to determine what it is etched on them; sorting out cupboardsful of sermons in pamphlet form; taking down from the shelf, blowing the dust from, volumes of Greek and Latin classics with leather bindings too flaky now to be brought back even by the application of neat's-foot oil; resolving to throw away stacks of engravings of Rome, Venice, Cairo, Alexandria that are in too bad shape to interest dealers and not what anyone today would want to frame, and then saving them after all, because, like so much else, they are too full of life—their own life—for it to seem right to destroy them.

Once or twice, to my astonishment, I burst into tears. What astonished me was not so much that I should be crying as what, I realized, I was crying about. It was not because my mother or Aunt Nelly was dead, or out of sadness for all those other artists, Aunt Nelly's friends, who also used the studio long ago, but because, in the silence of the studio, I remembered what a wonderful time they had all had. Up to that moment it hadn't occurred to me that my aunt's old-maid existence could be considered as having a good time. Perhaps it was my fatigue, but all at once her life seemed as innocently paradisaical as Dylan Thomas' Fern Hill—happy as the grass was green.

At the end of the nineteenth century, and especially in Boston, there were many what Henry James called Mighty Maidens, but those powerful figures had little to do with the kind of Boston spinster my Aunt Nelly was. She was neither an athlete, an organizer, a leader of society, nor rich; in fact, I find it difficult to explain to anyone today how someone who had as little money as she did could ever have built that big studio and filled it with possessions.

She was born in 1855, well within a hundred years of the founding of the Republic. The running of the government, politics, appeared to her in the light of intimate, everyday, almost family concerns. While keeping house for her father, Edward Everett Hale, when he was Chaplain of the Senate, she became friends with Mrs. Theodore Roosevelt and Mrs. Gifford Pinchot, and made a drawing of the President in his office that radiates Teddy's famous gusto. Some painters might have parlayed those years into a position of influence, or at least of privilege; but not my Aunt Nelly.

She was blithe as a bird, but the bird was Job's turkey. Her income was derived from funds presented to her mother by her father's grateful congregation at the time of his death. She had, in addition, a set of highly unworldly principles to support her. Insofar as she possessed any rigidity at all—she was about as rigid as a withered clove pink—it was toward the idea of personality as a positive value. One of the few times I ever saw her angry was when I was a young girl visiting her by the sea and a Harvard cousin told us about one of his golden friends who'd been arrested for a whole complex of driving offenses. He told us of all he and his classmates were doing to get the youth off. It seemed the arresting officer had made some technical slip, which might serve . . .

"You mean your friend was not guilty of the charges?" Aunt Nelly said. Her old and slightly simian face looked puzzled.

"Oh, sure," my cousin said. "But he's such a wonderful guy! So gifted. Such an unusual guy, just full of love. . . ."

"If he were really a fine young man, he would *long* to uphold the law," Aunt Nelly said.

Likewise, the only time I ever saw her violent was standing watching a parade in Washington. A man in front of us didn't take his hat off when the flag went by along Pennsylvania Avenue. Aunt Nelly raised her black cotton umbrella and knocked it off. I was seventeen, and it embarrassed me.

The annual celebration of Fourth of July at Aunt Nelly's on Cape Ann was one of the few attractions ever to

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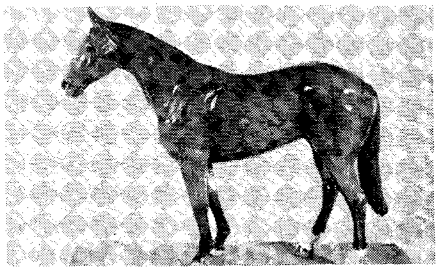

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draw my father away, if only for the weekend, from his Boston studio. His two remaining brothers used to come, too—the professor and the railroad man—the latter the only member of the family with social aspirations, which were no more referred to by the rest of the family than if they had been a Mongolian-idiot child. My father did remark to me once, "Your Uncle Arthur is *proud* of being able to put up at his own club in almost every city in the country," but he said it in tones of wonder.

In those days, the stone house was used only as a studio, and we stayed in a gray shingled house named The Thickets after the wild plums in front. It had once been a fisherman's cottage. When my aunt and Miss Clements, the artist with whom she lived, bought it to summer in with their old mothers, they moved it up from the road, turned it around, and added a studio. The front piazza faced the sea. After breakfast on the Fourth, everyone went out there in the salt-smelling sunshine. The big flag was flying from the piazza roof.

The custom, based on memories of my Grandfather Hale, was for Uncle Arthur to read the Declaration slowly, giving plenty of time for the others to punctuate it by smashing torpedoes on the piazza floor. It made a satisfying ritual. My mother stood to one side like some great white flower, petals melting in the sun, looking uncomprehending. Her own tradition was quite different, almost Tory, rooted in family memories of England. Instead of that enormous figure Van Wyck Brooks has described as resembling an untidy Pilgrim Father—my Grandfather Hale—the father *she* had to remember was shattered in health, tortured with worry (he had invented a gun sight, which he hoped to sell to foreign governments, through intermediaries who were proving to be treacherous), exhausted, dying.

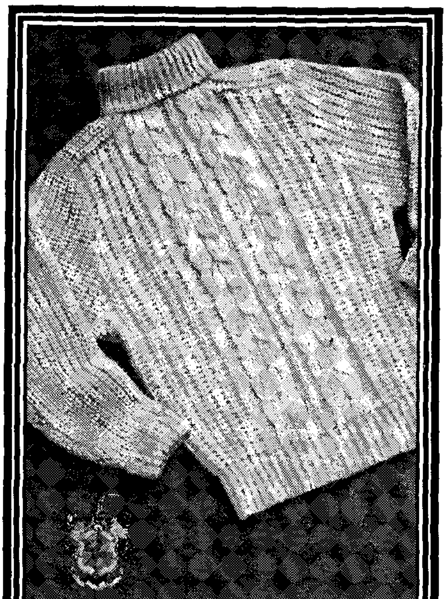
One Fourth of July Aunt Nelly, at all times given to a nervous habit of rubbing her fingers together as though working a piece of artist's kneaded rubber, kept rubbing two torpedoes together and, naturally, got burned. It was just like her. My father claimed he once asked her what she would do if there was a fire and she trapped in an upstairs bedroom.

"I'd make a rope out of the bed sheets," she replied sensibly.

"And then what?" he said he asked.

"Why, I'd tie one end to the bedpost, go to the window with the other end in my hand, and jump."

Stoop-shouldered, skinny as a shad-



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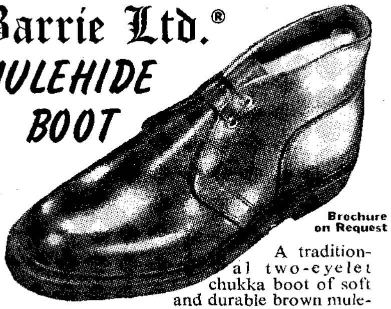

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ow, wearing high black laced boots, she used to dash about The Thickets at such a rate that Lizzie Doonan, the Irish maid my grandmother got off the boat as a girl in the eighties, would cry, "Ah, Miss Nally, she's runnin' like the wild deer!"

Aunt Nelly studied painting under Carolus Duran in the Paris of the seventies. By the time I knew her, any money she made from her work came from etchings, and from commissions for enormous church decorations. She had to climb up a stepladder to work on the upper reaches of them. It was a miracle that she never fell off, but she did thump down on her knees so often, working on the lower parts, that she acquired chronic housemaid's knee. Winding the bandages around her legs in the mornings took forever, and by the time I came into the picture she had consented, much against her disposition, to let Lizzie bring her breakfast in bed.

The rest of us used to breakfast in the sunny white dining room, from which you could see the ocean waiting through one open door and the garden, with its red and white roses climbing up locust posts, through the other. Miss Clements and whatever old-maid painter friends might be visiting were always filled with energy in the morning, but my mother drooped like a great white rose over her cup of tea and the muffin she crumbled and did not eat.

My mother was always exhausted when we first arrived at The Thickets, with that mysterious exhaustion—that disease of fatigue—forever thwarting her every active impulse at home and haunting my childhood. On winter afternoons, when I got home from school, she was often lying down, face flushed, a washcloth wrung out of cold water pressed to her forehead. Her large gray eyes met mine piteously as I entered the darkened bedroom.

"I'm all tuckered out," she would say, trying to joke. "I've had to cave in."

It was as if some fearful presence hovered around her, menacing, evil, waiting to pounce the minute she left the magic circle of her morning's work. To me, as a child, that presence seemed almost real: harsh, male, cruelly demanding. But my mother and I lived alone in our house at the edge of the woods with my father—tired, gentle, and romantic. There was nobody else.

At The Thickets she began to perk up. Something about the life there braced her like a tart New England tonic. Even after hours of painting, she

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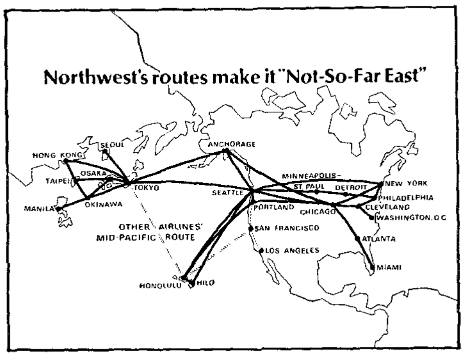
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still had the energy to take a walk with me up past the fishhouses, or to sit on the beach playing with pebbles while I went into the icy waves. She herself never went into the water. By the middle of our visit, she was taking helpings of creamed codfish and hominy for breakfast, and when we got home again, our visit beside the sea sustained her for weeks before the dreadful shadow again descended.

I used to notice how, at The Thickets, not only my father but all the old maids watched my mother at breakfast, fascinated, as though she were some rare and precious flower, different from them. Perhaps it was because she was much the most talented among them; also, my mother was a different—a solitary—kind of painter. Close to her, I had experienced art as a lonely, mystical pursuit; here at Aunt Nelly's, for the first time I saw art lived corporately—a shared vocation to be embarked on daily with cries of joy.

When I finished eating breakfast I used to go up and sit on the edge of Aunt Nelly's bed. If she wasn't lying back reading the New Testament, she would be sitting up winding Ace bandages round and round her thin shanks. A self-portrait painted when she was thirty-five—she is wearing a bonnet, against a bluish background that, with its fishlike streaks of green, resembles the bottom of the sea—shows that her face was not unlovely. She must have had offers. But her middle years were given up to looking after a semi-invalid mother and a famous, sought-after, impractical, extrovert father. By him, and by her mother—who was not, like my mother's mother, so much horrified and outraged by what she found in marriage as simply, after nine children, worn out by it—Aunt Nelly was sorely needed to keep house, be hostess, and fend the circling harpies off him and the well-intentioned parishioners off her.

I used to fly into a rage when my mother sometimes suggested that it must have been wonderful to have such a devoted daughter. Was not Aunt Nelly the epitome of that worst of all fates, sex starvation? A human sacrifice upon the altar of filial duty?

"I don't see why everybody feels they have to get married and have children, just like *sheep*," my mother said. "I think Aunt Nelly's life has been beautiful. So innocent and unconscious of self."

To my mother, "innocent" and "unconscious of self" were words of high praise, but with my generation they were unfashionable, to put it mild-

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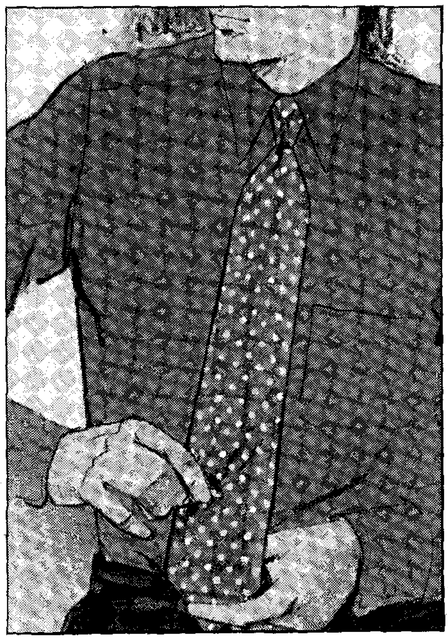

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ly. Nobody really *was* innocent, for one thing.

ONCE my grandparents were dead, Aunt Nelly's life—what was left of it—became her own. The first thing she did was to build, with borrowed money, the stone studio—a short walk up from The Thickets; it was to remain heavily mortgaged for the rest of her life. Besides a working place of her own, it provided room for the accumulation she'd inherited: in addition to an alcove for the etching press and space for her enormous easels, the classical library of a great-uncle who was president of Harvard; stacks of engravings brought back by every member of the family who went abroad, much as today people bring back slides; cupboards for the family toys—the doll's fourposter, the doll's crinoline and wired calash, Lotto, blocks, old books for children like "Harry and Lucy;" and hundreds and hundreds of family letters running back into the eighteenth century.

Once Aunt Nelly's bandages were securely wound, her thin gray hair was looped up and confined by a black velvet "headache band," and she was dressed in long black cloth skirt and black shirtwaist, with a number of silver chains around her neck from which hung seals, keys, and the watch she tucked into her waistband, she was ready to set off, uttering cries, for the new studio. Everything Aunt Nelly did was accompanied by cries—of departure, of arrival, of welcome. Her work required a great many models, whom she found in the neighborhood, and I think of her studio as always filled with people. My friends up there today include persons I first encountered dressed as Mary or Joseph, as an angel or a shepherd. I pay taxes on a quarry I own jointly with an erstwhile baby Jesus.

In the afternoons she would garden, so passionately that occasionally she broke something—a wrist, a collarbone. There was much gardening to do. The lawns had borders of delphinium and lupine, sweet William and bleeding heart; rock gardens lined the two paths leading from the lower house to the upper. Aunt Nelly called the lower path—the one everybody used—the *escalier de service;* it was one of her tiny jokes. She had made a water garden out of the hole that the stone for the studio came out of. Mallows and water lilies abounded in it, and the cardinal flowers that my professor uncle brought back to plant in it, from his walks over the moors. Large goldfish swam lazily round its pool of water. As I wandered with my mother down

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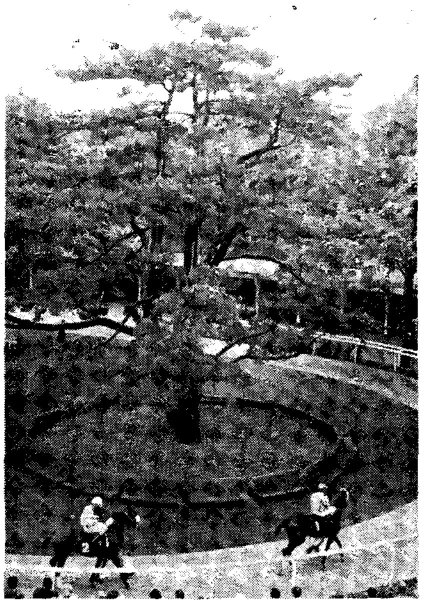

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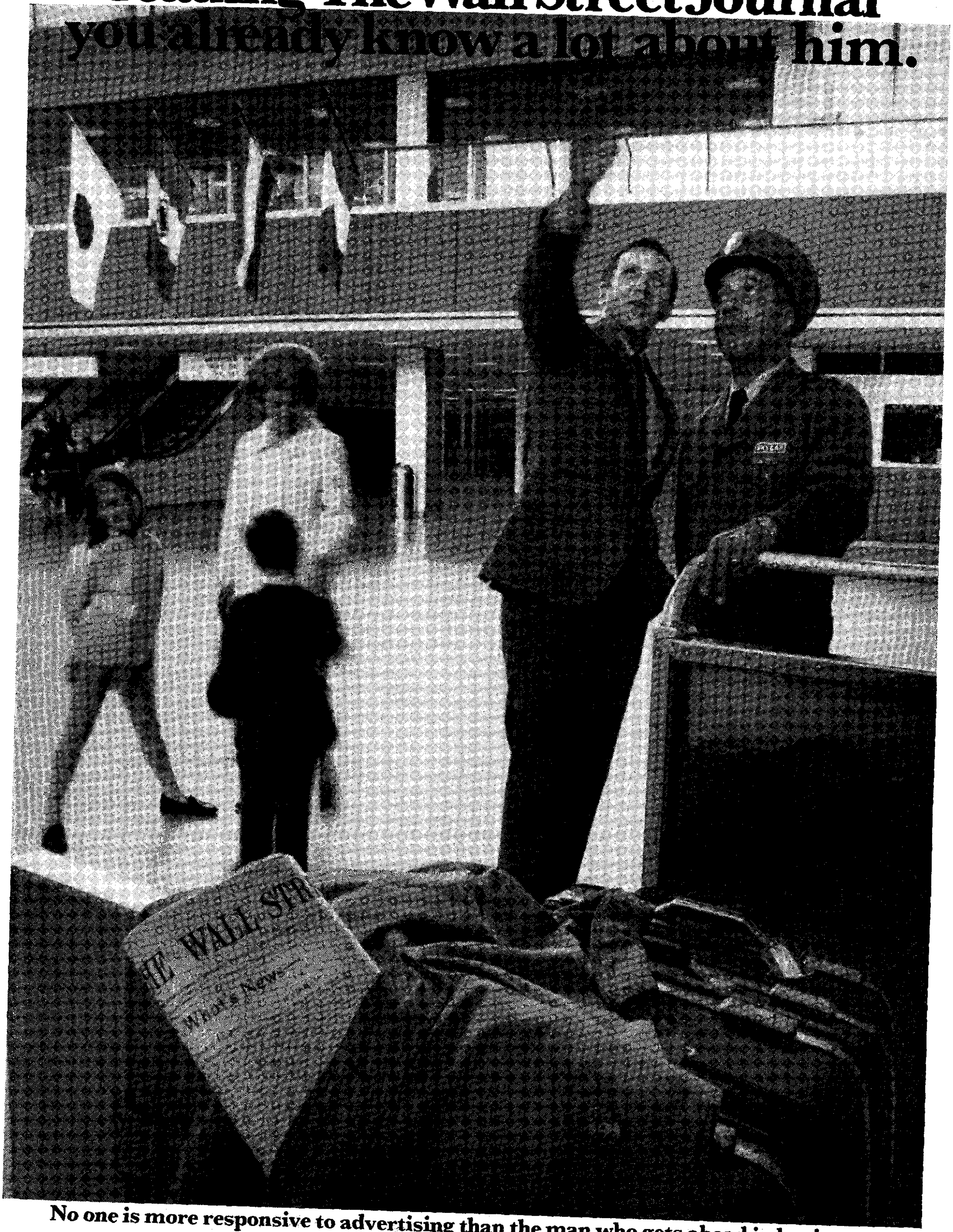
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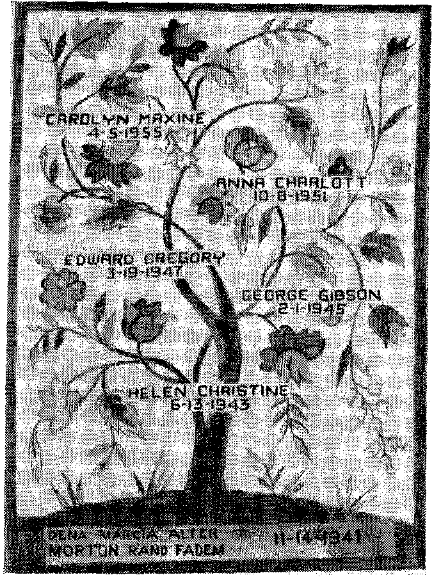
the rough stone steps, a bullfrog leapt off the lily pad where he had been sunning, plop.

We ate supper by the light—unnecessary till dessert—of candles with blue-and-white shades. Their flames trembled in a salt breeze from the door on the sea. If flies came in, the custom was to make an organized assault on them. Everyone rose and, waving big dinner napkins, drove them out of the garden door and shut it after them. Against the wall a low dresser held blue-and-white china: onion pattern, willow, and Canton. Aunt Nelly, Miss Clements, and their painter friends were, like Whistler, deeply influenced by the Japanese and by blue-and-white.

Aunt Nelly's brothers felt considerable resistance to Miss Clements. My father told me that when his sister announced their plan to share a house, years before, he warned her, "Don't do it. She's a juggernaut. She'll flatten you out." He was not given to expressing antipathies any more overtly than that. He had his own complicated system for registering disapproval, which only the initiated—my mother and I—recognized. He himself, for instance, felt an epoch-making moment in his relations with Miss Clements had been reached one Fourth of July when, at supper—she having asserted some opinion in her loud, confident voice—he said, "There, Gabrielle, we differ." I feel sure Miss Clements didn't even realize an epoch had been made.

Aunt Nelly sat, silent, at the foot of the table, opposite Miss Clements; visitors to the sides. She would help herself to steamed clams on a Friday evening, to baked beans and brown bread on a Saturday, but what she did was to stir them round and round with her fork. She would lift a forkful and hold it in midair while she listened to one of Miss Clements' long and lively stories. (One reason that lady jarred so on my father was that he, too, was a great storyteller, and her stories competed with his.) After a while, Aunt Nelly's fork would go not up to her lips but back to her plate. I used to watch, fascinated, to see if I could catch her eating anything. In principle she was fond of cod—less, I suspect, as food than out of sentiment for the position in Massachusetts' economy over the centuries that had rendered it sacred. She had quite a personal feeling for cod. Once, in the low, quiet voice she used for saying anything funny, she remarked that a cod, new caught, looks as if it were saying, "And has it come to this!"

After dinner we read aloud or to



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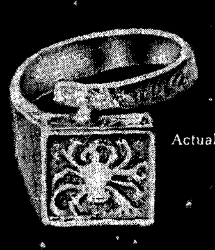

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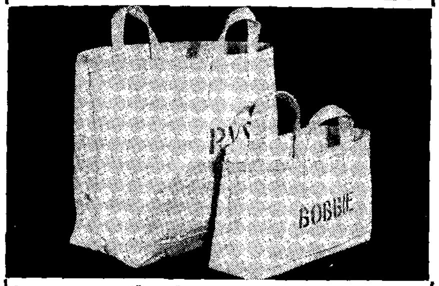

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ourselves in the white-walled parlor. Until only a short time before my aunt died she could not afford to put electricity in either of the houses. In the granite house, which she gave my mother after my father died, we didn't have any till around 1940. We read by the steady light of kerosene lamps—big standing lamps, or squat ones set on a table, with rounded green glass shades. Sometimes the lamps smoked—a thin black streak ascending—and had to be turned down until the flame spread evenly across the wick. Smoking blackened the chimneys, which had in any case to be cleaned daily by Lizzie Doonan.

When we went to bed, we each took a candle from the table at the foot of the white-painted square staircase. The brass candlesticks, with their wide saucers, had a snuffer attached to one side and a loop for the thumb on the other. We trailed slowly up the stairs while Aunt Nelly dashed about downstairs closing doors and emitting cries of good night. Our shadows leaped ahead of us. When my mother and I were inside the white bedroom we shared, with only the sound that the sea made slapping against the rocks, the shadows would mount the walls mysteriously as we undressed.

Sometimes neighbors came in for the evening. The occasions were meetings of various clubs my aunt and her friends formed—a knitting club during the First World War, a French club. Old sisters and wives of Yankee fishermen, sturdy Finnish women whose fathers migrated in the last century to work the quarries, sat knitting and listening to one of their number read aloud. I'm sure it was Aunt Nelly's idea, wanting Finns to read French. Her bluestockinghood was fortified by a flair for languages. Besides Latin and some Greek, she knew Italian and a little Spanish from Santa Barbara winters, and she spoke French fluently with a Boston accent. At the age of seventy-odd she learned enough Finnish to pay her friends the compliment of reading the Kalevala.

At nine o'clock Lizzie came in with lemonade and thin ginger cookies.

"A real tasty cookie, Miss Hale," old Miss Hattie Bates, whose brother showed me my first whale through his spyglass, would remark.

But before Aunt Nelly could say a word Miss Clements would, as usual, reply. "Yes, they *are* delicious, aren't they? *We* think so." It was not at all what Aunt Nelly would have said.

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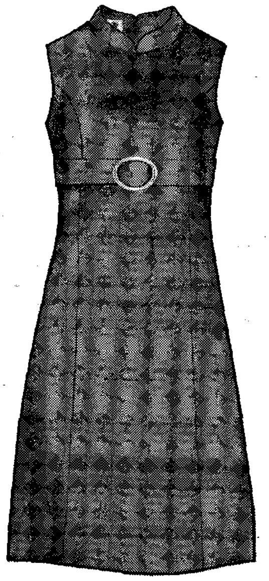

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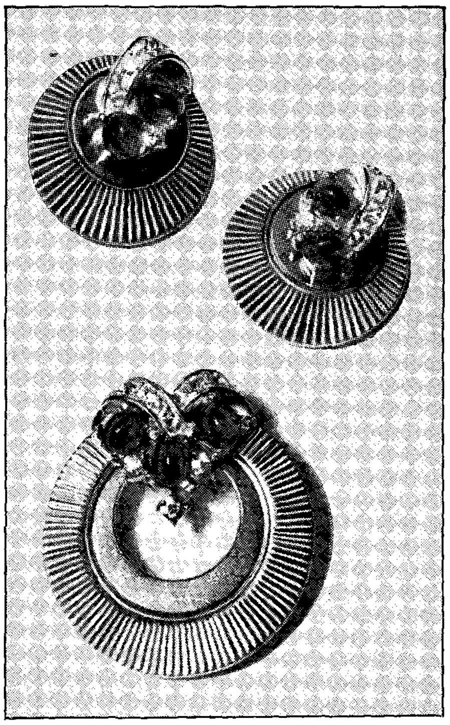

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unlike my father, never even differed with Miss Clements. Years after her death, when I was sightseeing in Charleston, I met an elderly gentleman etcher who had known her there and who said, "Your aunt had one of the most delightful and diverting minds I ever encountered. But such a time I had getting to talk to her! That woman was always interrupting."

When I burst into tears last summer, it came to me, however, that even my father could accept Miss Clements in the light of what a good time they all had painting. On his Fourth of July weekends he made one of the procession that set out, workward, after breakfast, accompanied by Aunt Nelly's cries of joy—he to paint pochade seascapes of wild roses against pink granite, viridian water with a white triangle of sail, gray slash of gull against cobalt sky. He could be seen all morning over on the Point, in his white shirt and stiff collar, behind a borrowed sketching easel, as he set pointillist dots of pure color on his tiny board—faithful, persistent, resigned to disappointment. When he came home for lunch, he would look around at the faces at the table, all of them filled with the same inner satisfaction at the morning spent. "We'd ought to call this place Joyous Gard," he said once. "Out of Mallory."

The others would have trooped up to what continued to be called the new studio. If a church decoration was under way, Miss Clements and the other old maids might all work on it—painting great oranges, like burning orbs, high on the Tree of Life, or many-colored flowers in the Palestinian grass, while Aunt Nelly worked on the circle of radiance around the Child. Another year it might be etchings they worked on. Their plates had generally been drawn upon earlier, in Charleston, Baltimore, Girgenti, the Holy Land, wherever they'd wintered—if dry points, with a ruby or diamond on bare copper that didn't need etching; if a true etching, on applied soft or hard grounds. My mother never made etchings anywhere but here; she would be sitting to one side, her Italianate profile bent gravely over the covered soft ground she drew on with a special needle.

I sat with a book in my lap and watched. The old ladies gave themselves to "process"—the preparing and printing of plates—with a peculiar, gay intensity. In their eccentric garb they hurried about the huge studio, lowering a plate into the nitric-acid bath by means of a cradle made of string, ap-

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plying black ink to an etched plate with a rag-covered roller, or colored inks to an aquatint—printed similarly, except that spaces instead of lines were etched, to give an effect like watercolor. All together—my mother, too—they might print a take, one of them with infinite care setting a plate face down upon wet paper on a padded bed, another slowly, slowly turning the spokes of the great wheel as it moved the platen over the bed, another taking notes throughout to record each step of the process, so a final edition could be printed uniformly. Afterward they all clustered around to examine critically the result achieved. The atmosphere—brisk, fresh, precise—was permeated by the smell of the nitric-acid bath.

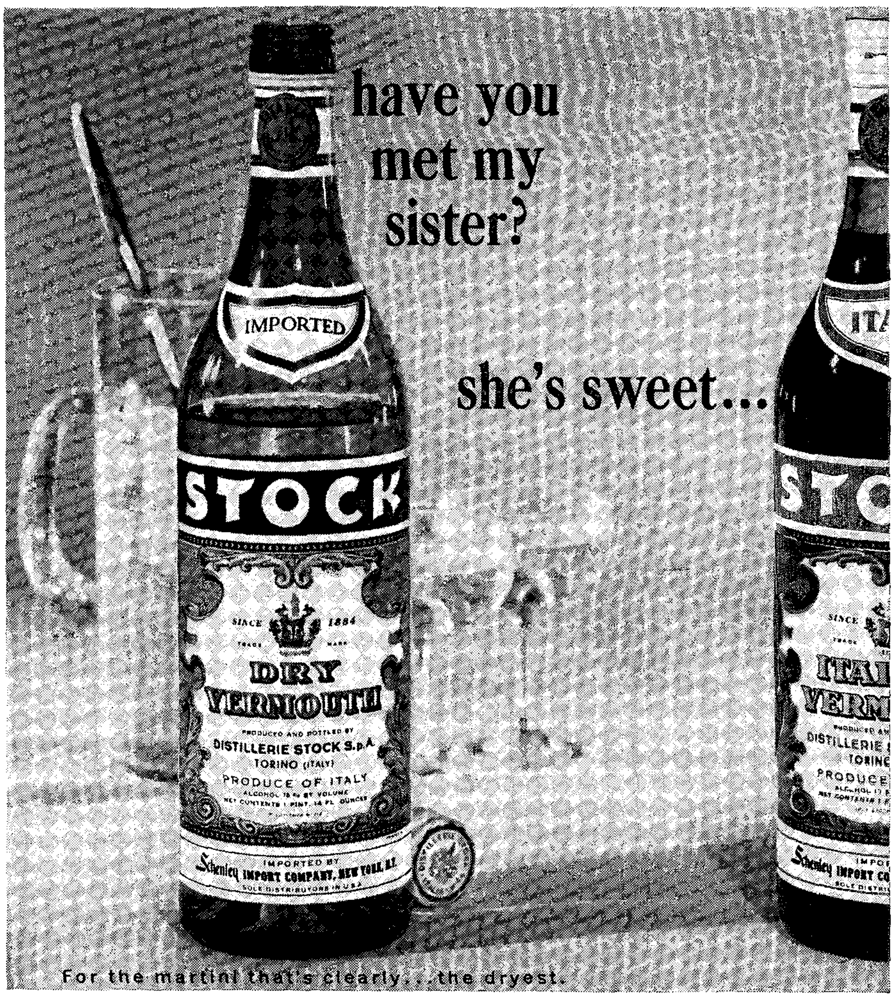
One day at lunch a tiny, desiccated Miss Leslie Jackson told us that when she had proposed painting some sunset or other her teacher, the then famous Frank Benson, said not to—that sunsets were impossible as a subject. At supper Aunt Nelly produced the following lines, spoken in her quietest voice:

> "Said Leslie Jackson to Mr. Benson,
> 'You sunset merits your attention.'
> '*That's* the kind we turn our backs on!'
> Said Mr. Benson to Leslie Jackson."

AFTER years of minor accidents, the magic protecting madmen, children, and Aunt Nelly seems to have run out. When she was nearing eighty she fell, while running in the studio like the wild deer, and broke her hip. In those days a broken hip meant, for most elderly people, prompt death from pneumonia, but my frail old aunt somehow managed to continue painting from a wheelchair, giving little cries of painter's satisfaction, and to keep up, through the newspapers and her correspondence, with politics and the government.

Prohibition was still in force. In winter, after the old ladies had gone away, the stone studio, The Thickets, and the other shingled houses, weathered to matchbox dryness, that friends over the years had bought or rented were boarded up. The cove the houses overlooked became a favorite landing for boats running liquor down from Canada. In June, housowners often found their rooms littered with the straw that bottles had been packed in. I was in my twenties, and I well remember the respectfully wide berth everyone gave bootleggers, rumrunners, and the proprietors of speakeasies. Bootlegging was a fact of life no one argued with.

One winter Aunt Nelly got word—



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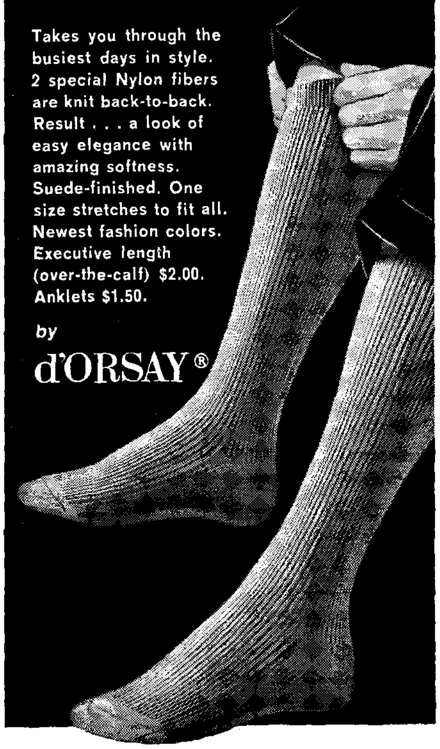

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I think from the Finnish pastor—that rumrunners were using the shed behind the stone studio for signalling to incoming boats. She didn't hesitate an instant. She wrote off, giving instructions for the shed to be burned down at once. Neither her house nor any of the others was burned in retaliation.

Aunt Nelly died in a nursing home in the eighty-sixth year of her age and the one hundred and sixty-fourth of the Republic. My father was long dead by then, but my mother looked after her with the devotion she showed for all my father's family, going to see her—a distance of ten miles—every day. The nurses in the home adored Aunt Nelly, for even when she was wandering in her mind she never failed in her exquisite politeness and consideration, the sweetness of her temper, her happiness that was like the happiness in Paradise before the paternal ordinance was breached and Satan's shadow loomed.

With all her jauntings about the world, Aunt Nelly's essence—her original, young girl's ardor—remained intact. It was as if the patriarchal figure of her father had sufficed her and she never needed to break the law. Instead of rebelling, she dashed to meet an old maid's fate with cries of consent. I see how I could, when exhausted, weep for the cool white cloisters Aunt Nelly built out of her inheritance; they seemed like a jail to me when I was young, but what my memory has retained is their freshness, their peace, their self-sufficiency.

My mother used to drive me over to the nursing home when I would come up from New York to spend the weekend with her. I had never seen anyone dying before, and I was struck by the signs of Aunt Nelly's physical dissolution. As she lay on her side in bed, increasingly her emaciated, battered old knees were being drawn toward her bony chest until, the last time I saw her, she was totally and irrevocably curled up, as though grotesquely illustrating, in that antique frame, the child born of a virgin she had painted on canvas so often. It was hardly an apotheosis of her life, much less a promise of a richer life to come, but a sort of literal exposition of life's core.

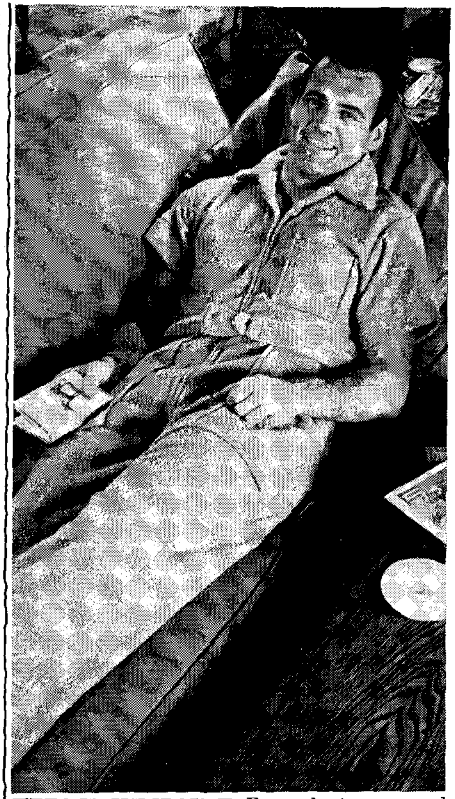
—NANCY HALE

•

WASHINGTON—An eminent British scientists, Prof. P.M.S. Blackett, said today that the gap between rich nations and poor war and slackening aid.

—*The Times.*

He's so right.



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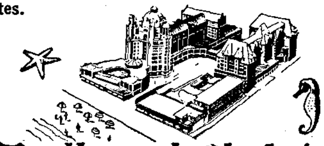

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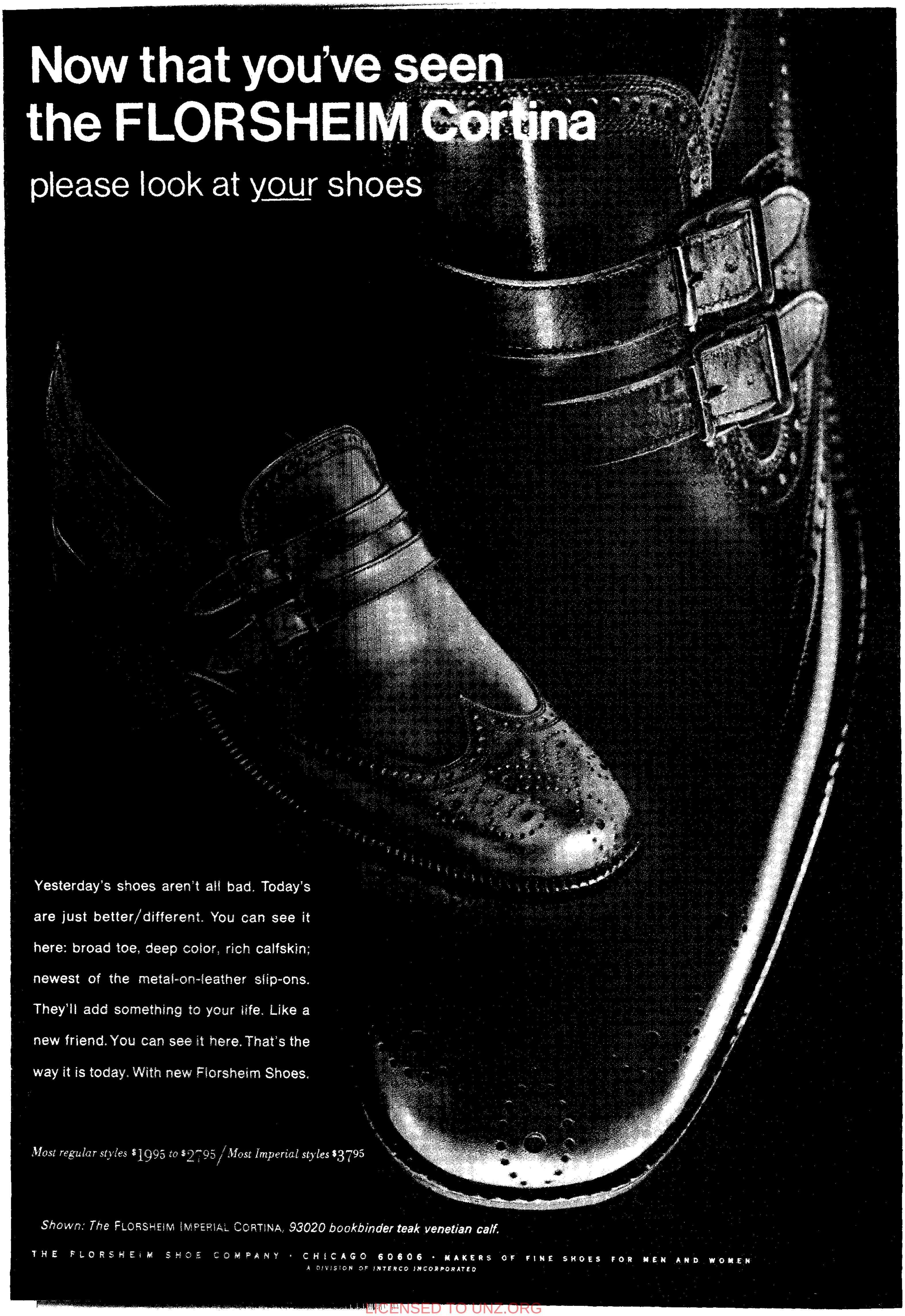

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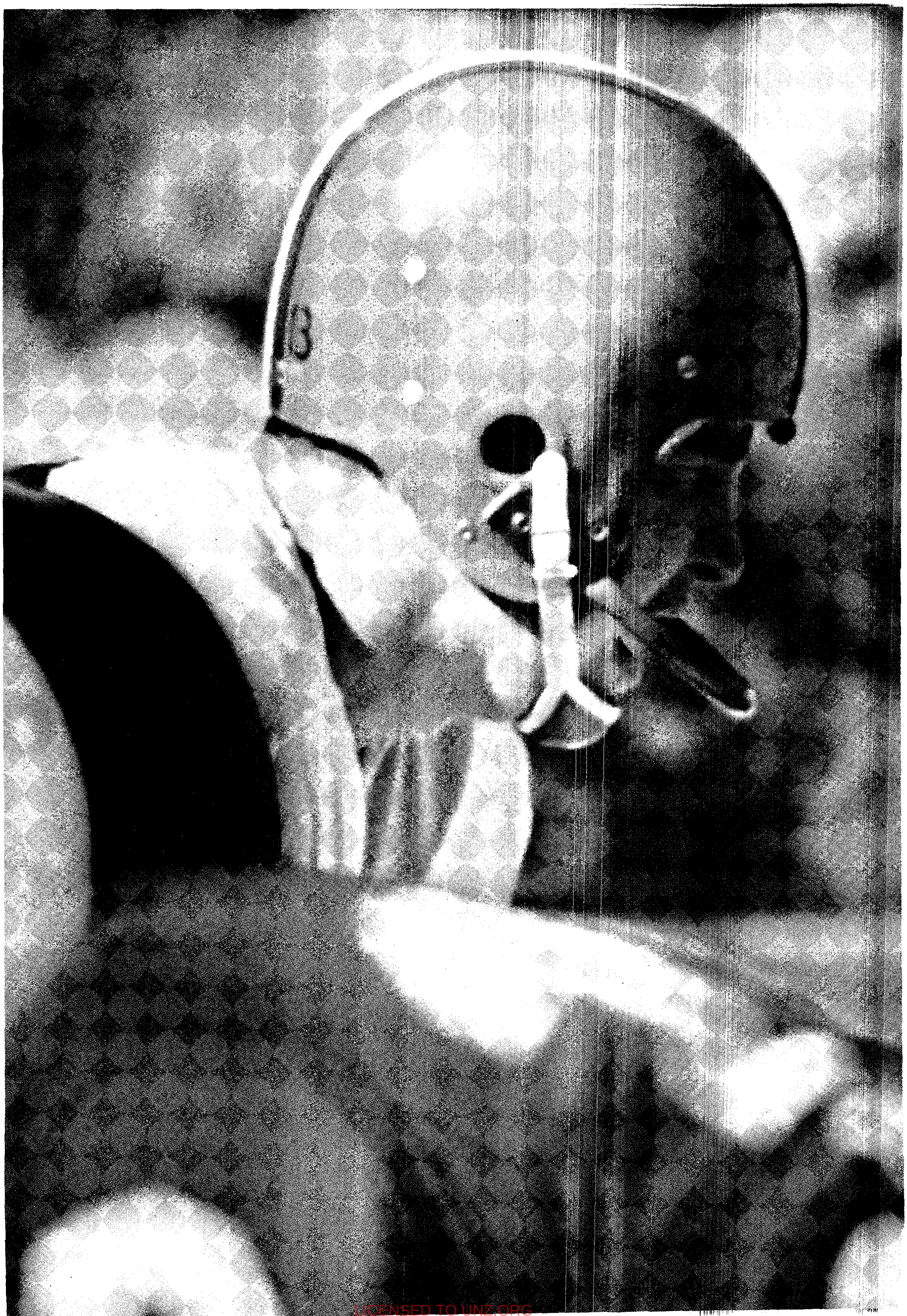

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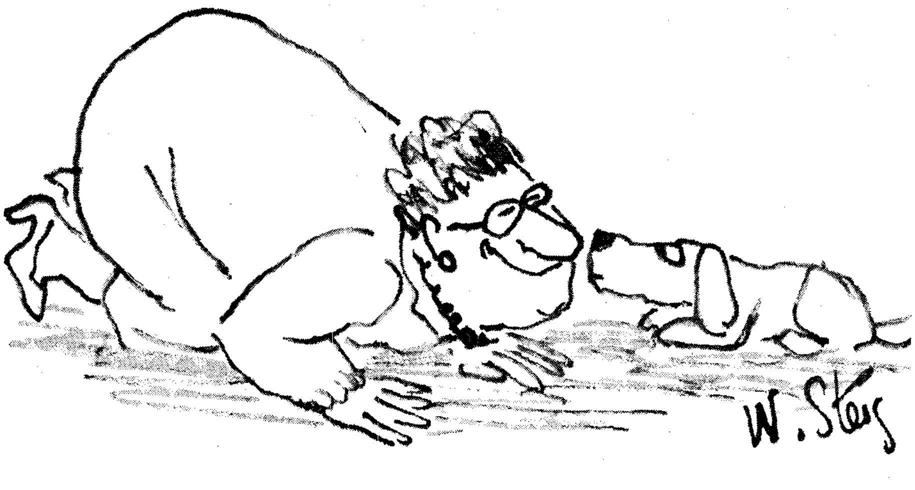
LETTER FROM WASHINGTON

OCTOBER 5

IF, by some fluke or fraud, or by some currently unimaginable shift in the climate of American opinion, Richard Nixon does not win election a month from today, he and his biographers will at least be able to claim that in the closing and historically crucial months of 1968 his control over events here equalled or exceeded that of Lyndon Johnson. It was unquestionably thanks to Nixon's counsel that closure was not invoked in the Senate in the matter of Justice Fortas's confirmation as Chief Justice. A word from the Republican candidate and probable next President would have brought enough Republican support to rule out a filibuster and lead to a floor vote favorable to the President's appointment. And it was just as surely Nixon's recommendation, after the occupation of Czechoslovakia, of a delay for purposes of a "reassessment" of Soviet intentions that has compelled the majority leadership in the Senate to abandon hope for ratification of the nuclear-nonproliferation treaty this year. Nixon has said that he favors the treaty, and he may well feel that its ratification—or the threat of nonratification—during his Administration will enable him to strike more and better bargains with the Soviet Union and other powers than would be possible if he took office with the treaty in force. To many here, this seems not only a dubious but a dangerous rationale. However that may be, he has, while still a private citizen, shown the power to deny the President the credit for an agreement that the President thought would be looked upon as the greatest and most statesmanlike contribution of his public career. It is less certain that Nixon could have used his influence—assuming he had wished to do so—to prevent the near dismemberment of the foreign-aid program or the steps taken last week, in a closed session of the Senate, to escalate the missile race with the Soviet Union. On these particular matters, he has had very little to say of late, and it is possible that even if he had been in complete agreement with those who see disaster in both the lowest foreign-aid appropriation in recent years and the highest defense budget in history he could not have prevailed upon enough congressmen to bring about a significant change in the concept of "national security" that seems to dominate both houses (and much of his own thinking). But what is clear, in any case, is that the man who sits in the White House and has all the Constitutionally specified and implied powers of the office can exercise—except in such matters as issuing orders to his field commanders in Vietnam and his negotiators in Paris—less political influence than the Republican candidate who hopes to succeed him next January 20th and probably will.

It is, quite understandably, difficult to persuade many of the supporters of Hubert Humphrey even to consider the implications of all this for their man. Their present woes are of the grubbiest and most immediate sort—meeting payrolls and hotel bills, stemming the tide of disaffection and defeatism, assembling bodies for rallies. Lyndon Johnson cannot appear to them as a symbol of powerlessness; the President is Humphrey's albatross. The urgent question for them is not the decline of Johnson's power vis-à-vis Nixon or the Congress but the impact of Johnson's past on Humphrey's present and future and on the Democratic Party. To sustain their commitment, they must assume that Humphrey next year, unlike Johnson this year, could, if the electorate gave him the chance, somehow or other govern the country effectively. And this assumption, essential to the work that each day brings, must rest on faith and hope alone; there is little in logic or in the circumstances of the moment to support it. The faith is almost but not altogether blind. No Humphrey man supposes that the candidate can make even a halfway respectable showing—comparable, say, to that of Barry Goldwater four years ago or of Adlai Stevenson in 1952 and 1956—unless he persuades the citizenry that in voting for him it would be voting for change. Perhaps the greatest amount of intellectual effort exerted in the entire Humphrey campaign goes into attacking this problem. Much thought has been given to the proposal, made both inside and outside the campaign staff, that the Vice-President resign his office and attempt to compete with Nixon—and, for that matter, with George Wallace—in the formation of a new coalition of dissent. When it is argued that this might tend to persuade the country more that he was irresponsible than that he was independent, less drastic measures are considered, ranging from a straightforward repudiation of the war down to such trivial gestures as the ones actually used in Salt Lake City earlier in the week—removing the Vice-Presidential seal from the podium used for the delivery of his televised speech on Vietnam and introducing him on that occasion not as an official of the government but simply as "the Democratic candidate for President."

But nothing avails—or, at least, nothing has availed up to now—and most observers here feel that in the Salt Lake City speech Humphrey went about as far as he is ever likely to go in dissociating himself from the Administration. The extent of that dissociation could scarcely be perceived by the naked eye. Nothing about the text held more interest here than the fact that it was known to be the work of George Ball, who for many years and under many titles served the Administration with as much loyalty as the Vice-President has done, but with a well-advertised—though never, except in a book written in an interlude of private life, publicly proclaimed—lack of enthusiasm for the war. In tandem, Humphrey and Ball moved no more than an inch or two away from Johnson and Rusk, and this was, of course, immensely disappointing to people who had entertained the hope that there would be a complete divorce. To those who see the war exclusively as a moral issue, the performance was unethical, and to those strategists of whatever moral



persuasion who would have Humphrey repudiate the war for prudential reasons it was inexpedient. One wonders, though, if Humphrey would still not get the worst of it in almost every conceivable way if he suddenly yielded to the convergent arguments of the moralists and the prudentialists. To really serious moralists, he would appear not as a true convert but as a convert of the deathbed variety and as a power-hungry hypocrite, and, indeed, considering the opportunities for conversion he has passed up over the last four years, it would be hard to say that the appearance was not the reality. Conversion, true or feigned, would surely earn him some votes and just as surely lose him others. Some of the votes lost would be those of hawks; others would be those of voters who simply cling to the notion that a public man ought to honor his commitments and stand on his record.

The belief seems to be shared by almost everyone here—Republicans, Democrats, leftists, rightists, centrists—that what inhibits Humphrey from issuing some kind of declaration of independence is a dread of the unholy wrath of Lyndon Johnson. The theory is that if the Vice-President moved any farther from the Party line than he already has the President would be roused to such fury that he would do everything he could to assure the election of Richard Nixon. Whether the theory is sound no one knows except the President himself and possibly, but by no means certainly, Hubert Humphrey. The fact is that no one apart from the President and the Vice-President and perhaps their wives and a few White House aides knows much of anything about the relations between the two men. It is, to be sure, clear from the public record that Humphrey has never left the reservation and that those who displease Johnson suffer much for it. But it does not follow directly from this that in the case of Humphrey Johnson could or would be as vengeful as is generally assumed. For one thing, there are probably limits to the damage he could today inflict on Humphrey, who has been to some extent liberated by the fact of his nomination; moreover, a public attempt at punishment might only help Humphrey and add to Johnson's reputation as an ogre. Johnson is an immensely complicated and contradiction-ridden man—vastly more so than Humphrey—and no one in American life is more familiar than he with the effects of power, or the search for it, on human character. It could very well be that, having been Vice-President him-

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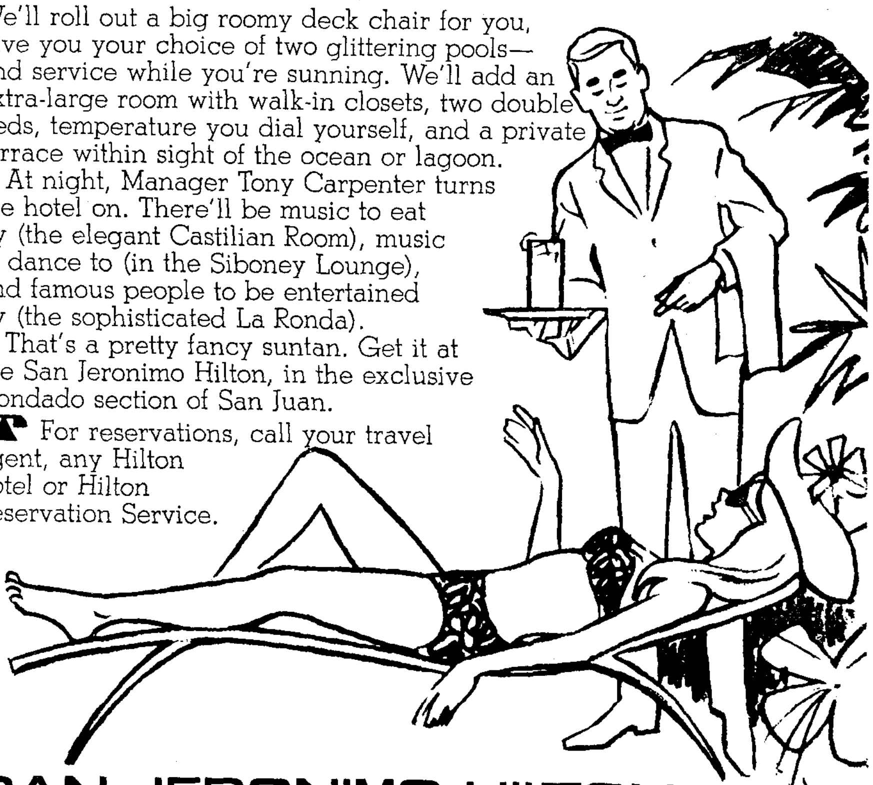

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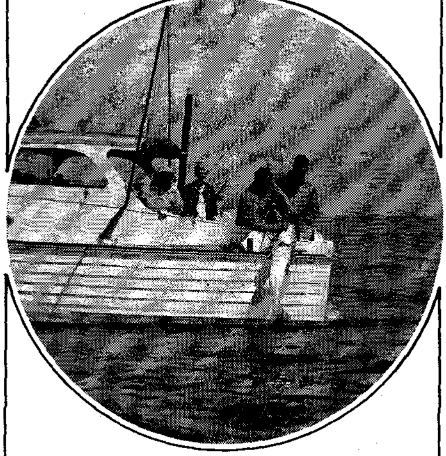

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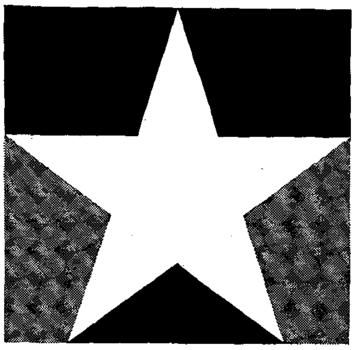

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self, and having been lower in spirit in that office than in any other, his sympathy for Humphrey's present plight is at least equal to his desire for vindication or for whatever satisfaction he gets from the subservience of subordinates. A good part of Johnson's life has been spent in getting out of the shadows cast by patrons.

It is thus altogether possible that the view of Humphrey as a man chained against his better judgment or his will to the policies of the Johnson Administration is without foundation. There may be chains not of Johnson's forging but of Humphrey's imagining, or there may be no chains at all, but only Humphrey's awareness that those policies are his as well as Johnson's and his conviction that although many of them are proving as inconvenient to his quest for votes as they have been in the last few years to Johnson's quest for confidence and "credibility," they are nonetheless sound and worthy of defense. Humphrey's liberal and radical critics have all along insisted that what is fundamentally wrong with him is his deep commitment to the politics of his early years—the global and domestic welfarism of the late forties. Since this criticism often comes from men who themselves once held that outlook—Senator McCarthy, for example, and such a leading articulator of it as Arthur Schlesinger, Jr.—it carries the implication that Humphrey either lacks the capacity for reconsidering, as they have done, the adequacy and relevance of the old doctrines or is too doctrinaire in temperament to perceive any need for doing so. In his campaign thus far, Humphrey has done little that does not lend support to the contention that he is deaf to criticism and unreceptive to any innovation except of the kind with which he himself was associated in the now quite distant past. He has, to be sure, been eloquent and forceful in his advocacy of American initiatives in arms control, and this was not high on the agenda of "liberal anti-Communism" in the late forties. But, owing largely to Humphrey's own work in the field, it has been in the air throughout this decade, and the steadfastness of his commitment to it—in the face of Nixon's talk about the need for more armaments of every kind—will probably in the end win him the adherence of large numbers of Democrats who, though they deplore his position on Vietnam and the callousness he has shown toward those who find his slogans on domestic policy passé, and at times absurd, nevertheless fear that a Nixon Administration would yield

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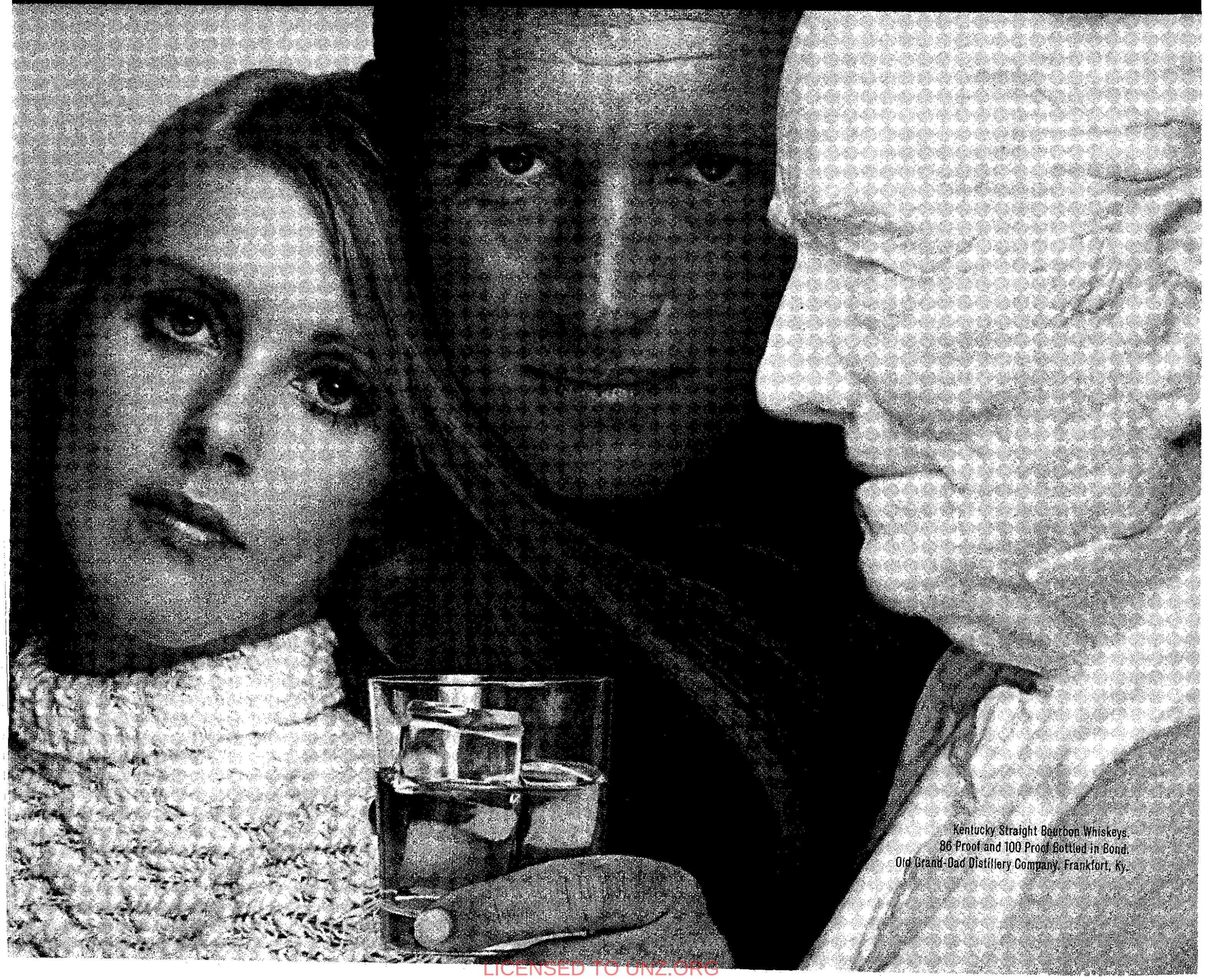

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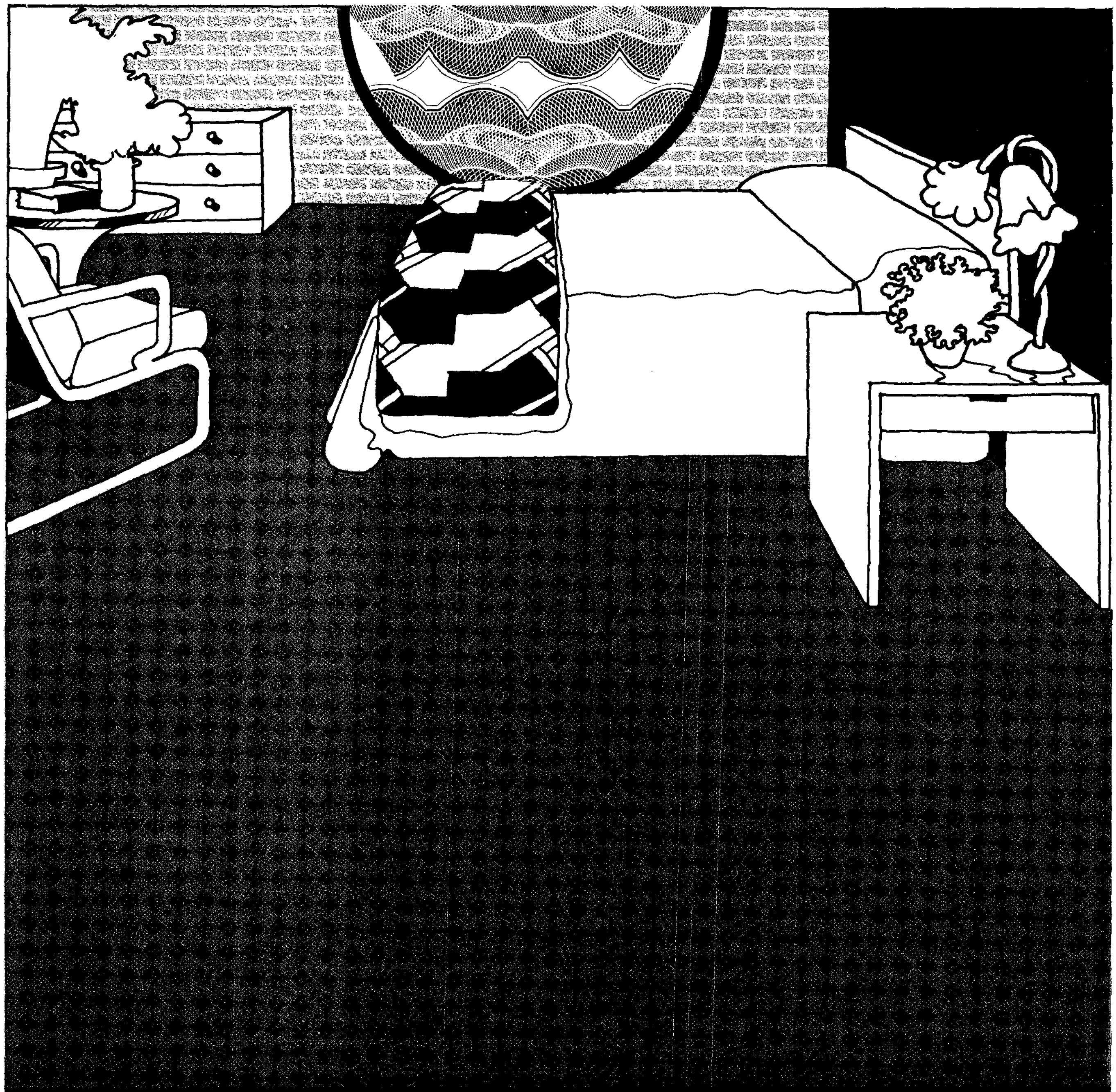

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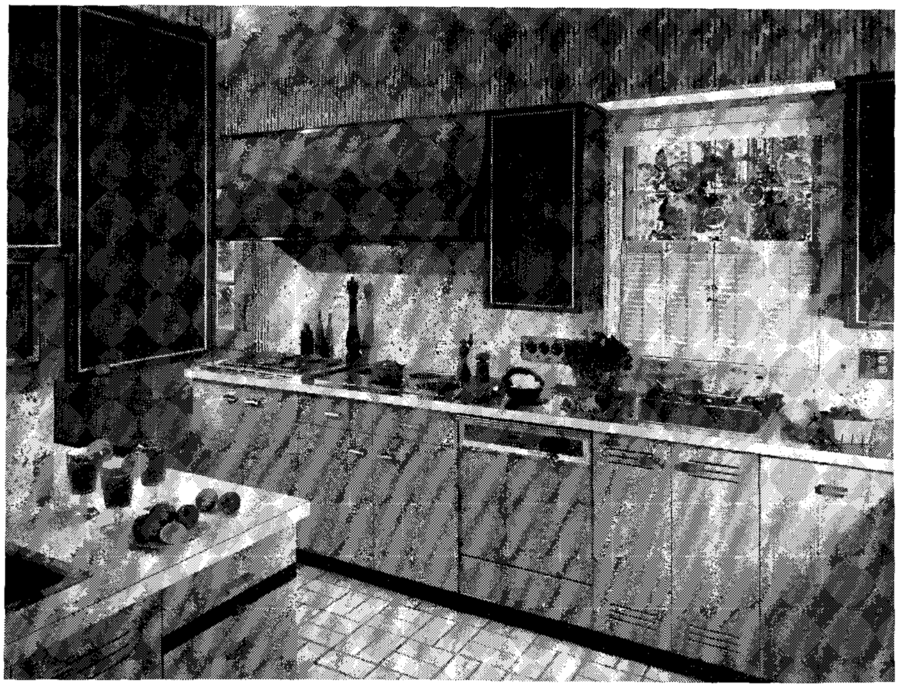
more power to the military than even the Johnson Administration has ever been accused of doing.

UNLESS all the auguries are mistaken, Nixon will win with a huge electoral majority and Humphrey will be fortunate if he is able to get as many electoral votes as George Wallace. The prospect of a Nixon Administration and a Congress even more conservative than the present one breeds little delight in this city, which is one of the few communities in the country that seem certain to give their vote to Humphrey. Nixon is distrusted here not only by the Negroes, who are a majority in the city, but by many of those who have had an opportunity to observe him closely over the years. Yet there are those who, despite their dislike of Nixon and their residual loyalty to Humphrey, feel that a Humphrey victory, if by some erratic functioning of the electoral process it were to come to pass, would be worse for the Republic than a Humphrey defeat. Humphrey, it is felt, is today in somewhat the position that Barry Goldwater was in four years ago. In 1964, it was theoretically possible, though barely so, for Goldwater to win by exploiting the quirks and inequities of the system—Negro disenfranchisement in the South, and the Electoral College arrangements that give more power to the states of small population than they would if the one-man-one-vote principle were observed. Had he somehow managed to get an electoral majority, he would nevertheless have been a minority President. He would have had no mandate except from himself, and would have faced the task of trying to govern a nation whose organized interest groups and public institutions were nearly all opposed to him. In 1968, the strength shown by George Wallace has made it as certain as anything ever is in politics that neither Nixon nor Humphrey can have any hope of serving as a majority President. In the popular vote, according to the polls, the spread between them is not likely to be even half the twenty per cent, give or take a point, that most forecasters are conceding to Wallace. Nixon would be a minority President, but his electoral majority, it is assumed, would be a clear one, and he would have a clear mandate to present to a Congress that, at least at the outset, would be somewhat in his debt and would have a stake in making his Administration a success.

Humphrey dares not even hope for a mandate or for a Congress more



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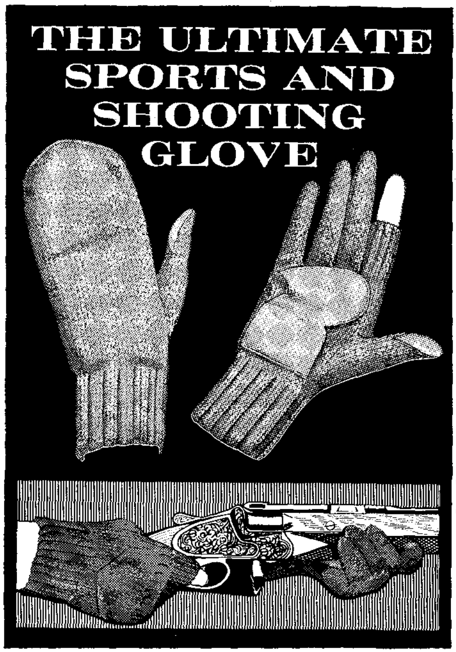

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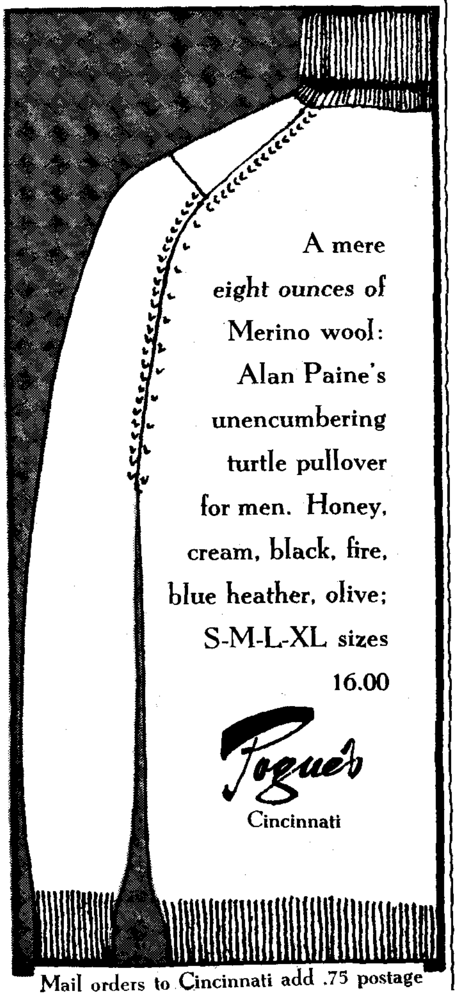

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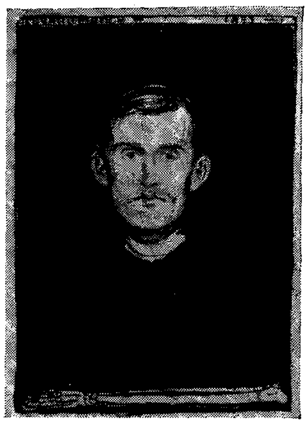
sympathetic to him than the present one is to Lyndon Johnson. The problems facing him would perhaps not be of the magnitude of those that would have confronted Goldwater. He has not alienated the Negroes; the press is by no means united against him—in fact, he can expect the support of the New York *Times* and several other journals of high prestige, though of questionable influence over the electorate; if he made an early and strenuous effort toward disengagement in Vietnam, he would win back the sympathy of many of the intellectuals, the churchmen, and the young, most of whom are for peace at very nearly any price. But peace at a heavy price (and no one here can conceive of a settlement that would not be a severe and destructive blow to American pride) would multiply his difficulties as Chief Magistrate, and although that would doubtless be more welcome to the country as a whole than the war has ever been, it is not in the least farfetched to suggest that he might in time face impeachment proceedings—something that could very well have happened if Adlai Stevenson had won in 1952 and accepted the Korean settlement that so greatly strengthened the already high popularity of Dwight Eisenhower. Forewarnings of all this might abate Humphrey's eagerness for peace and compel him to press on in search of a military solution. Nixon would face similar difficulties, as Dwight Eisenhower did, and almost certainly—because he has achieved nothing like Eisenhower's favor with the public and lacks his mentor's credentials as a military strategist—he would find Vietnam a tougher nut to crack than Korea. But Nixon would not have to turn inward upon his own circle to find scapegoats, and he could claim—with much plausibility in the public mind, if not in the minds of historians—the immunity of powerlessness. We have reached a point in our history at which many honorable men are saying—or at least feeling—that an easygoing lack of political morality on the part of a Presidential candidate may be a great national resource and a morality of a higher, more practical value, and that a sharp eye for scapegoats (Nixon has always had this) may be an asset in the search for peace.

It can be maintained that Humphrey, if elected by any means at all, would have a mandate in domestic affairs. He is as much for "law and order" as anyone else, and, as far as can be learned, the American people



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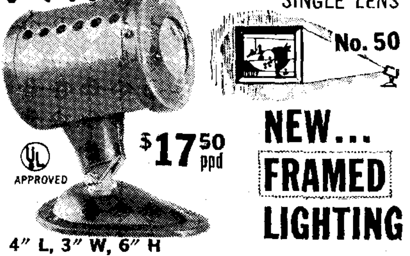

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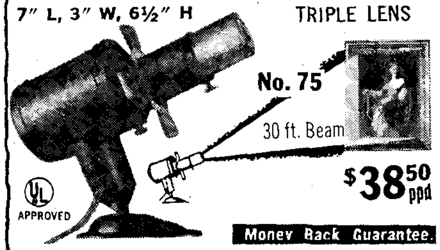

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have not rejected the welfare state, which is not incompatible with the police state. George Wallace is a welfarist, and so is Mayor Daley. Nixon wants to turn the clock back a little bit and may find himself with a Congress eager to accommodate him, but the tide of history in such matters favors Humphrey's general view. The issue in the next few years, though, will not be welfarism as such, any more than it will be "law and order" as such; the large issue will be race, and though Humphrey's instincts are humane and his policies no doubt exemplary, there is little reason to think that he could be any more effective than the President himself has been in the last couple of years. Indeed, what now seems certain to assure Humphrey's defeat is his loss on this very issue of his natural constituencies among the working class and the recently—and in some cases, which makes the matter more difficult, only partly—assimilated ethnic minorities. (They tend on the whole to be co-extensive—one constituency rather than two—but the numbers are in any event great and the disaffection startling in its ferocity.) No one imagines that Nixon has any approaches to the issue of race that are superior to or greatly different from Humphrey's. At the same time, few believe that Nixon lacks Humphrey's sense of urgency, and many are persuaded that he may—particularly if he is rebuffed by a heavy Wallace vote in the South—be forced to go to considerable lengths in an effort to win Negro support for his Administration and for a renewal of his contract in 1972.

THERE now seems to be little likelihood that Wallace can throw the election into the House of Representatives. There are some who think that this was never a serious aim of his in 1968, and that even if he succeeded in denying an electoral majority to either major candidate he would seek to exert his influence not by bartering in the House but by seeing what he might accomplish by offering his Electoral College votes to the high bidder. (He could control his electors more easily than he could control House Democrats from the South, who would owe no part of their power to him.) There are others who, doubting whether any President-to-be would dare take office in a country that knew of such transactions, feel that Wallace had—in the beginning, anyway—an even more modest goal, which was simply to win enough electoral votes to be able to

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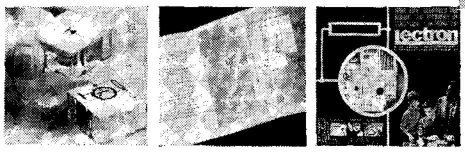

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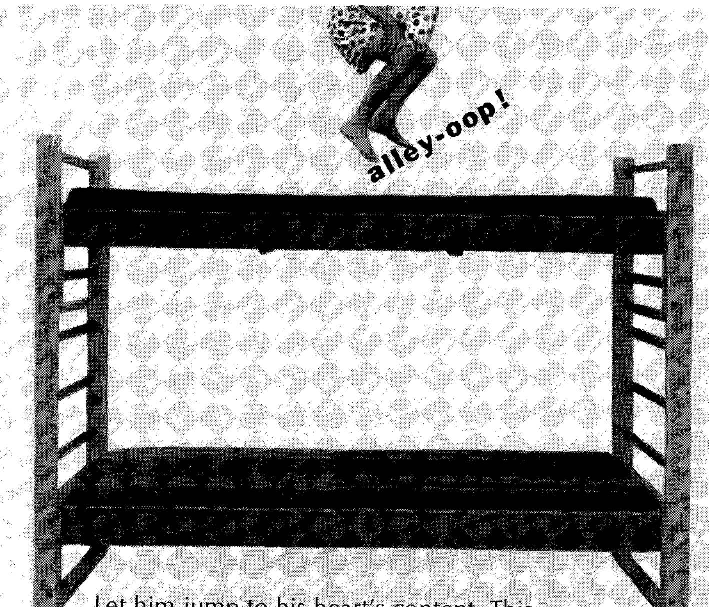

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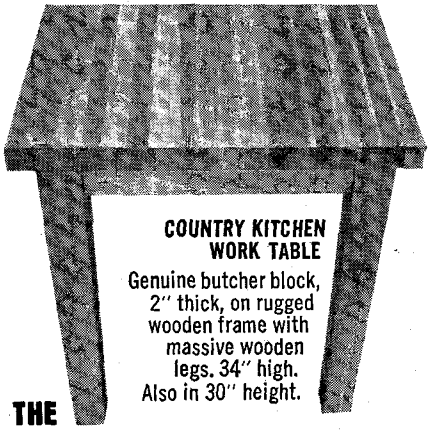
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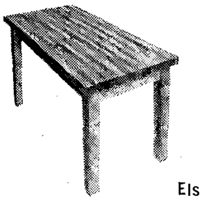
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claim that the next President owed his election to George Wallace. But what use Wallace may make of his showing in 1968 is, for the moment, of less concern than what can be expected of him in the future. In sheer demagogic talent, he is in all ways the equal and in many ways the master of the late Joe McCarthy. McCarthy was the first American demagogue to become more than a regional or sectarian figure. He owed this status, of course, largely to the technology of communications and partly to the fact that he chose to exploit a truly national issue—American foreign policy. Wallace's success can be ascribed to the same causes, the one difference being that his national issue is race. But Wallace has many attributes that McCarthy, providentially, lacked. McCarthy showed no interest in any kind of power except the power to make mischief. Wallace wants to exercise real power—to control events. McCarthy conspicuously neglected to seek out any exploitable grievances in the day-to-day lives of those who might have followed him and built a mass movement for him to lead. Wallace knows where the grievances are and has a superb instinct for exploiting them. He is a builder and already the commander of a real mass movement. McCarthy never thought of anything beyond the next morning's headlines. In 1964, Wallace was thinking ahead to 1968, and he is today thinking of the congressional elections two years from now and the Presidential elections of 1972 and 1976. He will not let his movement disintegrate after this November. In all probability, the American Independence Party will field congressional candidates in 1970 throughout the South and here and there in the North, and there have been estimates that, given anything like the present political atmosphere, his party could take as many as sixty-five seats in the Ninety-second Congress. And if this atmosphere persists for yet another two years, the fear among Republicans and Democrats in 1972 may be not of whether Wallace can throw that year's election into the House of Representatives but of whether he can propel himself into the White House.

—RICHARD H. ROVERE

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MUSICAL EVENTS

Home Again

THE New York Philharmonic, under Leonard Bernstein, opened its season last Thursday night, following a strenuous and highly acclaimed tour of Europe and Israel. Its first concert was not as exciting as some Philharmonic concerts I have heard, but the orchestra seemed to be in excellent condition, and its performances, under Mr. Bernstein's baton, were exemplary. There was one new work on the program—William Schuman's "To Thee Old Cause," an "Evocation for Oboe, Brass, Timpani, Piano, and Strings," dedicated to the memory of the Reverend Martin Luther King, Jr., and Senator Robert F. Kennedy. It proved to be an appropriately mournful work in Mr. Schuman's later style, reasonably evocative and not unpleasant. It was followed by Mr. Schuman's Third Symphony, a work that I have always considered his best in this form. It is crystal clear in structure, it has a great deal of the sincerity and masculinity that characterize his finest writing, and it is certainly as good a symphony as has been produced by any native-born American of his generation. It may well be that his is the last generation that will produce symphonies of any interest at all. The present trend is in an altogether different direction.

I have purposely avoided performances of Berlioz' "Symphonie Fantastique" for a number of years, having discovered that my reaction to it was invariably sour, and thinking that perhaps my ears had become jaded in regard to it. So I approached it with comparatively fresh ears the other night. I managed to rediscover some engrossing, even some delightful, things in its first three movements. The last two struck me again as extraordinarily banal. In these movements, Berlioz wears his Romanticism like an actor's cape, often unintentionally parodying, instead of expressing, the deep emotion Romantic composers are supposed to possess.

THE Metropolitan Opera's new production of "Tosca," which was unveiled last Friday night, has its good and its bad points. The presence in the cast of Birgit Nilsson and Franco Corelli will unquestionably make it a best-seller—partly, I think, because these are the two loudest singers to be heard today. The new sets and costumes, by Rudolf Heinrich, unlike his sets for "Salome" and "Elektra," are agreeably realistic. Aside from a Mary Magdalene in a hoop skirt who appears in the painting Cavaradossi is creating in the first act (and don't argue with me that Cavaradossi is a nineteenth-century figure; nobody else in the fresco he was painting wore anything but Biblical clothing), I found the scenery entirely effective, if a little heavy. As for the new Viennese director, Otto Schenk, who had devised the action, I was considerably disappointed in him. "Tosca" is a terrifying enough opera without having every point of terror exaggerated to an extent that would make it clear to a six-year-old. I have never seen a production in which so much rolling on the floor and free-style wrestling occurred. The visual pun of making Scarpia look like Napoleon is not really very clever or elucidating. And it is, I think, a great mistake to spoil the end of the second act by making Tosca light the candles she places beside Scarpia's body. It introduces an air of deliberation on Tosca's part that is not consistent with her character. The candles should be an afterthought, stimulated by the sight of candles already lit. There were also a good many episodes that I am sure Mr. Schenk was not responsible for. The corpse of Cavaradossi wagged its head and lifted an arm in the last act, and in the middle of the second act Gabriel Bacquier—good actor that he is—became so immersed in his role as Scarpia that he clearly enunciated the words "Get up!" in English to Miss Nilsson when Spoletta knocked at the door, just as if he were caught in an embarrassing clinch in real life.

Miss Nilsson was costumed in a very feminine way, and made a handsome heroine. She also sang superbly and, within the framework of Mr. Schenk's staging, acted with a great deal of conviction. Her "Vissi d'arte" was sung, as has been fashionable now and then since the time of Jeritza, as she lay on her stomach. Mr. Corelli acted when it did not interfere with the display of his voice. His "Vittoria, vittoria" was delivered with the power appropriate to a wounded bull, and was protracted beyond all rules of good

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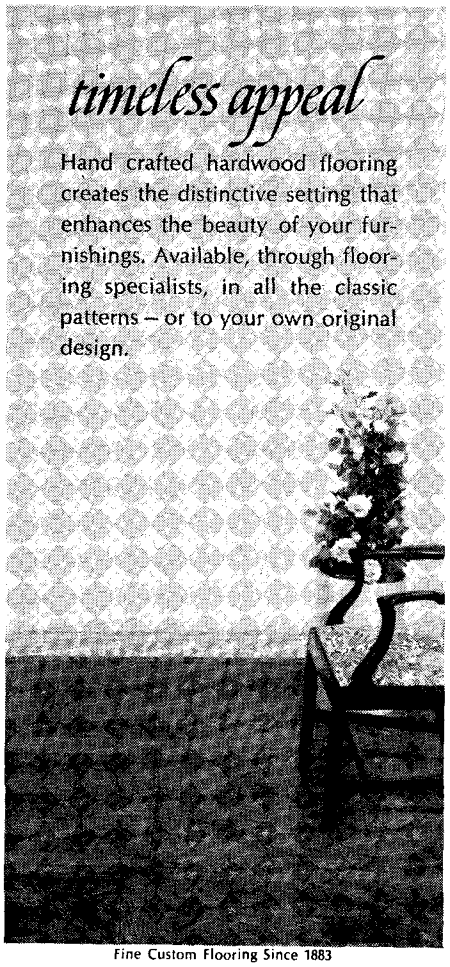

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taste just to show how long his lung power could hold out. He also took all the meditative atmosphere out of "E lucevan le stelle," tearing it to shreds and bellowing a good part of it. However, it is only fair to note that his audience shouted and pounded its approval of all this vocal weight lifting. Mr. Bacquier is an intelligent Scarpia, if not the loudest one in the world, and he did what he could with what Mr. Schenk gave him. Fernando Corena was, as always, an outstanding Sacristan. The lesser roles were all well done, and Francesco Molinari-Pradelli conducted a far more knowing performance than that of Zubin Mehta, the last conductor I had heard at the Metropolitan in this opera.

LAST Wednesday evening, I dropped in on the New York City Opera's comparatively new production of Massenet's "Manon"—the one that I raved about last season when Beverly Sills sang the title role—and I thought that some of the polish had rubbed off the production. Guillot did not descend the stairs of the inn at the end of Act I to express dismay as the young couple supposedly rode off in his coach, and there was no coach—just a couple of horses wandering around at the rear. Despite this curtailment of the action, there was no corresponding cut in the music, though, it must be admitted, the score for the end of this act comes in various forms and lengths. The end of the second act, too, was deprived of some of its voluptuousness, though, to tell the truth, I have never particularly liked Tito Capobianco's premature ending, with the presentation of the jewels and the over-obvious hint at infidelity. Enrico DiGiuseppe, as des Grieux, could improve his French enunciation a lot, but he sang generally in a pleasing manner. All those numerous bass and baritone roles—Malcolm Smith's Comte des Grieux, Richard Fredrick's Lescaut, Robert Hale's de Brétigny, Nico Castel's Guillot—were very well done indeed, and with quite *good* French enunciation. But the three actresses of the first act sang their ensembles out of tune. The ballet in the "Cours-la-Reine" scene, choreographed by Robert Joffrey, was as engaging as before. Julius Rudel, certainly one of the finest operatic conductors of the moment, again observed all the rubatos and other subtleties of the score.

This leaves us with the performance of Patricia Brooks as Manon, about which there is a good deal to be said.

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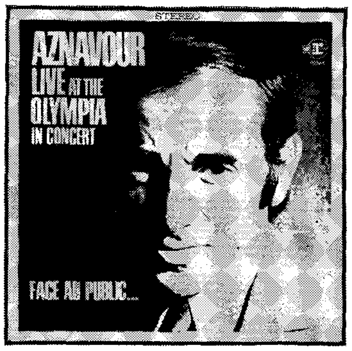

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Miss Brooks lacks the overwhelming radiance that Miss Sills brought to the role, though she sings the notes flawlessly. Since I had been bowled over by Miss Brooks's Violetta in "La Traviata," and still think it the finest interpretation of that role to be heard today, I spent a good deal of time trying to figure out why her Manon is less satisfying. There is, to be sure, an enormous difference between "La Traviata" and "Manon," the former being a strong, masculine masterpiece, while the latter is a comparatively weak, elegant, sentimental opera that requires a singer of tremendous presence in the title role to bring it to life. Too, there is a big difference between Violetta and Manon. The former is a public plaything about whom men are passionate but who does not express much passion herself—only sorrow at losing her lover. The latter is a passionate woman who must dominate the stage, and, in the Saint-Sulpice scene, convincingly seduce a young priest who is trying to forget her. The drama in "Manon" is stronger than the music; the music in "La Traviata" is stronger than the drama. Here we have, I think, the reason a great Violetta may not necessarily be a great Manon. A great Manon must have a powerful personality and an enormous store of expendable passion in her voice, and these qualities Miss Brooks has not as yet developed to their full potential. She is still young, and such things may come in time. Having said this, I must call attention to Miss Brooks's virtues. The upper register of her voice has an assurance that one will find in very few of today's sopranos, and the agility and accuracy with which she sings *fioritura* passages is extraordinary. Her high Ds in the "Cours-la-Reine" scene were not only on pitch but full in vocal texture. I don't know of any other contemporary sopranos except Joan Sutherland and Miss Sills who can throw away a coloratura phrase as if it ascended from a fountain, with every note exactly on pitch. And Miss Brooks's voice possesses an available trill—a real, clear, vibrant trill—everywhere except at the extreme registers, which is something that you will look far to find among singers nowadays. The thought occurred the other night that Mr. Rudel might revive some operas of the early-nineteenth-century *bel-canto* period for Miss Brooks. As one of Bellini's heroines, she would probably make a considerable splash.

—WINTHROP SARGEANT

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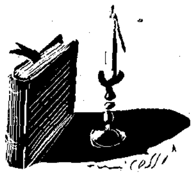
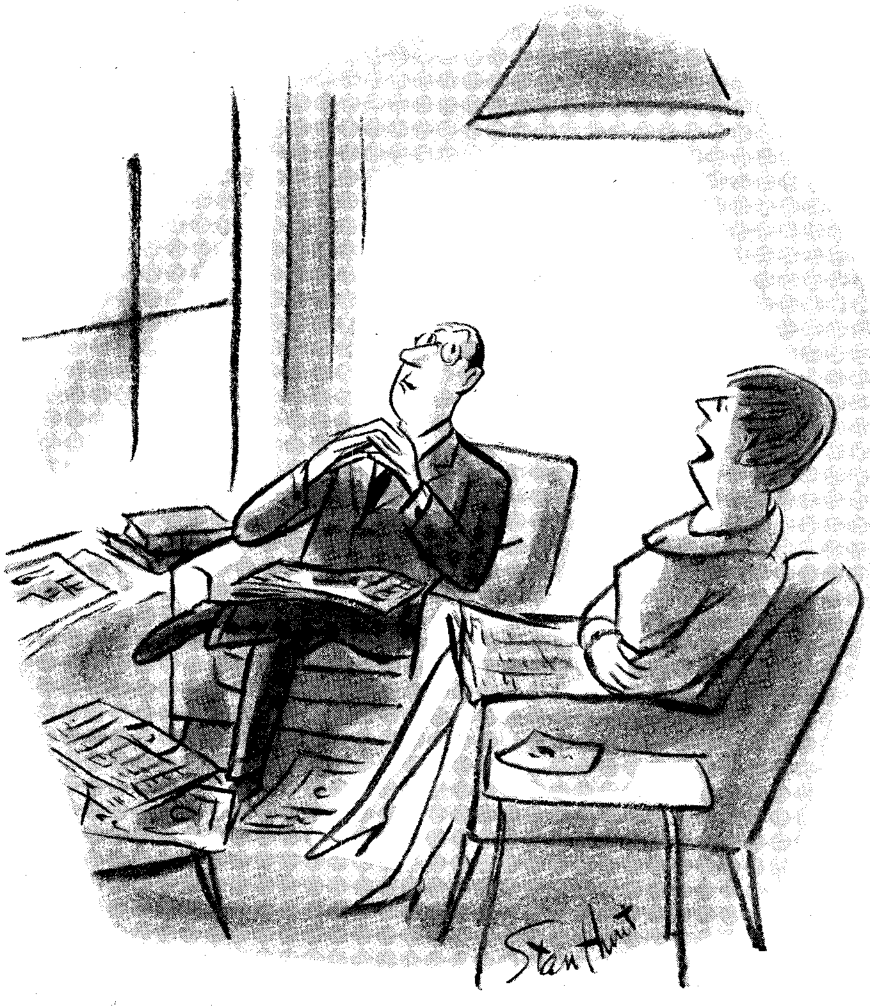


DOCTORS once asked a friend of mine to give permission for electric shock treatment to be used on a poet then too ill to take the decision himself. My friend believed that he wouldn't normally have consented at the point of a gun. To take away the buried knots of any man's temperament is quite an act of violence. To do it to a writer seems brutishly final. It hacks away the root of working. V. S. Pritchett's droll and beautiful memoir of his early life, "A Cab at the Door," could never have been written if this preserve weren't intact in him. The mainspring of the book is the poetic and quite unmedicinal effort of an expressive man to understand his own energies, and it is from this that the social wit and the packed, bare style seem to stem. "A Cab at the Door" happens to be an uncommon document about a certain English time and region, but it is the author's drive to see inward that makes it something else as well. It is often written with the technical means of a novel. Pritchett is one of the best book reviewers we have, and one of the few who can write, but he is also the author of very fine short stories, and his memoir uses more of his imaginative self than he may credit. He speaks of himself as an extrovert. I suppose that is even the way the prose reads. It is unbothered, exact, and energetic. The book appears hardly conscious of its sight into turmoil and its eloquent hidden addressal to the figure of his father.

Pritchett writes, "There is enough in the differences between North and South to explain the battles and uncertainties of a lifetime." He was born in the South of England in 1900, and his parents' endless tent-pitchings were mostly there, but he spent as much time with his father's Northern relations, and everything vital in him belongs to the harder North. The divide is immense. From Yorkshire or Lancashire or Durham, let alone from the border county of Northumberland, the people of the South seem cushioned, servile, without much allegiance to one another, and culpably lacking in business craft. From the South, especially among the decent working class of London at the time of Pritchett's boyhood, the people of the North seem sarcastic, brass-tongued, and confusingly high-minded about making loot. Pritchett's father was a Northerner of vague but richly elaborated antecedents. It was known that he had started work at fourteen, as a grocer's errand boy, but the roaring, hapless man had no particular love for fact, and most of the rest of family history tended to levitate into myth. His grandfather, for instance, was said to have been a trawler-owner in Hull. The grandson was in his eighties before he fell prey to reality and recognized that the magnate had actually been an ordinary seaman last seen gutting herrings in the Hull fish market. Declining to fit in with the Southern picture of all Northerners as remorselessly gifted at moneymaking, the author's father was no good at it at all. Hence the perpetual cab at the door, come to take the Pritchetts on their gypsy flits from one ten-bob-a-week red brick villa to another. A skinny, perky figure, the head of the family went broke with impunity and would bellow rebuking hymns in one of his succession of schismatic churches during terrible household shambles of his own making. It is my impression that practically every North Country family of the early twentieth century had a black-sheep relative like this. He often seemed to be called Uncle Willie. My own families had two Uncle Willies, one on my father's side and one on my mother's. Like Victor Pritchett's father, they were wastrels with an air of severity and stature, and they could inspire great love in their kin. Pritchett says that he thought of his father as a genius—this of a man farcically open to fads, from Christian Science to paper-bag cookery, and of a cruel mimic who often crushed his son with derision, but still a genius. The author remembers that his parents' bedroom had on the wall a lithograph called "Wedded." The husband in the group, a Roman, wore a tiger skin and was very hairy. Pritchett confused the heroic prototype with his own hairy father, and it was a blow to his sense of family uniqueness to discover that some anonymous Italian had sat for the legs. Mrs. Pritchett came from the South,



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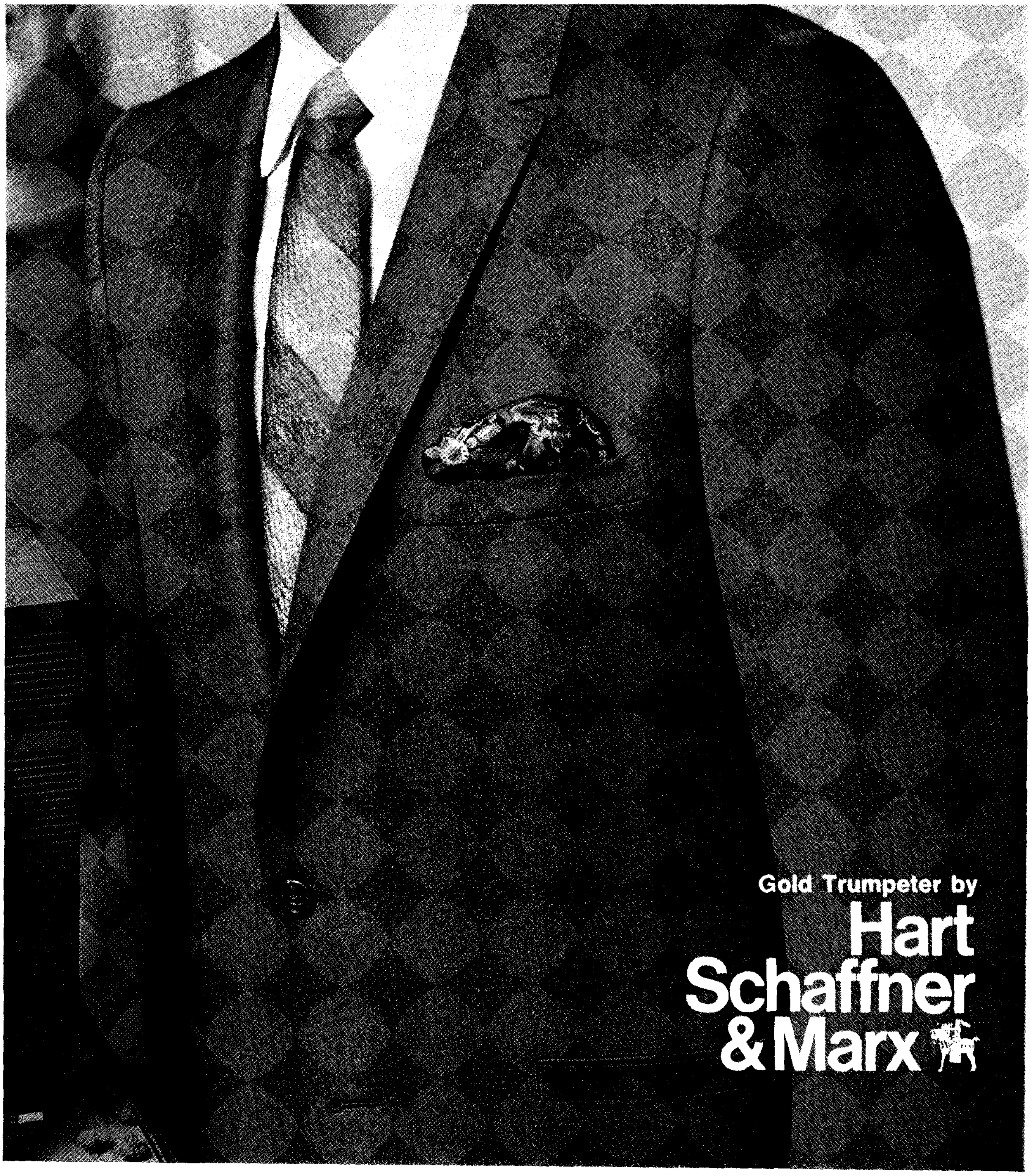
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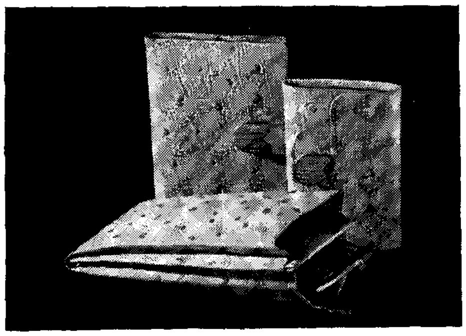
and she suffered in the filibustering household, which wafted crankiness to a point near the epic and concealed any pain or impulse of demonstrativeness. She must have ached for an ally. She believed deeply in royalty, and wanted a daughter whom she could call Victoria. She won at least a point in the christening of the infant Victor, for when he was born, in lodgings over a toy shop, pressure from his lofty Congregationalist-minister grandfather very nearly had him called Marcus Aurelius. The true ambition of her heart was love in a well-run little shop, but it was forever flouted, and she felt more and more foreign. She seems to have regarded even her children as irredeemably remote Northerners, sprung full-grown from the awesome forehead of her husband. Pritchett writes that she often used to say to them all, throughout her life, "How I got into you lot, I don't know." As the years passed, childbearing and housework beat her into the ground and her husband simultaneously gained in pride. It became "like a marriage of the rich and the poor." To outsiders, the intricate system of differences between the English must seem of no great consequence or cost—to be some conceit idly evolved by history, I suppose, enacted by a sophisticated people mistakenly reputed to be ironclad—but the habit of social sectarianism that has often been the engine of change in England is by no means painless, and many of the subtly exiled have been lonely to death, like the mood-driven Mrs. Pritchett.

V. S. Pritchett's descriptions of his relatives are rather like Cruikshank's drawings. His prose does for the violent and fiercely idiosyncratic Northern character what the great English cartoonists have done for the big-boned English face. The quirks and enormities of his family were the features of a people fortified by an obdurate reserve and self-reliance. His atheist Uncle Arthur had freed himself from the doctrines of Victorian religiosity by reading Burton's "Anatomy of Melancholy." He quoted it constantly: "Look it up in Burton, lad." Uncle Arthur was married to the author's paternal aunt. She was named Sarah, and she had large, loose teeth, "like a horse's or a skeleton's." Pritchett says that teeth like these have ever since seemed to him the signs of hilarious good nature in a woman. Her devotion to her frowning, combative, small-framed husband was total and unchanging. Within the family they were celebrated for the folly of so doting on each other. It was in-



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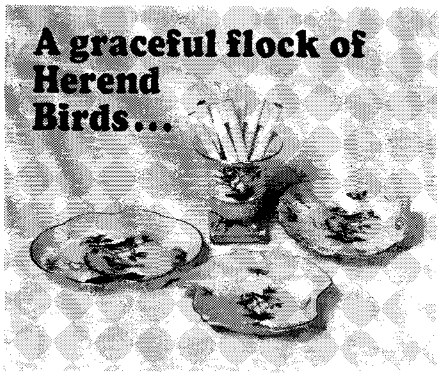

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deed a hard part of England, in a hard age—an age that celebrated an ethic of backbreaking work and grim virtues, when little boys discovered reading poetry were jeered at. There was a storm for small Victor Pritchett about "Measure for Measure," and his grandfather would tease him to weeping about the shape of his nose. At the same time as all this, the house was typically crammed to the gills with soft pieties. They were embroidered on samplers, painted on mugs, retailed solemnly in crisis as though they were freshly thought advice—push-button mottoes about retribution and getting on that still hang in the back of the mind of half the people in England, seeping into your own drowsy train of thought if you don't watch out, as the truisms of sociology and psychoanalysis have to be swatted away from the brain in America. The sentimentality that is the usual corollary of a reign of the brutal was at a fierce pitch when the author grew up. His father, after stamping on his son's first explorations in reading, would be moved to tears by Tinker Bell. Poor people in the North often lived in great privation, but they countenanced savagely fanciful anti-Socialist posters that showed the possibility of a Welfare State as a snarling wolf. The mixture of mawkishness and a beleaguered code of looking out for No. 1 was almost farcically compounded in Pritchett's house by his father's conversion to Christian Science. It is one of the few Christian religions that openly celebrate personal prosperity. In the jargon of Science, making a packet is known as "demonstrating the Father-Mother God's attribute of plenty." I have relations who are Christian Scientists, and the phrases used to roll around my ears like waves of molasses. The time and the place of Pritchett's upbringing must have been particularly open to the blending of complacency with barbarousness that issues from the woozy metaphysics of Mary Baker Eddy.

At school—where he wore a dark suit of his father's, cut down with humiliating obviousness—he hid his desire to write by pretending he wanted to be a schoolmaster. He secretly learned to do sixty words a minute at shorthand. It must have seemed a possible way out. The books he had already assimilated had plainly done as much as his family to confirm his nature. In Dickens he saw himself, and in Thackeray the irony he loved. Wordsworth helped to counteract the period suspicion that reading was a sin. The boy read every classic he could find. He was gripped

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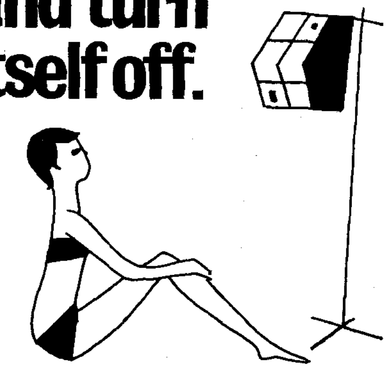

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by Tolstoy, and by a chapter of "Don Quixote," and by Hardy's wryness. His first line of prose for himself was written in outrage at Marie Corelli's opinions, which he justly thought insulting. They are typical of the time. They disparage popular education, public libraries, and the infectious common people, but they were widely respected. Young Pritchett obviously had quite a nose for lofty humbug. As now, he was always robust. In the midst of rapt teenage reading, he could suddenly get fed up with the self-pitying Oliver Twist and ditch him for comics like "The Gem" and "The Magnet," which were about gold-plated, raucous upper-class boys—members of the cheerful rich, and good luck to them. All the time, even among the kids of his own income bracket, he felt himself to be an alien. It was partly that his parents were too poor to go abroad or to give their children bicycles and theatre tickets, but mostly that they were locked into their own relationship and into a touching timidity. Mrs. Pritchett would never let the children learn to swim. The water terrified her. She said that she couldn't afford bathing suits out of the housekeeping money. When the boys were restive, their father would plead with them like a mother. He would say that he didn't want them to grow up and that he wanted them to keep their innocence. His bluster often seems to have been a way of hiding clamorous maternalism. Pritchett extends to his father the insight of a man writing fiction; in a son's autobiography, it strikes you as rare. People generally vilify difficult parents in print, or choose to paper the cracks. His attitude toward himself is of much the same quality, though it is harsher. He says that his suffocating family has made him a prig. It seems a tough description of the very humorous moral shrewdness that spikes his writing. He speaks of having too much will, saying that this Northern characteristic has "burned up the inner life," so that he has no sense of the poet's "daring serenity." He must have, though, to have written the words.

—PENELOPE GILLIATT

BRIEFLY NOTED

FICTION

THE BURDEN OF PROOF, by James Barlow (Simon & Schuster). This wild and dizzy tale of crime, respectability, hypocrisy, vice, and downright, old-time British decency in modern London is told at Mr. Barlow's characteristic speed, which is furious. We have a believ-

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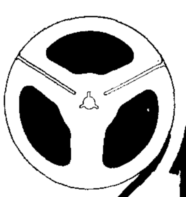

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AN ORDERLY LIFE, by Jose Yglesias (Pantheon). The first-person saga of the rise, during the fifties and early sixties, of a politely ruthless American businessman of Spanish descent whose success seems to depend on the inexplicable tendency of the characters in his life to fall back from his path as he marches to the top. Mr. Yglesias writes in a brisk and colorful manner, but he unfortunately puts the burden of his story on stock responses to stock characters—a New York Communist, a homosexual pacifist Negro, a genteel Southern plantation owner, the Cuban revolution—instead of working it out from a more personal point of view. Also, he favors flashy sexual scenes over confrontations that might give his man a little trouble. The book ends on a note of capitalist triumph that may cause the reader to overlook a lot of loose ends.

MIDDLE GROUND, by Ursula Zilinsky (Lippincott). A compelling novel—and who can tell why? The central scene is bleak—a Nazi labor camp. Tyl von Pankow, the hero—a fourteen-year-old German whose mother was Jewish and who was betrayed by both his mother and his father—is not heroic. Tyl, who is handsome, opportunistic, and, understandably, very tough, tells his own story in an offhand manner that does not disguise its essential sentimentality. In spite of the setting, and in spite of scenes of hideous cruelty, this sentimental tale is still compelling, with thin, devious, flam-

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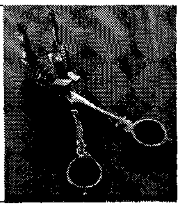

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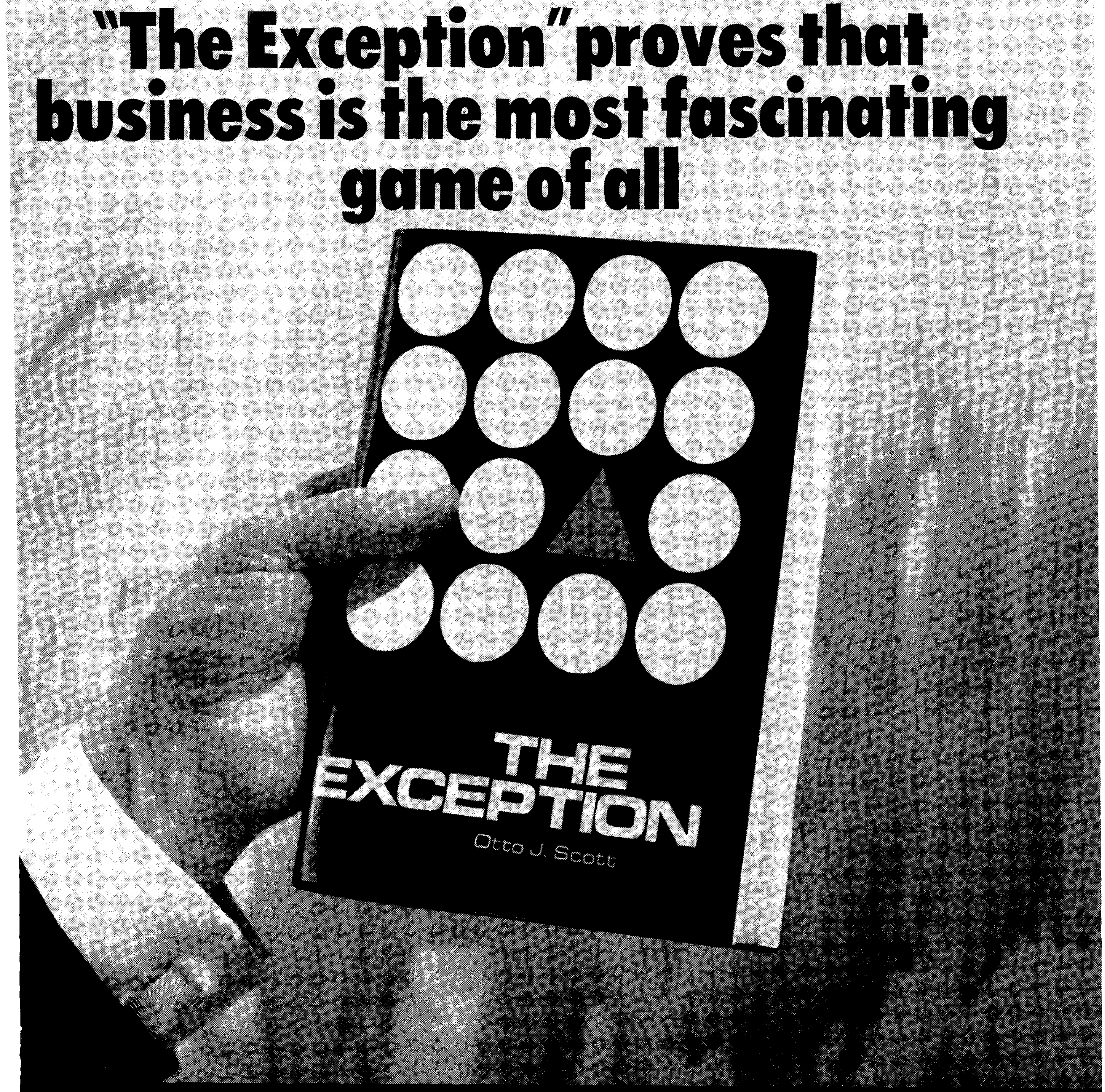

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GENERAL

THE ATLANTIC SALMON: A VANISHING SPECIES?, by Anthony Netboy (Houghton Mifflin). The decline and imminent fall on both sides of the Atlantic of *Salmo salar*. This once seemingly inexhaustible treasure has disappeared from much of its former range—Spain, France, Switzerland, Germany, Poland—and it is all but gone from the United States, where it was once so abundant that farmers used it for fertilizer. Until the early nineteenth century, every Eastern river from the Connecticut River north was a salmon river. "No nation," Mr. Netboy notes, "frittered away its Atlantic salmon wealth more wantonly than the United States." Iceland and Ireland are about the only countries in which the salmon is still holding its own, and its future in the latter is far from secure. The cause of the salmon's peril (like that, of course, of every other natural resource) is human greed and human indifference. This takes the form of waters polluted by sewage, sludge, and industrial wastes, and the construction of unscalable, or unladdered, dams. Mr. Netboy, an assistant professor of English at the Portland (Oregon) Center for Continuing Education and an active conservationist, has visited all the countries in the Atlantic salmon range (and so knows at first hand the look and problems of the few remaining salmon rivers), he has thoroughly familiarized himself with the natural history of *Salmo salar*, and he writes extremely well. The result is an interesting and a truly important book. Photographs, maps, and tables.

THE DEATH OF ADOLF HITLER, by Lev Bezymenski (Harcourt, Brace & World). For reasons of their own, the Russians have waited twenty-three years after Hitler's death to make known their findings about how he met his death. These findings were the result of the work of the Forensic-Medical Commission of the Soviet Army, which went to work immediately after the fall of Berlin. They showed that the Führer, Eva Braun, the Goebbels family, and General Hans Krebs all were killed by cyanide administered in glass ampules and crushed between the teeth. The evidence of text and photographs is overwhelming, and the point of the whole

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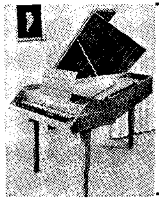

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thing, apparently, is that Hitler did not shoot himself, "like a man," but committed suicide by poison, "like a coward." The author, a Soviet journalist who got all this data from official archives in Moscow, writes in a gloating manner that is as unappetizing as the subject.

THE PEOPLE AND THE POLICE, by Algernon D. Black (McGraw-Hill). The author, a Leader of the Society for Ethical Culture, explains that his book grew out of his service as chairman of New York City's short-lived Civilian Complaint Review Board. He sketches the truly dizzying variety of police duties and police problems, and goes on to describe the kinds of behavior (by citizens and police) that cause friction over law enforcement. An example is New York City's rule that off-duty police, though out of uniform, must carry their guns and be ready to use them. That has probably done more harm than good. The book is a model of informative exposition; it is simple and direct, and sets forth with clarity and understanding the complexities of police power and citizens' rights. It also, perhaps irrelevantly, convinces the reader that the author is a kind and sensible man who ought to have a big public job.

RIVERS OF BLOOD, YEARS OF DARKNESS, by Robert Conot (Morrow). This book lives up to its publisher's subtitle, "The Unforgettable, Classic Account of the Watts Riot." It is a first-class work—absorbingly readable, factual, and thorough—that answers just about every question. Why had Los Angeles police and Los Angeles Negroes come to regard each other with something like panic? Why were Los Angeles whites (except social workers) wholly uninformed about Negro life in their city? Why were many Watts Negroes—despite considerable sums and efforts allotted to their welfare—ignorant and undernourished? Mr. Conot's book has few heroes; most o[illegible]e people in it, black and white, [illegible]ved badly. His great success is showing that they also behaved understandably.

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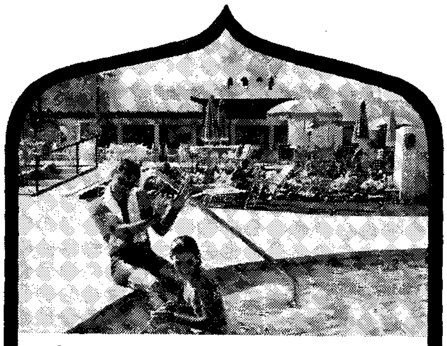

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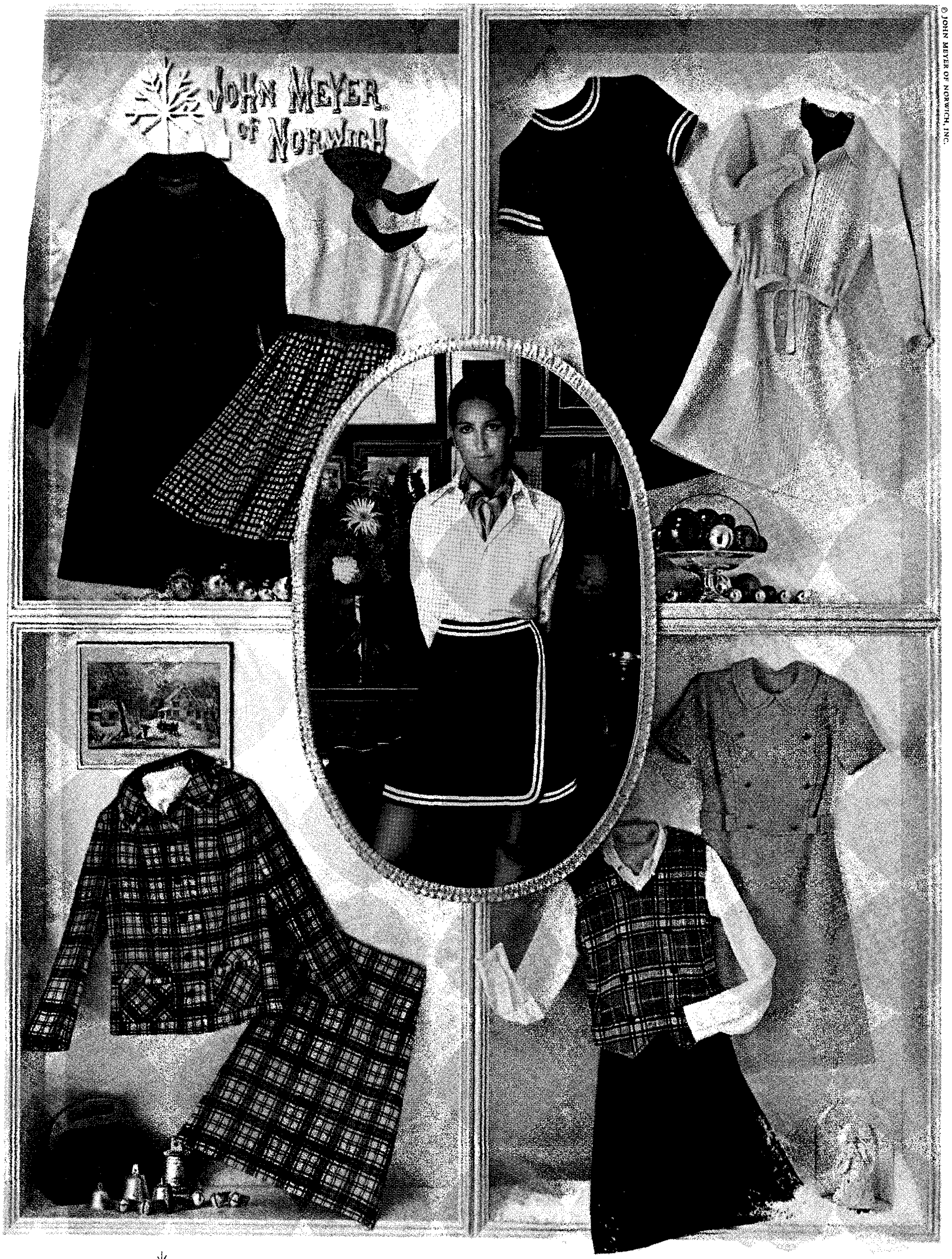
CHRISTOPHER RAND

HE was a great walker and a far wanderer. Over more than thirty years, he travelled to almost every part of the world, doing much of his travelling on foot, in an attempt to learn and know that transcended any effort at mere reporting, and when he died, on September 26th, in Mexico City, he was still involved in the search that had occupied most of his life. Christopher Rand grew up in quiet farm country around Salisbury, Connecticut, and that is where he was buried last week, but by conscious choice he became a correspondent in faraway places. He was a man of intense curiosity and strong perceptive powers, whose writing showed the results of a quest for understanding through the amassing of relevant detail. He could drive himself mercilessly—he once walked a hundred miles over rough Himalayan terrain in two days—and at fifty-six, his age when he died, he had experienced more things than most men choose to experience or are able to. Nobody who knew Chris Rand would pretend that he was not a troubled man—one who found deep faults both in himself and in the world around him, and for whom travelling and exploration somehow had as their goal an attempt to set things right. His first piece of writing in *The New Yorker*, in 1947, was about Americans in southeast China during the Second World War. His last, an account of Mexico's preparations for the Olympic Games, appeared this past March. In between, he contributed sixty-four other articles to this magazine. Hong Kong, Macao, Darjeeling, Bhakra, Singapore, Chandigarh, Bethlehem, Mount Athos, San Juan, Los Angeles, the country around Salisbury—the list of the places and peoples he wrote about and tried to know reads like some improbable and finally enigmatic gazetteer.

One of Chris Rand's five children, his son Richard, spoke to us after his father's death, and perhaps his words are the most appropriate that could be set down here: "There was, I think, above all, Dad's fascination with Salisbury, his desire to go back there again and again, which I understand as an effort to comprehend his life. I understand it as a taking stock. And he did this not only in going back to Salisbury but with *everything*. He tried to trace all things to their source, and one of these things was himself. Walking was a part of this. I have memories of him walking around New York, and Greece, and Kashmir. He would always start off very straight. He would walk slowly, his heels barely touching the ground. He would move slowly and steadily, looking and listening, sometimes muttering to himself, never altering his pace. He had withdrawn moments, but at other times he could light up a room with mirth. Somewhere in between these withdrawn moments and the moments of exhilaration were some very, very peaceful moments—usually after he had finished a piece of writing and felt that he thoroughly understood a subject. Although he never talked much about religion, he was, in the deeper sense, very religious. What he never lost was the attempt, the effort, to reach the Divinity, and this was tied up with the idea of *comprehension*—if you can comprehend the *source*, you really have total understanding. I think he was looking for a kind of universal comprehension, which, of course, he never found. He went everywhere—to every kind of community and every kind of climate. There was something circular about the way he would leave a place, or a person, and then come back, perhaps twenty years later, still trying to comprehend. One has the feeling of a man on a beach, picking up a seashell and looking at it, leaving the seashell and going off, and then coming back and picking up the seashell again, and again and again, riddling about it. I think this thing about the source, to him, was really all-important. It held the meaning of where life begins and where life ends. I believe he thought of death as being a return of this kind. I am glad that he was buried in Salisbury."



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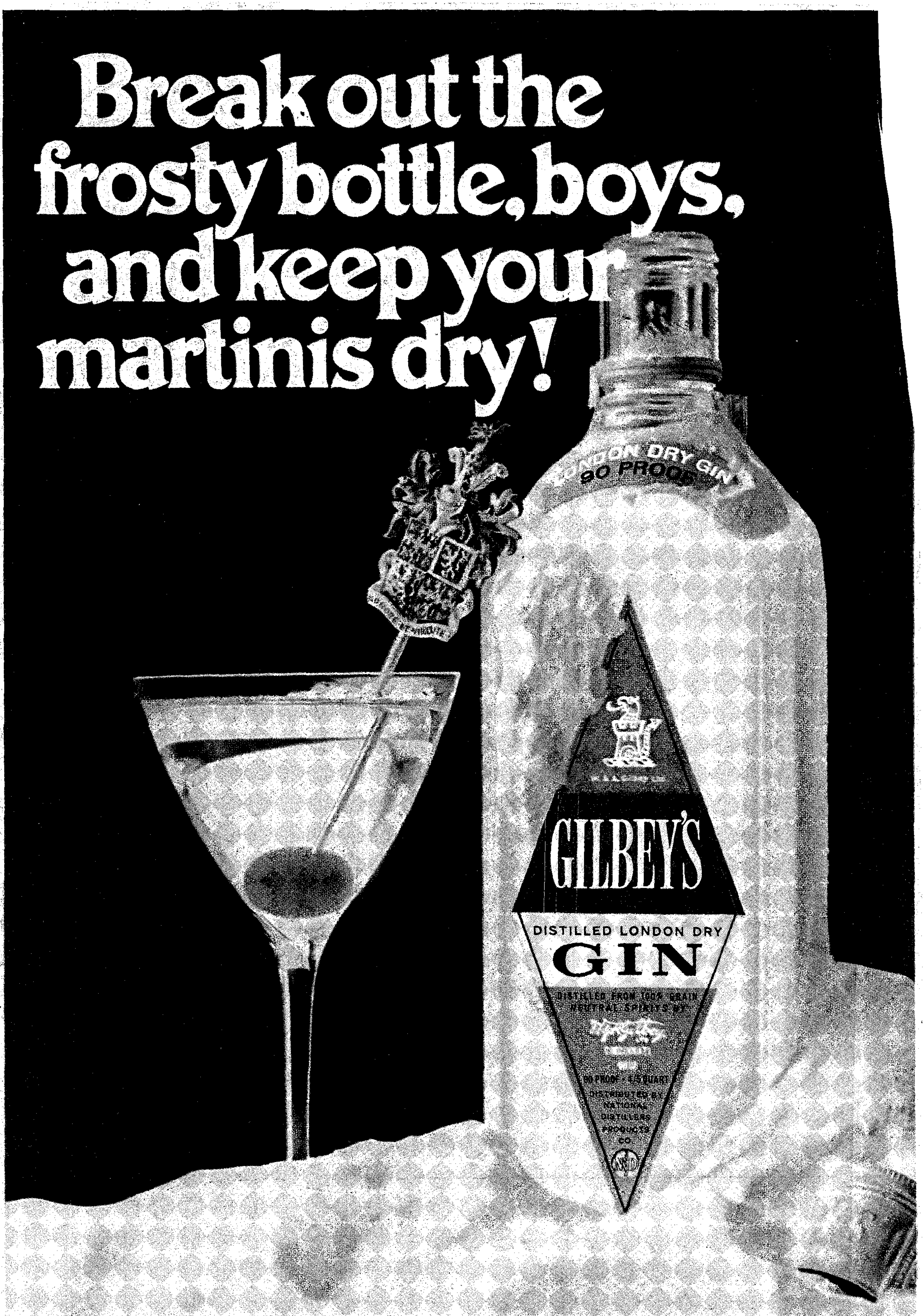
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